

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

JULY, 1869.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I. BULLHAMPTON.

I AM disposed to believe that no novel-reader in England has seen the little town of Bullhampton, in Wiltshire, except such novel-readers as live there, and those others, very few in number, who visit it perhaps four times a year for the purpose of trade, and who are known as commercial gentlemen. Bullhampton is seventeen miles from Salisbury, eleven from Marlborough, nine from Westbury, seven from Haylesbury, and five from the nearest railroad station, which is called Bullhampton road, and lies on the line from Salisbury to Yeovil. It is not quite on Salisbury Plain, but probably was so once, when Salisbury Plain was wider than it is now. Whether it should be called a small town or a large village I cannot say. It has no mayor and no market, but it has a fair. There rages a feud in Bullhampton touching this want of a market, as there are certain Bullhamptonites who aver that the charter giving all rights of a market to Bullhampton does exist; and that at one period in its history the market existed also—for a year or two; but the three bakers and two butchers

are opposed to change, and the patriots of the place, though they declaim on the matter over their evening pipes and gin-and-water, have not enough of matutinal zeal to carry out their purpose. Bullhampton is situated on a little river, which meanders through the chalky ground, and has a quiet, slow, dreamy prettiness of its own. A mile above the town—for we will call it a town—the stream divides itself into many streamlets, and there is a district called the Water Meads, in which bridges are more frequent than trustworthy, in which there are hundreds of little sluice-gates for regulating the irrigation, and a growth of grass which is a source of much anxiety and considerable trouble to the farmers. There is a water-mill here, too, very low, with ever a floury, mealy look, with a pasty look often, as the flour becomes damp with the spray of the water as it is thrown by the mill-wheel. It seems to be a tattered, shattered, ramshackle concern, but it has been in the same family for many years; and as the family has not hitherto been in distress, it may be supposed that the mill still affords a fair means of livelihood. The Brattles—for Jacob Brattle is the miller's name—have ever been known as men who

paid scot and lot, and were able to hold up their heads. But nevertheless Jacob Brattle is ever at war with his landlord in regard to repairs wanted for his mill; and Mr. Gilmore, the landlord in question, declares that he wishes that the Avon would some night run so high as to carry off the mill altogether. Bullhampton is very quiet. There is no special trade in the place. Its interests are altogether agricultural. It has no newspaper. Its tendencies are altogether conservative. It is a good deal given to religion; and the Primitive Methodists have a very strong holding there, although in all Wiltshire there is not a clergyman more popular in his own parish than the Rev. Frank Fenwick. He himself, in his inner heart, rather likes his rival, Mr. Puddleham, the dissenting minister, because Mr. Puddleham is an earnest man, who, in spite of the intensity of his ignorance, is efficacious among the poor. But Mr. Fenwick is bound to keep up the fight; and Mr. Puddleham considers it to be his duty to put down Mr. Fenwick and the Church Establishment altogether.

The men of Bullhampton, and the women also, are aware that the glory has departed from them, in that Bullhampton was once a borough and returned two members to Parliament. No borough more close—or, shall we say, more rotten—ever existed. It was not that the Marquis of Trowbridge had, what has often delicately been called, an interest in it; but he held it absolutely in his breeches pocket, to do with it as he liked; and it had been the liking of the late marquis to sell one of the seats at every election to the highest bidder on his side in politics. Nevertheless the people of Bullhampton had gloried in being a borough, and the shame, or at least the regret, of their downfall had not yet altogether passed away when the tidings of a new Reform Bill came upon them. The people of Bullhampton are notoriously slow to learn and slow to forget. It was told of a farmer of Bullhampton, in old days, that he asked what had become of Charles I., when told that Charles II. had been restored.

Cromwell had come and gone, and had not disturbed him at Bullhampton.

At Bullhampton there is no public building, except the church, which indeed is a very handsome edifice with a magnificent tower—a thing to go to see, and almost as worthy of a visit as its neighbor the cathedral at Salisbury. The body of the church is somewhat low, but its yellow-gray color is perfect, and there is, moreover, a Norman door, and there are early English windows in the aisle, and a perfection of perpendicular architecture in the chancel, all of which should bring many visitors to Bullhampton; and there are brasses in the nave, very curious, and one or two tombs of the Gilmore family, very rare in their construction; and the churchyard is large and green, and bowery, with the Avon flowing close under it, and nooks in it which would make a man wish to die that he might be buried there. The church and churchyard of Bullhampton are indeed perfect, and yet but few people go to see the edifice. It has not as yet had its own bard to sing its praises. Properly, it is called Bullhampton Monachorum, the living having belonged to the friars of Chiltern. The great tithes now go to the Earl of Todmorden, who has no other interest in the place whatever, and who never saw it. The benefice belongs to St. John's, Oxford, and as the vicarage is not worth more than four hundred pounds a year, it happens that a clergyman generally accepts it before he has lived for twenty or thirty years in the common room of his college. Mr. Fenwick took it on his marriage, when he was about twenty-seven, and Bullhampton has been lucky.

The bulk of the parish belongs to the Marquis of Trowbridge, who, however, has no residence within ten miles of it. The squire of the parish is Squire Gilmore—Harry Gilmore; and he possesses every acre in it that is not owned by the marquis. With the village—or town, as it may be—Mr. Gilmore has no concern; but he owns a large tract of the water meads, and again has a farm or two up on the downs as you go to-

ward Chiltern. But they lie out of the parish of Bullhampton. Altogether he is a man of about fifteen hundred a year, and as he is not as yet married, many a Wiltshire mother's eye is turned toward Hampton Privets, as Mr. Gilmore's house is somewhat fantastically named.

Mr. Gilmore's character must be made to develop itself in these pages, if such developing may be accomplished. He is to be our hero—or at least one of two. The author will not, in these early words, declare that the squire will be his favorite hero, as he will wish that his readers should form their own opinions on that matter. At this period he was a man somewhat over thirty—perhaps thirty-three years of age—who had done fairly well at Harrow and at Oxford, but had never done enough to make his friends regard him as a swan. He still read a good deal, but he shot and fished more than he read, and had become, since his residence at the Privets, very fond of the outside of his books. Nevertheless, he went on buying books, and was rather proud of his library. He had traveled a good deal, and was a politician—somewhat scandalizing his own tenants and other Bullhamptonites by voting for the Liberal candidates for his division of the county. The Marquis of Trowbridge did not know him, but regarded him as an objectionable person, who did not understand the nature of the duties which devolved upon him as a country gentleman; and the marquis himself was always spoken of by Mr. Gilmore as—an idiot. On these various grounds the squire has hitherto regarded himself as being a little in advance of other squires, and has, perhaps, given himself more credit than he has deserved for intellectuality. But he is a man with a good heart and a pure mind—generous, desirous of being just, somewhat sparing of that which is his own, never desirous of that which is another's. He is good-looking, though perhaps somewhat ordinary in appearance; tall, strong, with dark-brown hair and dark-brown whiskers, with small, quick gray eyes, and teeth which are almost too white and too perfect for a man. Perhaps it is his great-

est fault that he thinks that as a Liberal politician and as an English country gentleman he has combined in his own position all that is most desirable upon earth. To have the acres without the acre-laden brains is, he thinks, everything.

And now it may be as well told at once that Mr. Gilmore is over head and ears in love with a young lady, to whom he has offered his hand, and all that can be made to appertain to the future mistress of Hampton Privets. And the lady is one who has nothing to give in return but her hand, and her heart, and herself. The neighbors all round the country have been saying for the last five years that Harry Gilmore was looking out for an heiress; for it has always been told of Harry, especially among those who have opposed him in politics, that he had a keen eye for the main chance. But Mary Lowther has not, and never can have, a penny with which to make up for any deficiency in her own personal attributes. But Mary is a lady, and Harry Gilmore thinks her the sweetest woman on whom his eye ever rested. Whatever resolutions as to fortune-hunting he may have made—though probably none were ever made—they have all now gone to the winds. He is so absolutely in love that nothing in the world is, to him, at present worth thinking about except Mary Lowther. I do not doubt that he would vote for a Conservative candidate if Mary Lowther so ordered him, or consent to go and live in New York if Mary Lowther would accept him on no other condition. All Bullhampton parish is nothing to him at the present moment, except as far as it is connected with Mary Lowther. Hampton Privets is dear to him only as far as it can be made to look attractive in the eyes of Mary Lowther. The mill is to be repaired, though he knows he will never get any interest on the outlay, because Mary Lowther has said that Bullhampton water meads would be destroyed if the mill were to tumble down. He has drawn for himself mental pictures of Mary Lowther till he has invested her with every charm and grace and virtue

that can adorn a woman. In very truth he believes her to be perfect. He is actually and absolutely in love. Mary Lowther has hitherto neither accepted nor rejected him. In a very few lines farther on we will tell how the matter stands between them.

It has already been told that the Rev. Frank Fenwick is vicar of Bullhampton. Perhaps he was somewhat guided in his taking of the living by the fact that Harry Gilmore, the squire of the parish, had been his very intimate friend at Oxford. Fenwick at the period with which we are about to begin our story, had been six years at Bullhampton, and had been married about five and a half. Of him something has already been said, and perhaps it may be only necessary further to state that he is a tall, fair-haired man, already becoming somewhat bald on the top of his head, with bright eyes, and the slightest possible amount of whiskers, and a look about his nose and mouth which seems to imply that he could be severe if he were not so thoroughly good-humored. He has more of breeding in his appearance than his friend—a show of higher blood; though whence comes such show, and how one discerns that appearance, few of us can tell. He was a man who read more and thought more than Harry Gilmore, though given much to athletics and very fond of field sports. It shall only further be said of Frank Fenwick that he esteemed both his churchwardens and his bishop, and was afraid of neither.

His wife had been a Miss Balfour, from Loring, in Gloucestershire, and had had some considerable fortune. She was now the mother of four children, and, as Fenwick used to say, might have fourteen for anything he knew. But as he also had possessed some small means of his own, there was no poverty, or prospect of poverty, at the vicarage, and the babies were made welcome as they came. Mrs. Fenwick is as good a specimen of an English country parson's wife as you shall meet in the county—gay, good-looking, fond of the society around her, with a little

dash of fun, knowing in blankets, and corduroys, and coals, and tea; knowing also as to beer, and gin, and tobacco; acquainted with every man and woman in the parish; thinking her husband to be quite as good as the squire in regard to position, and to be infinitely superior to the squire, or any other man in the world, in regard to his personal self;—a handsome, pleasant, well-dressed lady, who has no nonsense about her. Such a one was, and is, Mrs. Fenwick.

Now the Balfours were considerable people at Loring, though their property was not county property; and it was always considered that Janet Balfour might have done better than she did in a worldly point of view. Of that, however, little had been said at Loring, because it soon became known there that she and her husband stood rather well in the country round about Bullhampton; and when she asked Mary Lowther to come and stay with her for six months, Mary Lowther's aunt, Miss Marrable, had nothing to say against the arrangement, although she herself was a most particular old lady, and always remembered that Mary Lowther was third or fourth cousin to some earl in Scotland. Nothing more shall be said of Miss Marrable at present, as it is expedient, for the sake of the story, that the reader should fix his attention on Bullhampton till he find himself quite at home there. I would wish him to know his way among the water meads, to be quite alive to the fact that the lodge of Hampton Privets is a mile and a quarter to the north of Bullhampton church, and half a mile, across the fields, west from Brattle's mill; that Mr. Fenwick's parsonage adjoins the churchyard, being thus a little farther from Hampton Privets than the church; and that there commences Bullhampton street, with its inn—the Trowbridge Arms—its four public-houses, its three bakers and its two butchers. The bounds of the parsonage run down to the river, so that the vicar can catch his trout from his own bank, though he much prefers to catch them at distances which admit of the appurtenances of sport.

Now there must be one word of Mary Lowther, and then the story shall be commenced. She had come to the vicarage in May, intending to stay a month, and it was now August, and she had been already three months with her friend. Everybody said that she was staying because she intended to become the mistress of Hampton Privets. It was a month since Harry Gilmore had formally made his offer, and she had not refused him, and as she still stayed on, the folk of Bullhampton were justified in their conclusions. She was a tall girl, with dark-brown hair, which she wore fastened in a knot at the back of her head, after the simplest fashion. Her eyes were large and gray, and full of lustre; but they were not eyes which would make you say that Mary Lowther was especially a bright-eyed girl. They were eyes, however, which could make you think, when they looked at you, that if Mary Lowther would only like you how happy your lot would be!—that if she would love you, the world would have nothing higher or better to offer. If you judged her face by any rules of beauty, you would say that it was too thin, but feeling its influence with sympathy, you could never wish it to be changed. Her nose and mouth were perfect. How many little noses there are on young woman's faces which of themselves cannot be said to be things of beauty or joys for ever, although they do very well in their places! There is the softness and color of youth, and perhaps a dash of fun, and the eyes above are bright, and the lips below alluring. In the midst of such sweet charms, what does it matter that the nose be puggish—or even a nose of putty, such as you think you might improve in the original material by a squeeze of your thumb and forefinger! But with Mary Lowther her nose itself was a feature of exquisite beauty—a feature that could be eloquent with pity, reverence or scorn. The curves of the nostrils, with their almost transparent membranes, told of the working of the mind within, as every portion of the human face should tell, in some degree. And the mouth was

equally expressive, though the lips were thin. It was a mouth to watch, and listen to, and read with curious interest, rather than a mouth to kiss. Not but that the desire to kiss would come, when there might be a hope to kiss with favor; but they were lips which no man would think to ravage in boisterous play. It might have been said there was a want of capability for passion in her face, had it not been for the well-marked dimple in her little chin—that soft couch in which one may be always sure, when one sees it, that some little imp of Love lies hidden.

It has already been said that Mary Lowther was tall—taller than common. Her back was as lovely a form of womanhood as man's eye ever measured and appreciated. Her walk, which was never naturally quick, had a grace about it which touched men and women alike. It was the very poetry of motion; but its chief beauty consisted in this, that it was what it was by no effort of her own. We have all seen those efforts, and it may be that many of us have liked them when they have been made on our own behalf. But no man as yet could ever have felt himself to be so far flattered by Miss Lowther. Her dress was very plain, as it became her that it should be, for she was living on the kindness of an aunt who was herself not a rich woman. But it may be doubted whether dress could have added much to her charms.

She was now turned one-and-twenty, and though, doubtless, there were young men at Loring who had sighed for her smiles, no young man had sighed with any efficacy. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that she was not a girl for whom the most susceptible of young men would sigh. Young men given to sigh are generally attracted by some outward and visible sign of softness which may be taken as an indication that sighing will produce some result, however small. At Loring it was said that Mary Lowther was cold and repellent, and, on that account, one who might very probably descend to the shades as an old maid, in spite of the beauty of which she was

the acknowledged possessor. No enemy, no friend, had ever accused her of being a flirt.

Such as she was, Harry Gilmore's passion for her much astonished his friends. Those who knew him best had thought that, as regarded his fate matrimonial—or non-matrimonial—there were three chances before him. He might carry out their presumed intention of marrying money; or he might become the sudden spoil of the bow and spear of some red-cheeked lass; or he might walk on as an old bachelor, too cautious to be caught at all. But none believed that he would become the victim of a grand passion for a poor, reticent, high-bred, high-minded specimen of womanhood. Such, however, was now his condition.

He had an uncle, a clergyman, living at Salisbury, a prebendary there, who was a man of the world, and in whom Harry trusted more than in any other human being. His mother had been the sister of the Rev. Henry Fitzackerly Chamberlaine, and as Mr. Chamberlaine had never married, much of his solicitude was bestowed upon his nephew.

"Don't, my dear fellow," had been the prebendary's advice when he was taken over to see Miss Lowther. "She is a lady, no doubt; but you would never be your own master, and you would be a poor man till you died. An easy temper and a little money are almost as common in our rank of life as destitution and obstinacy." On the day after this advice was given, Harry Gilmore made his formal offer.

CHAPTER II.

FLO'S RED BALL.

"You should give him an answer, dear, one way or the other." These wise words were spoken by Mrs. Fenwick to her friend as they sat together, with their work in their hands, on a garden seat under a cedar tree. It was an August evening after dinner, and the vicar was out about his parish. The two elder children were playing in the

garden, and the two young women were alone together.

"Of course I shall give him an answer. What answer does he wish?"

"You know what answer he wishes. If any man was ever in earnest, he is."

"Am I not doing the best I can for him, then, in waiting—to see whether I can say yes?"

"It cannot be well for him to be in suspense on such a matter; and, dear Mary, it cannot be well for you, either. One always feels that when a girl bids a man to wait, she will take him after a while. It always comes to that. If you had been at home at Loring, the time would not have been much; but, being so near to him, and seeing him every day, must be bad. You must both be in a state of fever."

"Then I will go back to Loring."

"No; not now, till you have positively made up your mind, and given him an answer one way or the other. You could not go now and leave him in doubt. Take him at once and have done with it. He is as good as gold."

In answer to this Mary, for a while, said nothing, but went sedulously on with her work.

"Mamma," said a little girl, running up, followed by a nursery-maid, "the ball's in the water!"

The child was a beautiful, fair-haired little darling about four and a half years old; and a boy, a year younger, and a little shorter, and a little stouter, was toddling after her.

"The ball in the water, Flo! Can't Jim get it out?"

"Jim's gone, mamma."

Then Jane, the nursery-maid, proceeded to explain that the ball had rolled in and had been carried down the stream to some bushes, and that it was caught there just out of reach of all that she, Jane, could do with a long stick for its recovery. Jim, the gardener, was not to be found, and they were in despair lest the ball should become wet through and should perish.

Mary at once saw her opportunity of escape—her opportunity for that five minutes of thought by herself which she

needed. "I'll come, Flo, and see what can be done," said Mary.

"Do; 'cause you is so big," said the little girl.

"We'll see if my long arms won't do as well as Jim's," said Mary; "only Jim would go in, perhaps, which I certainly shall not do." Then she took Flo by the hand, and together they ran down to the margin of the river.

There lay the treasure, a huge red inflated ball, just stopped in its downward course by a short projecting stick. Jim could have got it certainly, because he could have suspended himself over the stream from a bough, and could have dislodged the ball and have floated it on to the bank.

"Lean over, Mary—a great deal, and we'll hold you," said Flo, to whom her ball was at this moment worth any effort. Mary did lean over, and poked at it, and at last thought that she would trust herself to the bough, as Jim would have done, and became more and more venturesome, and at last touched the ball—and then, at last, fell into the river! Immediately there was a scream and a roar, and a splashing about of skirts and petticoats, and by the time that Mrs. Fenwick was on the bank, Mary Lowther had extricated herself, and had triumphantly brought out Flo's treasure with her.

"Mary, are you hurt?" said her friend.

"What should hurt me? Oh dear, oh dear! I never fell into a river before. My darling Flo, don't be unhappy. It's such good fun. Only you mustn't fall in yourself, till you are as big as I am." Flo was in an agony of tears, not deigning to look at the rescued ball.

"You do not mean that your head has been under?" said Mrs. Fenwick.

"My face was, and I felt so odd. For about half a moment I had a sound of Ophelia in my ears. Then I was laughing at myself for being such a goose."

"You'd better come up and go to bed, dear, and I'll get you something warm."

"I won't go to bed, and I won't have anything warm, but I will change my clothes. What an adventure! What will Mr. Fenwick say?"

"What will Mr. Gilmore say?" To this Mary Lowther made no answer, but went straight up to the house, and into her room, and changed her clothes.

While she was there, Fenwick and Gilmore both appeared at the open window of the drawing-room in which Mrs. Fenwick was sitting. She had known well enough that Harry Gilmore would not let the evening pass without coming to the vicarage, and at one time had hoped to persuade Mary Lowther to give her verdict on this very day. Both she and her husband were painfully anxious that Harry might succeed. Fenwick had loved the man dearly for many years, and Janet Fenwick had loved him since she had known him as her husband's friend. They both felt that he was showing more of manhood than they had expected from him in the persistency of his love, and that he deserved his reward. And they both believed also that for Mary herself it would be a prosperous and a happy marriage. And then, where is the married woman who does not wish that the maiden friend who comes to stay with her should find a husband in her house? The parson and his wife were altogether of one mind in this matter, and thought that Mary Lowther ought to be made to give herself to Harry Gilmore.

"What do you think has happened?" said Mrs. Fenwick, coming to the window, which opened down to the ground. "Mary Lowther has fallen into the river."

"Fallen where?" shouted Gilmore, putting up both his hands, and seeming to prepare himself to rush away among the river gods in search of his love.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Gilmore: she's up stairs, quite safe—only she has had a ducking." Then the circumstances were explained, and the papa declared magisterially that Flo must not play any more with her ball near the river—an order to which it was not probable that much close attention would ever be paid.

"I suppose Miss Lowther will have gone to bed?" said Gilmore.

"On the contrary, I expect her every

moment. I suggested bed, and warm drinks, and cossetting, but she would have none of it. She scrambled out all by herself, and seemed to think it very good fun."

"Come in, at any rate, and have some tea," said the vicar. "If you start before eleven, I'll walk half the way back with you."

In the mean time, in spite of her accident, Mary had gained the opportunity that she had required. The point for self-meditation was not so much whether she would or would not accept Mr. Gilmore now, as that other point—was she or was she not wrong to keep him in suspense. She knew very well that she would not accept him now. It seemed to her that a girl should know a man very thoroughly before she would be justified in trusting herself altogether to his hands, and she thought that her knowledge of Mr. Gilmore was insufficient. It might however be the case that in such circumstances duty required her to give him at once an unhesitating answer. She did not find herself to be a bit nearer to knowing him and to loving him than she was a month since. Her friend Janet had complained again and again of the suspense to which she was subjecting the man; but she knew on the other hand that her friend Janet did this in her intense anxiety to promote the match. Was it wrong to say to the man, "I will wait and try?" Her friend told her that to say that she would wait and try was in truth to say that she would take him at some future time; that any girl who said so had almost committed herself to such a decision; that the very fact that she was waiting and trying to love a man ought to bind her to the man at last. Such, certainly, had not been her own idea. As far as she could at present look into her own future feelings, she did not think that she could ever bring herself to say that she would be this man's wife. There was a solemnity about the position which had never come fully home to her before she had been thus placed. Everybody around her told her that the man's happiness was really bound up in

her reply. If this were so—and she in truth believed that it was so—was she not bound to give him every chance in her power? And yet, because she still doubted, she was told by her friend that she was behaving badly! She would believe her friend, would confess her fault, and would tell her lover, in what most respectful words of denial she could mould, that she would not be his wife. For herself, personally, there would be no sorrow in this, and no regret.

Her ducking had given her time for all this thought; and then, having so decided, she went down stairs. She was met, of course, with various inquiries about her bath. Mr. Gilmore was all pity, as though the accident were the most serious thing in the world. Mr. Fenwick was all mirth, as though there had never been a better joke. Mrs. Fenwick, who was perhaps unwise in her impatience, was specially anxious that her two guests might be left together. She did not believe that Mary Lowther would ever say the final No; and yet she thought also that, if it were so, the time had quite come in which Mary Lowther ought to say the final Yes.

"Let us go down and look at the spot," she said, after tea.

So they went down. It was a beautiful August night. There was no moon, and the twilight was over; but still it was not absolutely dark, and the air was as soft as a mother's kiss to her sleeping child. They walked down together, four abreast, across the lawn, and thence they reached a certain green orchard-path that led down to the river. Mrs. Fenwick purposely went on with the lover, leaving Mary with her husband, in order that there might be no appearance of a scheme. She would return with her husband, and then there might be a ramble among the paths, and the question would be pressed and the thing might be settled.

They saw through the gloom the spot where Mary had scrambled, and the water, which had then been bright and smiling, was now black and awful.

050.26

"To think that you should have been in there!" said Harry Gilmore, shuddering.

"To think that she should ever have got out again!" said the parson.

"It looks frightful in the dark," said Mrs. Fenwick. "Come away, Frank. It makes me sick." And the charming schemer took her husband's arm, and continued the round of the garden. "I have been talking to her, and I think she would take him if he would ask her now."

The other pair of course followed them. Mary's mind was so fully made up at this moment that she almost wished that her companion might ask the question. She had been told that she was misusing him; and she would misuse him no longer. She had a firm No, as it were, within her grasp, and a resolution that she should not be driven from it. But he walked on beside her talking of the water, and of the danger, and of the chance of a cold, and got no nearer to the subject than to bid her think what suffering she would have caused had she failed to extricate herself from the pool. He also had made up his mind. Something had been said by himself of a certain day when last he had pleaded his cause; and that day would not come round till the morrow. He considered himself pledged to restrain himself till then, but on the morrow he would come to her.

There was a little gate which led from the parsonage garden through the churchyard to a field-path, by which was the nearest way to Hampton Privets.

"I'll leave you here," he said, "because I don't want to make Fenwick come out again to-night. You won't mind going up through the garden alone?"

"Oh dear, no."

"And, Miss Lowther, pray, pray take care of yourself. I hardly think you ought to have been out again to-night."

"It was nothing, Mr. Gilmore. You make infinitely too much of it."

"How can I make too much of anything that regards you? You will be at home, to-morrow?"

"Yes, I fancy so."

VOL. IV.—2

"Do remain at home. I intend to come down after lunch. Do remain at home." He held her by the hand as he spoke to her, and she promised him that she would obey him. He clearly was entitled to her obedience on such a point. Then she slowly made her way round the garden, and entered the house at the front door, some quarter of an hour after the others.

Why should she refuse him? What was it that she wanted in the world? She liked him, his manners, his character, his ways, his mode of life, and after a fashion she liked his person. If there was more of love in the world than this, she did not think that it would ever come in her way. Up to this time of her life she had never felt any such feeling. If not for her own sake, why should she not do it for him? Why should he not be made happy? She had risked a plunge in the water to get Flo her ball, and she liked him better than she liked Flo. It seemed that her mind had all changed by that stroll through the dark alleys.

"Well," said Janet, "how is it to be?"

"He is to come to-morrow, and I do not know how it will be," she said, turning away to her own room.

CHAPTER III.

SAM BRATTLE.

IT was about eleven o'clock when Gilmore passed through the wicket leading from the vicarage garden to the churchyard. The path he was about to take crossed simply a corner of the church precincts, as it came at once upon a public footway leading from the fields through the churchyard to the town. There was, of course, no stopping the public path, but Fenwick had been often advised to keep a lock on his own gate, as otherwise it almost seemed that the vicarage gardens were open to all Bullhampton. But the lock had never been put on. The gate was the way by which he and his family went to the church, and the parson was accustomed to say that however many keys there

might be provided, he knew that there would never be one in his pocket when he wanted it. And he was wont to add, when his wife would tease him on the subject, that they who desired to come in decently were welcome, and that they who were minded to make an entrance indecently would not be debarred by such rails and fences as hemmed in the vicarage grounds. Gilmore, as he passed through the corner of the churchyard, clearly saw a man standing near to the stile leading from the fields. Indeed, this man was quite close to him, although, from the want of light and the posture of the man, the face was invisible to him. But he knew the fellow to be a stranger to Bullhampton. The dress was strange, the manner was strange, and the mode of standing was strange. Gilmore had lived at Bullhampton all his life, and, without much thought on the subject, knew Bullhampton ways. The jacket which the man wore was a town-made jacket—a jacket that had come farther a-field even than Salisbury; and the man's gaiters had a savor which was decidedly not of Wiltshire. Dark as it was, he could see so much as this. "Good-night, my friend," said Gilmore, in a sharp, cheery voice. The man muttered something and passed on as though to the village. There had, however, been something in his position which made Gilmore think that the stranger had intended to trespass on his friend's garden. He crossed the stile into the fields, however, without waiting—without having waited for half a moment—and immediately saw the figure of a second man standing down, hidden as it were in the ditch; and though he could discover no more than the cap and shoulders of the man through the gloom, he was sure he knew who it was that owned the cap and shoulders. He did not speak again, but passed on quickly, thinking what he might best do. The man whom he had seen and recognized had latterly been talked of as a discredit to his family, and anything but an honor to the usually respectable inhabitants of Bullhampton.

On the farther side of the church from

the town was a farmyard, in the occupation of one of Lord Trowbridge's tenants—a man who had ever been very keen at preventing the inroads of trespassers, to which he had, perhaps, been driven by the fact that this land was traversed by various public pathways. Now a public pathway through pasture is a nuisance, as it is impossible to induce those who use it to keep themselves to one beaten track; but a pathway through cornfields is worse, for, let what pains may be taken, wheat, beans and barley will be torn down and trampled under foot. And yet in apportioning his rents, no landlord takes all this into consideration. Farmer Trumbull considered it a good deal, and was often a wrathful man. There was at any rate no right of way across his farmyard, and here he might keep as big a dog as he chose, chained or unchained. Harry Gilmore knew the dog well, and stood for a moment leaning on the gate.

"Who be there?" said the voice of the farmer.

"Is that you, Mr. Trumbull? It is I—Mr. Gilmore. I want to get round to the front of the parson's house."

"Zurely, zurely," said the farmer, coming forward and opening the gate. "Be there anything wrong about, squire?"

"I don't know. I think there is. Speak softly. I fancy there are men lying in the churchyard."

"I be a-thinking so, too, squire. Bone'm was a growling just now like the Old 'Un." Bone'm was the name of the bull-dog as to which Gilmore had been solicitous as he looked over the gate. "What is't t'ey're up to? Not bugglary."

"Our friend's apricots, perhaps. But I'll just move round to the front. Do you and Bone'm keep a lookout here."

"Never fear, squire; never fear. Me and Bone'm together is a'most too much for 'em, bugglars and all." Then he led Mr. Gilmore through the farmyard and out on to the road, Bone'm growling a low growl as he passed away.

The squire hurried along the high road, past the church, and in at the vicarage front gate. Knowing the place

well, he could have made his way round into the garden, but he thought it better to go to the front door. There was no light to be seen from the windows, but almost all the rooms of the house looked out into the garden at the back. He knocked sharply, and in a minute or two the door was opened by the parson in person.

"Frank!" said the squire.

"Halloo, is that you? What's up now?"

"Men who ought to be in bed. I came across two men hanging about your gate in the churchyard, and I'm not sure there wasn't a third."

"They're up to nothing. They often sit and smoke there."

"These fellows were up to something. The man I saw plainest was a stranger, and just the sort of man who won't do your parishioners any good to be among them. The other was Sam Brattle."

"Whew-w-w!" said the parson.

"He has gone utterly to the dogs," said the squire.

"He's on the road, Harry; but nobody has gone while he's still going. I had some words with him in his father's presence last week, and he followed me afterward and told me he'd see it out with me. I wouldn't tell you, because I didn't want to set you more against them."

"I wish they were out of the place—the whole lot of them."

"I don't know that they'd do better elsewhere than here. I suppose Mr. Sam is going to keep his word with me."

"Only for the look of that other fellow, I shouldn't think they meant anything serious," said Gilmore.

"I don't suppose they do, but I'll be on the lookout."

"Shall I stay with you, Frank?"

"Oh no; I've a life-preserver, and I'll take a round of the gardens. You come with me, and you can pass home that way. The chances are they'll mizzle away to bed, as they've seen you and heard Bone'm, and probably heard, too, every word you said to Trumbull."

He then got his hat and the short,

thick stick of which he had spoken, and turning the key of the door, put it in his pocket. Then the two friends went round by the kitchen garden, and so through to the orchard, and down to the churchyard gate. Hitherto they had seen nothing and heard nothing, and Fenwick was sure that the men had made their way through the churchyard to the village.

"But they may come back," said Gilmore.

"I'll be about if they do," said the parson.

"What is one against three? You had better let me stay."

Fenwick laughed at this, saying that it would be quite as rational to propose that they should keep watch every night.

"But, hark!" said the squire, with a mind evidently perturbed.

"Don't you be alarmed about us," said the parson.

"If anything should happen to Mary Lowther."

"That, no doubt, is matter of anxiety, to which may, perhaps, be added some trifle of additional feeling on the score of Janet and the children. But I'll do my best. If the women knew that you and I were patrolling the place, they'd be frightened out of their wits."

Then Gilmore, who never liked that there should be a laugh against himself, took his leave and walked home across the fields. Fenwick passed up through the garden, and, when he was near the terrace which ran along the garden front of the house, he thought that he heard a voice. He stood under the shade of a wall dark with ivy, and distinctly heard whispering on the other side of it. As far as he could tell there were the voices of more than two men. He wished now that he had kept Gilmore with him: not that he was personally afraid of the trespassers, for his courage was of that steady, settled kind which enables the possessor to remember that men who are doing deeds of darkness are ever afraid of those whom they are injuring; but had there been an ally with him, his prospect of catching one or more of the ruffians would have been greatly in-

creased. Standing where he was, he would probably be able to interrupt them should they attempt to enter the house; but in the mean time they might be stripping his fruit from the wall. They were certainly, at present, in the kitchen garden, and he was not minded to leave them there at such work as they might have in hand. Having paused to think of this, he crept along under the wall, close to the house, toward the passage by which he could reach them. But they had not heard him, nor had they waited among the fruit. When he was near the corner of the wall, one leading man came round within a foot or two of the spot on which he stood, and before he could decide on what he would do, the second had appeared. He rushed forward with the loaded stick in his hand, but, knowing its weight, and remembering the possibility of the comparative innocence of the intruders, he hesitated to strike. A blow on the head would have brained a man, and a knock on the arm with such an instrument would break the bone. In a moment he found his left hand on the leading man's throat, and the man's foot behind his heel. He fell, but as he fell he did strike heavily, cutting upward with his weapon, and bringing the heavy weight of lead at the end of it on to the man's shoulder. He stumbled rather than fell, but when he regained his footing the man was gone. That man was gone, and two others were following him down toward the gate at the bottom of the orchard. Of these two, in a few strides, he was able to catch the hindermost, and then he found himself wrestling with Sam Brattle.

"Sam," said he, speaking as well as he could with his short breath, "if you don't stand, I'll strike you with the life-preserver."

Sam made another struggle, trying to seize the weapon, and the parson hit him with it on the right arm.

"You've smashed that anyway, Mr. Fenwick," said the man.

"I hope not; but do you come along with me quietly or I'll smash something else. I'll hit you on the head if you

attempt to move away. What were you doing here?"

Brattle made no answer, but walked along toward the house at the parson's left hand, the parson holding him the while by the neck of his jacket and swinging the life-preserver in his right hand. In this way he took him round to the front of the house, and then began to think what he would do with him.

"That, after all, you should be at this work, Sam!"

"What work is it, then?"

"Prowling about my place, after midnight, with a couple of strange blackguards."

"There ain't so much harm in that, as I knows of."

"Who were the men, Sam?"

"Who was the men?"

"Yes—who were they?"

"Just friends of mine, Mr. Fenwick. I sha'n't say no more about 'em. You've got me, and you've smashed my arm, and now what is it you're a-going to do with me? I ain't done no harm—only just walked about, like."

To tell the truth, our friend the parson did not quite know what he meant to do with the Tartar he had caught. There were reasons which made him very unwilling to hand over Sam Brattle to the village constable. Sam had a mother and sister who were among the vicar's first favorites in the parish; and though old Jacob Brattle, the father, was not so great a favorite, and was a man whom the squire, his landlord, held in great disfavor, Mr. Fenwick would desire, if possible, to spare the family. And of Sam himself he had had high hopes, though those hopes, for the last eighteen months, had been becoming fainter and fainter. Upon the whole, he was much adverse to knocking up the groom, the only man who lived on the parsonage except himself, and dragging Sam into the village. "I wish I knew," he said, "what you and your friends were going to do. I hardly think it has come to that with you that you'd try to break into the house and cut our throats."

"We warn't after no breaking in, nor

no cutting of throats, Mr. Fenwick. We warn't indeed!"

"What shall you do with yourself, to-night, if I let you off?"

"Just go home to father's, sir: not a foot else, s'help me!"

"One of your friends, as you call them, will have to go to the doctor, if I am not very much mistaken; for the rap I gave you was nothing to what he got. You're all right."

"It hurt, sir, I can tell ye; but that won't matter."

"Well, Sam—there; you may go. I shall be after you to-morrow, and the last word I say to you to-night is this—as far as I can see, you're on the road to the gallows. It isn't pleasant to be hung, and I would advise you to change your road." So saying, he let go his hold and stood waiting till Sam should have taken his departure.

"Don't be a-coming after me, to-morrow, parson, please," said the man.

"I shall see your mother, certainly."

"Don't ee tell her of my being here, Mr. Fenwick, and nobody sha'n't ever come anigh this place again—not in the way of priggig anything."

"You fool, you!" said the parson. "Do you think that it is to save anything that I might lose that I let you go now? Don't you know that the thing I want to save is you—you—you?—you helpless, idle, good-for-nothing reprobate! Go home, and be sure that I shall do the best I can according to my lights. I fear that my lights are bad lights, in that they have allowed me to let you go."

When he had seen Sam take his departure through the front gate, he returned to the house, and found that his wife, who had gone to bed, had come down stairs in search of him.

"Frank, you have frightened me so terribly! Where have you been?"

"Thief-catching. And I'm afraid I've about split one fellow's back. I caught another, but I let him go."

"What on earth do you mean, Frank?"

Then he told her the whole story—how Gilmore had seen the men and

had come up to him; how he had gone out and had a tussle with one man, whom he had, as he thought, hurt; and how he had then caught another, while the third escaped.

"We ain't safe in our beds, then," said the wife.

"You ain't safe in yours, my dear, because you chose to leave it, but I hope you're safe out of it. I doubt whether the melons and peaches are safe. The truth is, there ought to be a gardener's cottage on the place, and I must build one. I wonder whether I hurt that fellow much. I seemed to hear the bone crunch."

"Oh, Frank!"

"But what could I do? I got that thing because I thought it safer than a pistol, but I really think it's worse. I might have murdered them all, if I'd lost my temper—and just for half a dozen apricots!"

"And what became of the man you took?"

"I let him go."

"Without doing anything to him?"

"Well, he got a tap, too."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him—well."

"Who was he, Frank?"

The parson was silent for a moment, and then he answered her: "It was Sam Brattle."

"Sam Brattle, coming to rob?"

"He's been at it, I fear, for months, in some shape."

"And what shall you do?"

"I hardly know as yet. It would about kill her and Fanny, if they were told all that I suspect. They are stiff-necked, obstinate, ill-conditioned people—that is, the men. But I think Gilmore has been a little hard on them. The father and brothers are honest men. Come! we'll go to bed."

CHAPTER IV.

THERE IS NO ONE ELSE.

On the following morning there was of course a considerable amount of conversation at the vicarage as to the affair

of the previous evening. There was first of all an examination of the fruit; but as this was made without taking Jem the gardener into confidence, no certain conclusion could be reached. It was clear, however, that no robbery for the purpose of sale had been made. An apricot or two might have been taken, and perhaps an assault made on an unripe peach. Mr. Fenwick was himself nearly sure that garden spoliation was not the purpose of the assailants, though it suited him to let his wife entertain that idea. The men would hardly have come from the kitchen garden up to the house and round by the corner at which he had met them, if they were seeking fruit. Presuming it to have been their intention to attempt the drawing-room windows, he would have expected to meet them as he did meet them. From the garden the vicar and the two ladies went down to the gate, and from thence over the stile to Farmer Trumbull's farmyard. The farmer had not again seen the men after the squire had left him, nor had he heard them. To him the parson said nothing of his encounter and nothing of that blow on the man's back. From thence Mr. Fenwick went on to the town and the ladies returned to the vicarage.

The only person whom the parson at once consulted was the surgeon—Dr. Cuttenden, as he was called. No man with an injured shoulder-blade had come to him last night or that morning. A man, he said, might receive a very violent blow on his back, in the manner in which the fellow had been struck, and might be disabled for days from any great personal exertion, without having a bone broken. If the blade of his shoulder were broken, the man—so thought the doctor—would not travel far on foot, would hardly be able to get away to any of the neighboring towns unless he were carried. Of Sam Brattle the parson said nothing to the doctor, but when he had finished his morning's work about the town, he walked on to the mill.

In the mean time, the two ladies remained at home at the parsonage. The excitement occasioned by the events of

the previous night was probably a little damaged by the knowledge that Mr. Gilmore was coming. The coming of Mr. Gilmore on this occasion was so important that even the terrible idea of burglars, and the sensation arising from the use of that deadly weapon which had been produced at the breakfast-table during the morning, were robbed of some of their interest. They did not keep possession of the minds of the two ladies as they would have done had there been no violent interrupting cause. But here was the violent interrupting cause, and by the time that lunch was on the table, Sam Brattle and his comrades were forgotten.

Very little was said between the two women on that morning respecting Mr. Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick, who had allowed herself to be convinced that Mary would act with great impropriety if she did not accept the man, thought that further speech might only render her friend obstinate. Mary, who knew the inside of her friend's mind very clearly, and who loved and respected her friend, could hardly fix her own mind. During the past night it had been fixed, or nearly fixed, two different ways. She had first determined that she would refuse her lover—as to which resolve, for some hours or so, she had been very firm; then that she would accept him—as to which she had ever, when most that way inclined, entertained some doubt as to the possibility of her uttering that word "Yes." If it be that other women don't love better than I love him, I wonder that they ever get married at all, she said to herself. She was told that she was wrong to keep the man in suspense, and she believed it. Had she not been so told, she would have thought that some further waiting would have been of the three alternatives the best.

"I shall be up stairs with the bairns," said Mrs. Fenwick, as she left the dining-room after lunch, "so that if you prefer the garden to the drawing-room, it will be free."

"Oh dear! how solemn and ceremonious you make it!"

"It is solemn, Mary: I don't know how anything can be more solemn, short of going to heaven or the other place. But I really don't see why there should be any doubt or difficulty."

There was something in the tone in which these words were said which almost made Mary Lowther again decide against the man. The man had a home and an income and was squire of the parish; and therefore there need be no difficulty! When she compared Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Gilmore together, she found that she liked Mr. Fenwick the best. She thought him to be the more clever, the higher-spirited, the most of a man of the two. She certainly was not the least in love with her friend's husband, but then she was just as little in love with Mr. Gilmore.

At about half-past two Mr. Gilmore made his appearance, standing at the open window. "May I come in?" he said.

"Of course you may come in."

"Mrs. Fenwick is not here?"

"She is in the house, I think, if you want her."

"Oh no. I hope you were not frightened last night. I have not seen Frank this morning, but I hear from Mr. Trumbull that there was something of a row."

"There was a row, certainly. Mr. Fenwick struck some of the men, and he is afraid that he hurt one of them."

"I wish he had broken their heads. I take it there was a son of one of my tenants there, who is about as bad as he can be. Frank will believe me, now. I hope you were not frightened here."

"I heard nothing of it till this morning," answered Mary.

After that there was a pause. He had told himself as he came along that the task before him could not be easy and pleasant. To declare a passion to the girl he loves may be very pleasant work to the man who feels almost sure that his answer will not be against him. It may be an easy task enough even when there is a doubt. The very possession of the passion—or even its pre-

tence—gives the man a liberty which he has a pleasure and a pride in using. But this is the case when the man dashes boldly at his purpose without preconcerted arrangements. Such pleasure, if it ever was a pleasure to him—such excitement at least—was come and gone with Harry Gilmore. He had told his tale and had been desired to wait. Now he had come again at a fixed hour to be informed—like a servant waiting for a place—whether it was thought that he would suit. The servant out of place, however, would have had this advantage, that he would receive his answer without the necessity of further eloquence on his own part. With the lover it was different. It was evident that Mary Lowther would not say to him, "I have considered the matter, and I think that, upon the whole, you will do." It was necessary that he should ask the question again, and ask it as a suppliant.

"Mary," he said, beginning with words that he had fixed for himself as he came up the garden, "it is six weeks, I think, since I asked you to be my wife; and now I have come to ask you again." She made him no immediate answer, but sat as though waiting for some further effort of his eloquence. "I do not think you doubt my truth or the warmth of my affection. If you trust in them—"

"I do—I do."

"Then I don't know that I can say anything further. Nothing that I can say now will make you love me. I have not that sort of power which would compel a girl to come into my arms."

"I don't understand that kind of power—how any man can have it with any girl."

"They say that it is so; but I do not flatter myself that it is so with me; and I do not think that it would be so with any man over you. Perhaps I may assure you that, as far as I know myself at present, all my future happiness must depend on your answer. It will not kill me to be refused; at least, I suppose not. But it will make me wish that it would." Having so spoken he waited for her reply.

She believed every word that he said.

And she liked him so well that, for his own sake, she desired that he might be gratified. As far as she knew herself she had no desire to be Harry Gilmore's wife. The position was not even one in which she could allow herself to look for consolation on one side for disappointments on the other. She had read about love, and talked about love, and she desired to be in love. Certainly she was not in love with this man. She had begun to doubt whether it would ever be given to her to love—to love as her friend Janet loved Frank Fenwick. Janet loved her husband's very footsteps, and seemed to eat with his palate, hear with his ears and see with his eyes. She was, as it were, absolutely a bone from her husband's rib. Mary thought that she was sure that she could never have that same feeling toward Henry Gilmore. And yet it might come; or something might come which would do almost as well. It was likely that Janet's nature was softer and sweeter than her own—more prone to adapt itself, like ivy to a strong tree. For herself, it might be that she could never become as the ivy, but that nevertheless she might be the true wife of a true husband. But if ever she was to be the true wife of Harry Gilmore, she could not to-day say that it should be so.

"I suppose I must answer you," she said, very gently.

"If you tell me that you are not ready to do so I will wait, and come again. I shall never change my mind. You may be sure of that."

"But that is just what I may not do, Mr. Gilmore."

"Who says so?"

"My own feelings tell me so. I have no right to keep you in suspense, and I will not do it. I respect and esteem you most honestly. I have so much liking for you that I do not mind owning that I wish that it were more. Mr. Gilmore, I like you so much that I would make a great sacrifice for you; but I cannot sacrifice my own honesty or your happiness by making believe that I love you."

For a few moments he sat silent, and

then there came over his face a look of inexpressible anguish—a look as though the pain were almost more than he could bear. She could not keep her eyes from his face; and, in her woman's pity, she almost wished that her words had been different.

"And must that be all?" he asked.

"What else can I say, Mr. Gilmore?"

"If that must be all, it will be to me a doom that I shall not know how to bear. I cannot live here without you. I have thought about you, till you have become mixed with every tree and every cottage about the place. I did not know of myself that I could become such a slave to a passion. Mary, say that you will wait again. Try it once more. I would not ask for this, but that you have told me that there was no one else."

"Certainly, there is no one else."

"Then let me wait again. It can do you no harm. If there should come any man more fortunate than I am, you can tell me, and I shall know that it is over. I ask no sacrifice from you, and no pledge; but I give you mine. I shall not change."

"There must be no such promise, Mr. Gilmore."

"But there is the promise. I certainly shall not change. When three months are over I will come to you again."

She tried to think whether she was bound to tell him that her answer must be taken as final, or whether she might allow the matter to stand as he proposed, with some chance of a result that might be good for him. On one point she was quite sure—that if she left him now, with an understanding that he should again renew his offer after a period of three months, she must go away from Bullhampton. If there was any possibility that she should learn to love him, such feeling would arise within her more quickly in his absence than in his presence. She would go home to Loring, and try to bring herself to accept him.

"I think," she said, "that what we now say had better be the last of it."

"It shall not be the last of it. I will

try again. What is there that I can do, so that I may make myself worthy of you?"

"It is no question of worthiness, Mr. Gilmore. Who can say how his heart is moved—and why? I shall go home to Loring; and you may be sure of this, that if there be anything that you should hear of me, I will let you know."

Then he took her hand in his own, held it for a while, pressed it to his lips and left her. She was by no means contented with herself, and, to tell the truth, was ashamed to let her friend know what she had done. And yet how could she have answered him in other words? It might be that she could teach herself to be contented with the amount of regard which she entertained for him. It might be that she could persuade herself to be his wife; and if so, why should he not have the chance—the chance which he professed that he was so anxious to retain? He had paid her the greatest compliment which a man can pay a woman, and she owed him everything—except herself. She was hardly sure even now that if the proposition had come to her by letter the answer might not have been of a different nature.

As soon as he was gone she went up stairs to the nursery, and thence to Mrs. Fenwick's bed-room. Flo was there, but Flo was soon dismissed. Mary began her story instantly, before a question could be asked.

"Janet," she said, "I am going home—at once."

"Why so?"

"Because it is best. Nothing more is settled than was settled before. When he asks me whether he may come again, how can I say that he may not? What can I say, except that as far as I can see now I cannot be his wife?"

"You have not accepted him, then?"

"No."

"I believe that you would if he had asked you last night."

"Most certainly I should not. I may doubt when I am talking behind his back; but when I meet him face to face I cannot do it."

"I think you have been wrong—very wrong and very foolish."

"In not taking a man I do not love?" said Mary.

"You do love him; but you are longing for you do not know what: some romance—some grand passion—something that will never come."

"Shall I tell you what I want?"

"If you please."

"A feeling such as you have for Frank. You are my model: I want nothing beyond that."

"That comes after marriage. Frank was very little to me till we were man and wife. He'll tell you the same. I don't know whether I didn't almost dislike him when I married him."

"Oh, Janet!"

"Certainly the sort of love you are thinking of comes afterward, when the interests of two people are the same. Frank was very well as a lover."

"Don't I remember it?"

"You were a child."

"I was fifteen; and don't I remember how all the world used to change for you when he was coming? There wasn't a ribbon you wore but what you wore for him; you dressed yourself in his eyes; you lived by his thoughts."

"That was all after I was engaged. If you would accept Harry Gilmore, you would do just the same."

"I must be sure that it would be so. I am now almost sure that it would not."

"And why do you want to go home?"

"That he may not be pestered by having me near him. I think it will be better for him that I should go."

"And he is to ask you again?"

"He says that he will—in three months. But you should tell him that it will be better that he should not. I would advise him to travel, if I were his friend like you."

"And leave all his duties, and his pleasures, and his house, and his property, because of your face and figure, my dear! I don't think any woman is worth so much to a man."

Mary bit her lips in sorrow for what she had said: "I was thinking of his

own speech about himself, Janet—not of my worth. It does not astonish you more than it does me that such a man as Mr. Gilmore should be perplexed in spirit for such a cause. But he says that he is perplexed.”

“Of course he is perplexed, and of course I was in joke. Only it does seem so hard upon him! I should like to shake you till you fell into his arms. I know it would be best for you. You will go on examining your own feelings and doubting about your heart, and waiting for something that will never come, till you will have lost your time. That is the way old maids are made. If you married Harry, by the time your first child was born you would think that he was Jupiter—just as I think that Frank is.”

Mrs. Fenwick owned, however, that as matters stood at present it would be best that Mary should return home; and letters were written that afternoon to say that she would be at Loring by the middle of next week.

The vicar was not seen till dinner-time, and then he came home in considerable perplexity of spirit. It was agreed between the two women that the fate of Harry Gilmore, as far as it had been decided, should be told to Mr. Fenwick by his wife; and she, though she was vexed and almost angry with Mary, promised to make the best of it.

“She’ll lose him at last; that’ll be the end of it,” said the parson, as he scoured his face with a towel after washing it.

“I never saw a man so much in love in my life,” said Mrs. Fenwick.

“But iron won’t remain long at red heat,” said he. “What she says herself would be the best for him. He’ll break up and go away for a time, and then, when he comes back, there’ll be somebody else. She’ll live to repent it.”

“When she’s away from him there may be a change.”

“Fiddlestick!” said the parson. Mary, when she met him before dinner, could see that he was angry with her, but she bore it with the utmost meekness. She believed of herself that she was much to blame in that she could not fall in love

with Harry Gilmore. Mrs. Fenwick had also asked a question or two about Sam Brattle during the dressing of her husband, but he had declined to say anything on that subject till they two should be secluded together for the night.

CHAPTER V.

THE MILLER.

MR. FENWICK reached Brattle’s mill about two o’clock in the day. During the whole morning, while saying comfortable words to old women and gently rebuking young maidens, he had been thinking of Sam Brattle and his offences. He had not been in the parish very long—not over five or six years—but he had been there long enough to see Sam grow out of boyhood into manhood; and at his first coming to the parish, for the first two or three years, the lad had been a favorite with him. Young Brattle could run well, leap well, fish well, and do a good turn of work about his father’s mill. And he could also read and write and cast accounts, and was a clever fellow. The parson, though he had tried his hand with energy at making the man, had, perhaps, done something toward marring him; and it may be that some feeling of this was on Mr. Fenwick’s conscience. A gentleman’s favorite in a country village, when of Sam Brattle’s age, is very apt to be spoiled by the kindness that is shown to him. Sam had spent many a long afternoon fishing with the parson, but those fishing days were now more than two years gone by. It had been understood that Sam was to assist his father at the mill; and much good advice as to his trade the lad had received from Mr. Fenwick. There ought to be no more fishing for the young miller, except on special holiday occasions—no more fishing, at least during the hours required for milling purposes. So Mr. Fenwick had said frequently. Nevertheless the old miller attributed his son’s idleness in great part to the parson’s conduct, and he had so told the parson more than once. Of late, Sam Brattle had certainly not been a good

son, had neglected his work, disobeyed his father, and brought trouble on a household which had much suffering to endure independently of that which he might bring upon it.

Jacob Brattle was a man at this time over sixty-five years of age, and every year of the time had been spent in that mill. He had never known another occupation or another home, and had very rarely slept under another roof. He had married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, and had had some twelve or fourteen children. There were at this time six still living. He himself had ever been a hardworking, sober, honest man. But he was cross-grained, litigious, moody and tyrannical. He held his mill and about a hundred acres of adjoining meadow-land at a rent in which no account was taken either of the building or of the mill privileges attached to it. He paid simply for the land at a rate per acre, which, as both he and his landlord well knew, would make it acceptable on the same terms to any farmer in the parish; and neither for his mill nor for his land had he any lease, nor had his father or his grandfather had leases before him. Though he was a clever man in his way, he hardly knew what a lease was. He doubted whether his landlord could dispossess him as long as he paid his rent, but he was not sure. But of this he thought he was sure—that were Mr. Gilmore to attempt to do such a thing, all Wiltshire would cry out against the deed, and probably the heavens would fall and crush the doer. He was a man with an unlimited love of justice, but the justice which he loved best was justice to himself. He brooded over injuries done to him—injuries real or fancied—till he taught himself to wish that all who hurt him might be crucified for the hurt they did to him. He never forgot, and never wished to forgive. If any prayer came from him, it was a prayer that his own heart might be so hardened that when vengeance came in his way he might take it without stint against the trespasser of the moment. And yet he was not a cruel man. He would almost de-

spise himself because when the moment for vengeance did come he would abstain from vengeance. He would dismiss a disobedient servant with curses which would make one's hair stand on end, and would hope within his heart of hearts that before the end of the next week the man with his wife and children might be in the poorhouse. When the end of the next week came, he would send the wife meat and would give the children bread, and would despise himself for doing so. In matters of religion he was an old pagan, going to no place of worship, saying no prayer, believing in no creed—with some vague idea that a Supreme Power would bring him right at last if he worked hard, robbed no one, fed his wife and children and paid his way. To pay his way was the pride of his heart—to be paid on his way was its joy.

In that matter of his quarrel with his landlord he was very bitter. The squire's father some fifteen years since had given to the miller a verbal promise that the house and mill should be repaired. The old squire had not been a good man of business, and had gone on with his tenants very much as he had found them, without looking much into the position of each. But he had, no doubt, said something that amounted to a promise on his own account as to these repairs. He had died soon after, and the repairs had not been effected. A year after his death an application—almost a demand—was made upon our squire by the miller, and the miller had been wrathful even when the squire said that he would look into it. The squire did look into it, and came to the conclusion that as he received no rent at all for the house and mill, and as his own property would be improved if the house and mill were made to vanish, and as he had no evidence whatever of any undertaking on his father's part, as any such promise on his father's part must simply have been a promise of a gift of money out of his own pocket, and further as the miller was impudent, he would not repair the mill. Ultimately, he offered twenty pounds toward the repairs, which the miller indignantly refused. Readers will

be able to imagine how pretty a quarrel there would thus be between the landlord and his tenant. When all this was commencing—at the time, that is, of the old squire's death—Brattle had the name of being a substantial person, but misfortune had come upon him; doctors' bills had been very heavy, his children had drained his resources from him, and it was now known that it set him very hard to pay his way. In regard to the house and the mill, some absolutely essential repairs had been done at his own costs; but the twenty pounds had never been taken.

In some respects the man's fortune in life had been good. His wife was one of those loving, patient, self-denying, almost heavenly human beings, one or two of whom may come across one's path, and who, when found, are generally found in that sphere of life to which this woman belonged. Among the rich there is that difficulty of the needle's eye: among the poor there is the difficulty of the hardness of their lives. And the miller loved this woman with a perfect love. He hardly knew that he loved her as he did. He could be harsh to her and tyrannical. He could say cutting words to her. But at any time in his life he would have struck over the head with his staff another man who should have said a word to hurt her. They had lost many children, but of the six who remained there were four of whom they might be proud. The eldest was a farmer, married and away, doing well in a far part of the county, beyond Salisbury, on the borders of Hampshire. The father in his emergencies had almost been tempted to ask his son for money, but hitherto he had refrained. A daughter was married to a tradesman at Warminster, and was also doing well. A second son, who had once been sickly and weak, was a scholar in his way, and was now a schoolmaster, also at Warminster, and in great repute with the parson of the parish there. There was a second daughter, Fanny, at home—a girl as good as gold, the glory and joy and mainstay of her mother, whom even the miller could not scold, whom all

Bullhampton loved. But she was a plain girl, brown, and somewhat hard-visaged—a morsel of fruit as sweet as any in the garden, but one that the eye would not select for its outside grace, color and roundness. Then there were the two younger. Of Sam, the youngest of all, who was now twenty-one, something has already been said. Between him and Fanny there was—perhaps it will be better to say there had been—another daughter. Of all the flock, Carry had been her father's darling. She had not been brown or hard-visaged. She was such a morsel of fruit as men do choose when allowed to range and pick through the whole length of the garden wall. Fair she had been, with laughing eyes and floating curls—strong in health, generous in temper, though now and again with something of her father's humor. To her mother's eye she had never been as sweet as Fanny, but to her father she had been as bright and beautiful as the harvest moon. Now she was a thing, somewhere, never to be mentioned! Any man who would have named her to her father's ears would have encountered instantly the force of his wrath. This was so well known in Bullhampton that there was not one who would dare to suggest to him even that she might be saved. But her mother prayed for her daily, and her father thought of her always. It was a great lump upon him, which he must bear to his grave, and for which there could be no release. He did not know whether it was his mind, his heart or his body that suffered. He only knew that it was there—a load that could never be lightened. What comfort was it to him now that he had beaten a miscreant to death's door—that he, with his old hands, had nearly torn the wretch limb from limb—that he had left him all but lifeless, and had walked off scatheless, nobody daring to put a finger on him? The man had been pieced up by some doctor, and was away in Asia, in Africa, in America—soldiering somewhere. He had been a lieutenant in those days, and was probably a lieutenant still. It was nothing

to old Brattle where he was. Had he been able to drink the fellow's blood to the last drop, it would not have lightened his load an ounce. He knew that it was so now. Nothing could lighten it—not though an angel could come and tell him that his girl was a second Magdalen. The Brattles had ever held up their heads. The women, at least, had always been decent.

Jacob Brattle, himself, was a low, thickset man, with an appearance of great strength, which was now submitting itself, very slowly, to the hand of time. He had sharp green eyes and shaggy eyebrows, with thin lips and a square chin—a nose which, though its shape was aquiline, protruded but little from his face. His forehead was low and broad, and he was seldom seen without a flat hat upon his head. His hair and very scanty whiskers were gray, but then, too, he was gray from head to foot. The color of his trade had so clung to him that no one could say whether that grayish whiteness of his face came chiefly from meal or from sorrow. He was a silent, sad, meditative man, thinking always of the evil things that had been done to him.

CHAPTER VI.

BRATTLE'S MILL.

WHEN Mr. Fenwick reached the mill he found old Brattle sitting alone on a fixed bench in front of the house door, with a pipe in his mouth. Mary Lowther was quite right in saying that the mill, in spite of its dilapidations—perhaps by reason of them—was as pretty as anything in Bullhampton. In the first place, it was permeated and surrounded by cool, bright, limpid little streams. One of them ran right through it, as it were, passing between the dwelling-house and the mill, and turning the wheel, which was there placed. This course was no doubt artificial, and the water ran more rapidly in it than it did in the neighboring streamlets. There were sluice-gates too, by which it could be altogether expelled, or kept up to this or that height;

and it was a river absolutely under man's control, in which no water-god could take delight. But there were other natural streams on each side of the building, the one being the main course of the Avon, and the other some offspring of a brooklet, which joined its parent two hundred yards below, and fifty yards from the spot at which the ill-used working water was received back into its mother's idle bosom. Mill and house were thatched, and were very low. There were garrets in the roof, but they were so shaped that they could hardly be said to have walls to them at all, so nearly were they contained by the sloping roof. In front of the building there ran a road, which, after all, was no more than a private lane. It crossed the smaller stream and the mill-run by two wooden bridges; but the river itself had been too large for the bridge-maker's efforts, and here there was a ford, with stepping-stones for foot passengers. The banks on every side were lined with leaning willows, which had been pollarded over and over again, and which with their light green wavy heads gave the place, from a distance, the appearance of a grove. There was a little porch in front of the house, and outside of that a fixed seat, with a high back, on which old Brattle was sitting when the parson accosted him. He did not rise when Mr. Fenwick addressed him, but he intended no want of courtesy by not doing so. He was on his legs at business during nearly the whole of the day, and why should he not rest his old limbs during the few mid-day minutes which he allowed himself for recreation?

"I thought I should catch you idle just at this moment," said the clergyman.

"Like enough, Muster Fenwick," said the miller; "I be idle at times, no doubt."

"It would be a bad life if you did not—and a very short one too. It's hot walking, I can tell you, Mr. Brattle. If it goes on like this, I shall make a little idle time myself, I fear. Is Sam here?"

"No, Muster Fenwick, Sam is not here."

"Nor has been this morning, I suppose?"

"He's not here now, if you're wanting him."

This the old man said in a tone that seemed to signify some offence, or at least a readiness to take offence if more were said to him about his son. The clergyman did not sit down, but stood close over the father, looking down upon him; and the miller went on with his pipe, gazing into the clear blue sky.

"I do want him, Mr. Brattle." Then he stopped, and there was a pause. The miller puffed his pipe, but said not a word. "I do want him. I fear, Mr. Brattle, he's not coming to much good."

"Who said as he was? I never said so. The lad'd have been well enough if other folks would have let him be."

"I know what you mean, Mr. Brattle."

"I usually intend folks to know what I mean, Muster Fenwick. What's the good o' speaking else. If nobody hadn't a-meddled with the lad, he'd been a good lad. But they did, and he ain't. That's all about it."

"You do me a great injustice, but I'm not going to argue that with you now. There would be no use in it. I've come to tell you I fear that Sam was at no good last night."

"That's like enough."

"I had better tell you the truth at once. He was about my place with two ruffians."

"And you wants to take him afore the magistrate?"

"I want nothing of the kind. I would make almost any sacrifice rather. I had him yesterday night by the collar of the coat, and I let him go free."

"If he couldn't shake himself free o' you, Muster Fenwick, without any letting in the matter, he ain't no son of mine."

"I was armed, and he couldn't. But what does that matter? What does matter is this—that they who were with him were thoroughly bad fellows. Was he at home last night?"

"You'd better ax his mother, Muster Fenwick. The truth is, I don't care much to be talking of him at all. It's time I was in the mill, I believe. There's

no one much to help me now, barring the hired man." So saying he got up and passed into the mill without making the slightest form of salutation.

Mr. Fenwick paused for a minute, looking after the old man, and then went into the house. He knew very well that his treatment from the women would be very different to that which the miller had vouchsafed to him, but on that very account it would be difficult for him to make his communication. He had, however, known all this before he came. Old Brattle would, quite of course, be silent, suspicious and uncivil. It had become the nature of the man to be so, and there was no help for it. But the two women would be glad to see him—would accept his visit as a pleasure and a privilege; and on this account he found it to be very hard to say unpleasant words to them. But the unpleasant words must be spoken. Neither in duty nor in kindness could he know what he had learned last night and be silent on this matter to the young man's family. He entered the house, and turned into the large kitchen or keeping-room on the left, in which the two women were almost always to be found. This was a spacious, square, low apartment, in which there was a long grate with various appurtenances for boiling, roasting and baking. It was an old-fashioned apparatus, but Mrs. Brattle thought it to be infinitely more commodious than any of the newer-fangled ranges which from time to time she had been taken to see. Opposite to the fireplace there was a small piece of carpet, without which the stone floor would hardly have looked warm and comfortable. On the outer corner of this, half facing the fire and half on one side of it, was an old oak arm-chair, made of oak throughout, but with a well-worn cushion on the seat of it, in which it was the miller's custom to sit when the work of the day was done. In this chair no one else would ever sit, unless Sam would do so occasionally in bravado, and as a protest against his father's authority. When he did so his mother would be wretched, and his sister lately

had begged him to desist from the sacrilege. Close to this was a little round deal table, on which would be set the miller's single glass of gin and water, which would be made to last out the process of his evening's smoking, and the candle, by the light of which, and with the aid of a huge pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, his wife would sit and darn her husband's stockings. She also had her own peculiar chair in this corner, but she had never accustomed herself to the luxury of arms to lean on, and had no cushion for her own comfort. There were various dressers, tables and sideboards round the room, and a multiplicity of dishes, plates and bowls, all standing in their proper places. But though the apartment was called a kitchen—and, in truth, the cookery for the family was done here—there was behind it, opening out to the rear, another kitchen, in which there was a great boiler and a huge oven never now used. The necessary but unsightly doings of kitchen life were here carried on, out of view. He, indeed, would have been fastidious who would have hesitated, on any score of cleanliness or niceness, to sit and eat at the long board on which the miller's dinner was daily served, or would have found it amiss to sit at that fire and listen to the ticking of the great mahogany-cased clock which stood in the corner of the room. On the other side of the broad opening passage Mrs. Brattle had her parlor. Doubtless this parlor added something to the few joys of her life; though how it did so, or why she should have rejoiced in it, it would be very difficult to say. She never entered it except for the purpose of cleaning and dusting. But it may be presumed that it was a glory to her to have a room carpeted, with six horsehair chairs, and a round table, and a horsehair sofa, and an old mirror over the fireplace, and a piece of worsted-work, done by her daughter and framed like a picture, hanging up on one of the walls. But there must have come from it, we should say, more of regret than of pleasure; for when that room was first furnished un-

der her own auspices, and when those horsehair chairs were bought with a portion of her own modest dowry, doubtless she had intended that these luxuries should be used by her and hers. But they never had been so used. The day for using them had never come. Her husband never, by any chance, entered the apartment. To him probably, even in his youth, it had been a woman's gewgaw, useless, but allowable as tending to her happiness. Now the door was never even opened before his eye. His last interview with Carry had been in that room—when he had laid his curse upon her, and bade her begone before his return, so that his decent threshold should be no longer polluted by her vileness.

On this side of the house there was a cross passage, dividing the front rooms from the back. At the end of this, looking to the front, so as to have the parlor between it and the house door, was the chamber in which slept Brattle and his wife. Here all those children had been born who had brought upon the household so many joys and so much sorrow. And behind, looking to the back on to the little plot of vegetables which was called the garden—a plot in which it seemed that cabbages and gooseberry bushes were made to alternate—there was a large store-room and the chamber in which Fanny slept, now alone, but which she had once shared with four sisters. Carry was the last one that had left her; and now Fanny hardly dared to name the word sister above her breath. She could speak, indeed, of Sister Jay, the wife of the prosperous ironmonger at Warminster, but of sisters by their Christian names no mention was ever made.

Up stairs there were garrets, one of which was inhabited by Sam when he chose to reside at home, and another by the red-armed country lass who was maid-of-all-work at Brattle mill. When it has also been told that below the cabbage-plot there was an orchard, stretching down to the junction of the waters, the description of Brattle mill will have been made.

CHAPTER VII.
THE MILLER'S WIFE.

WHEN Mr. Fenwick entered the kitchen, Mrs. Brattle was sitting there alone. Her daughter was away, disposing of the remnants and utensils of the dinner-table. The old lady, with her spectacles on her nose, was sitting as usual with a stocking over her left arm. On the round table was a great open Bible, and lying on the Bible were sundry large worsted hose, which always seemed to Mr. Fenwick as though they must have undarned themselves as quickly as they were darned. Her Bible and her stockings furnished the whole of Mrs. Brattle's occupation from her dinner to her bed. In the morning, she would still occupy herself in matters of cookery, would peel potatoes and prepare apples for puddings, and would look into the pot in which the cabbage was being boiled. But her stockings and her Bible shared together the afternoons of her week-days. On the Sundays there would only be the Bible, and then she would pass many hours of the day asleep. On every other Sunday morning she still walked to church and back—going there always alone. There was no one now to accompany her. Her husband never went—never had gone—to church, and her son now had broken away from his good practices. On alternate mornings Fanny went, and also on every Sunday afternoon. Wet or dry, storm or sunshine, she always went; and her father, who was an old pagan, loved her for her zeal. Mrs. Brattle was a slight-made old woman, with hair almost white peering out modestly from under her clean cap, dressed always in a brown stuff gown that never came down below her ankle. Her features were still pretty, small and débonnaire, and there was a sweetness in her eyes that no observer could overlook. She was a modest, pure, high-minded woman—whom we will not call a lady, because of her position in life, and because she darned stockings in a kitchen. In all other respects she deserved the name.

"I heard your voice outside with the

master," she said, rising from her chair to answer the parson's salutation, and putting down her stockings first, and then her spectacles upon the book, so that the Bible was completely hidden; "and I knew you would not go without saying a word to the old woman."

"I believe I came mostly to see you to-day, Mrs. Brattle."

"Did you then? It's kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Fenwick, this hot weather; and you with so many folk to mind, too. Will you take an apple, Mr. Fenwick? I don't know that we've anything else to offer, but the quarantines are rare this year, they say; though no doubt you have them better at the vicarage?"

Fenwick took a large red apple from the dresser, and began to munch it, declaring that they had none such in their orchard. And, then, when the apple was finished, he had to begin his story.

"Mrs. Brattle, I'm sorry that I have something to say that I am sure will vex you."

"Eh, Mr. Fenwick! Bad news? 'Deed and I think there's but little good news left to us now—little that comes from the tongues of men. It's bad news that is always coming here, Mr. Fenwick. What is it, sir?"

Then he repeated the question he had before put to the miller about Sam. Where was Sam last night? She only shook her head. Did he sleep at home? She shook her head again. Had he breakfasted at home?

"'Deed no, sir. I haven't set eyes on him since before yesterday."

"But how does he live? His father does not give him money, I suppose?"

"There's little enough to give him, Mr. Fenwick. When he is at the mill his father do pay him a some'at over and above his keep. It isn't much, sir. Young men must have a some'at in their pocket at times."

"He has too much in his pockets, I fear. I wish he had nothing, so that he needs must come home for his meals. He works at the mill, doesn't he?"

"At times, sir; and there isn't a lad in all Bullampton"—for so the name

was ordinarily pronounced—"who can do a turn of work to beat him."

"Do he and his father agree pretty well?"

"At times, sir. Times again his father don't say much to him. The master ain't given to much talking in the mill, and Sam, when he's there, works with a will. There's times when his father softens down to him, and then, to see 'em, you'd think they was all in all to each other. There's a stroke of the master about Sam hisself, at times, Mr. Fenwick, and the old man's eyes gladden to see it. There's none so near his heart now as poor Sam."

"If he were as honest a man as his father, I could forgive all the rest," said Mr. Fenwick, slowly, meaning to imply that he was not there now to complain of church observances neglected or of small irregularities of life. The paganism of the old miller had often been the subject of converse between the parson and Mrs. Brattle, it being a matter on which she had many an unhappy thought. He, groping darkly among subjects which he hardly dared to touch in her presence, lest he should seem to unteach that in private which he taught in public, had subtly striven to make her believe that though she, through her faith, would be saved, he, the husband, might yet escape that doom of everlasting fire which to her was so stern a reality that she thought of its fury with a shudder whenever she heard of the world's wickedness. When Parson Fenwick had first made himself intimate at the mill, Mrs. Brattle had thought that her husband's habits of life would have been to him as wormwood and gall—that he would be unable not to chide; and well she knew that her husband would bear no chiding. By degrees she had come to understand that this new parson was one who talked more of life with its sorrows and vices, and chances of happiness and possibilities of goodness, than he did of the requirements of his religion. For herself inwardly she had grieved at this, and, possibly, also for him; but doubtless there had come to her some comfort, which she did not care to analyze, from

the manner in which "the master," as she called him, pagan as he was, had been treated by her clergyman. She wondered that it should be so, but yet it was a relief to her to know that God's messenger should come home to her, and yet say never a word of his message to that hard lord, whom she so feared and so loved, and who was, as she well knew, too stubborn to receive it. And Fenwick had spoken—still spoke to her—so tenderly of her erring, fallen child, never calling her a castaway—talking of her as Carry, who might yet be worthy of happiness here and of all joy hereafter—that when she thought of him as a minister of God, whose duty it was to pronounce God's threats to erring human beings, she was almost alarmed. She could hardly understand his leniency, his abstinence from reproof; but entertained a vague, wandering, unformed wish that, as he never opened the vials of his wrath on them, he would pour it out upon her—on her who would bear it for their sake so meekly. If there was such a wish it was certainly doomed to disappointment. At this moment Fanny came in and courtesied as she gave her hand to the parson.

"Was Sam at home, last night, Fan?" asked the mother, in a sad, low voice.

"Yes, mother. He slept in his bed."

"You are sure?" said the parson.

"Quite sure. I heard him this morning as he went out. It was about five. He spoke to me and I answered him."

"What did he say?"

"That he must go over to Lavington, and wouldn't be home till nightfall. I told him where he would find bread and cheese, and he took some."

"But you didn't see him last night?"

"No, sir. He comes in at all hours, when he pleases. He was at dinner before yesterday, but I haven't seen him since. He didn't go nigh the mill after dinner that day."

Then Mr. Fenwick considered how much he would tell to the mother and sister, and how much he would keep back. He did not in his heart believe that Sam Brattle had intended to enter his house and rob it, but he did believe

that the men with whom Sam was associated were thieves and housebreakers. If these men were prowling about Bullhampton, it was certainly his duty to have them arrested if possible, and to prevent probable depredations, for his neighbors' sake as well as for his own. Nor would he be justified in neglecting this duty with the object of saving Sam Brattle. If only he could entice Sam away from them, into his own hands, under the power of his tongue, there might probably be a chance.

"You think he'll be home to-night?" he asked.

"He said he would," replied Fanny, who knew that she could not answer for her brother's word.

"If he does, bid him come to me—make him come to me! Tell him that I will do him no harm. God knows how truly it is my object to do him good."

"We are sure of that, sir," said the mother.

"He need not be afraid that I will preach to him. I will only talk to him, as I would to a younger brother."

"But what is it that he has done, sir?"

"He has done nothing that I know. There! I will tell you the whole. I found him prowling about my garden at near midnight, yesterday. Had he been alone I should have thought nothing of it. He thinks he owes me a grudge for speaking to his father; and had I found him paying it by filling his pockets with the fruit, I should only have told him that it would be better that he should come and take it in the morning."

"But he wasn't—stealing?" asked the mother.

"He was doing nothing; neither were the men. But they were blackguards, and he was in bad hands. He could not have been in worse. I had a tussle with one of them, and I am sure the man was hurt. That, however, has nothing to do with it. What I desire is, to get a hold of Sam, so that he may be rescued from the hands of such companions. If you can make him come to me, do so."

Fanny promised, and so did the

mother; but the promise was given in that tone which seemed to imply that nothing should be expected from its performance. Sam had long been deaf to the voices of the women of his family, and when his father's anger would be hot against him, he would simply go and live where and how none of them knew. Among such men and women as the Brattles, parental authority must needs lie much lighter than it does with those who are wont to give much and to receive much. What obedience does the lad owe who at eighteen goes forth and earns his own bread? What is it to him that he has not yet reached man's estate? He has to do a man's work, and the price of it is his own, in his hands, when he has earned it. There is no curse upon the poor heavier than that which comes from the early breach of all ties of duty between fathers and their sons, and mothers and their daughters.

Mr. Fenwick, as he passed out of the miller's house, saw Jacob Brattle at the door of the mill. He was tugging along some load, pulling it in at the door, and prevailing against the weakness of his age by the force of his energy. The parson knew that the miller saw him, but the miller took no notice—looked rather as though he did not wish to be observed—and so the parson went on. When at home he postponed his account of what had taken place till he should be alone with his wife, but at night he told her the whole story.

"The long and the short of it is, Master Sam will turn to housebreaking, if somebody doesn't get hold of him."

"To housebreaking, Frank?"

"I believe that he is about it."

"And were they going to break in here?"

"I don't think he was. I don't believe he was so minded then. But he had shown them the way in, and they were looking about on their own scores. Don't you frighten yourself. What with the constable and the life-preserver, we'll be safe. I've a big dog coming—a second Bone'm. Sam Brattle is in more danger, I fear, than the silver forks."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAST DAY.

THE parson's visit to the mill was on a Saturday. The next Sunday passed by very quietly, and nothing was seen of Mr. Gilmore at the vicarage. He was at church, and walked with the two ladies from the porch to their garden gate, but he declined Mrs. Fenwick's invitation to lunch, and was not seen again on that day. The parson had sent word to Fanny Brattle during the service to stop a few minutes for him, and had learned from her that Sam had not been at home last night. He had also learned, before the service that morning, that very early on the Saturday, probably about four o'clock, two men had passed through Paul's Hinton with a huckster's cart and a pony. Now Paul's Hinton—or Hinton Saint Paul's, as it should be properly called—was a long, straggling village six miles from Bullhampton, and half way on the road to Market Lavington, to which latter place Sam had told his sister that he was going. Putting these things together, Mr. Fenwick did not in the least doubt but the two men in the cart were they who had been introduced to his garden by young Brattle.

"I only hope," said the parson, "that there's a good surgeon at Market Lavington. One of the gentlemen in that cart must have wanted him, I take it." Then he thought that it might, perhaps, be worth his while to trot over to Lavington in the course of the week and make inquiries.

On the Wednesday, Mary Lowther was to go back to Loring. This seemed like a partial break-up of their establishment, both to the parson and his wife. Fenwick had made up his mind that Mary was to be his nearest neighbor for life, and had fallen into the way of treating her accordingly, telling her of things in the parish as he might have done to the squire's wife, presuming the squire's wife to have been on the best possible terms with him. He now regarded Mary as being almost an impostor. She had taken him in and obtained his confidence under false pretences. It was true that

she might still come and fill the place that he had appointed for her. He rather thought that at last she would do so. But he was angry with her because she hesitated. She was creating an unnecessary disturbance among them. She had, he thought, been now wooed long enough, and, as he told his wife more than once, was making an ass of herself. Mrs. Fenwick was not quite so hard in her judgment, but she also was tempted to be a little angry. She loved her friend Mary a great deal better than she loved Mr. Gilmore, but she was thoroughly convinced that Mary could not do better than accept a man whom she owned that she liked—whom she, at any rate, liked so well that she had not as yet rejected him. Therefore, although Mary was going, they were, both of them, rather savage with her.

The Monday passed by, also very quietly, and Mr. Gilmore did not come to them, but he had sent a note to tell them that he would walk down on the Tuesday evening to say good-bye to Miss Lowther. Early on the Wednesday, Mr. Fenwick was to drive her to Westbury, whence the railway would take her round by Chippenham and Swindon to Loring. On the Tuesday morning she was very melancholy. Though she knew that it was right to go away, she greatly regretted that it was necessary. She was angry with herself for not having better known her own mind; and though she was quite sure that were Mr. Gilmore to repeat his offer to her that moment she would not accept it, nevertheless she thought ill of herself because she would not do so. "I do believe," she said to herself, "that I shall never like any man better." She knew well enough that if she was never brought to love any man, she never ought to marry any man; but she was not quite sure whether Janet was not right in telling her that she had formed erroneous notions of the sort of love she ought to feel for the man whom she should resolve to accept. Perhaps it was true that that kind of adoration which Janet entertained for her husband was a feeling which came after marriage—a feeling which would spring up in her

own heart as soon as she was the man's own wife, the mistress of his house, the mother of his children, the one human being for whose welfare he was solicitous beyond that of all others. And this man did love her. She had no doubt about that. And she was unhappy, too, because she felt that she had offended his friends, and that they thought that she was not treating their friend well.

"Janet," she said, as they were again sitting out on the lawn, on that Tuesday afternoon, "I am almost sorry that I came here at all."

"Don't say that, dear."

"I have spent some of the happiest days of my life here, but the visit, on the whole, has been unfortunate. I am going away in disgrace. I feel that so acutely."

"What nonsense! How are you in disgrace?"

"Mr. Fenwick and you think that I have behaved badly. I know you do, and I feel it so strongly! I think so much of him, and believe him to be so good, and so wise, and so understanding—he knows what people should do, and should be, so well—that I cannot doubt that I have been wrong if he thinks so."

"He only wishes that you could have made up your mind to marry a most worthy man, who is his friend, and who, by marrying you, would have fixed you close to us. He wishes it still, and so do I."

"But he thinks that I have been—have been mopish and lackadaisical and—and—almost untrue. I can hear it in the tone of his voice, and see it in his eye. I can tell it from the way he shakes hands with me in the morning. He is such a true man that I know in a moment what he means at all times. I am going away under his displeasure, and I wish I had never come."

"Return as Mrs. Gilmore, and all his displeasure will disappear."

"Yes, because he would forgive me. He would say to himself that as I had repented I might be taken back to his grace; but as things are at present he condemns me. And so do you."

"If you ask me, Mary, I must tell the truth. I don't think you know your own mind."

"Suppose I don't, is that disgraceful?"

"But there comes a time when a girl should know her own mind. You are giving this poor fellow an enormous deal of unnecessary trouble."

"I have known my own mind so far as to tell him that I could not marry him."

"As far as I understand, Mary, you have always told him to wait a little longer."

"I have never asked him to wait, Janet—never. It is he who says that he will wait; and what can I answer when he says so? All the same I don't mean to defend myself. I do believe that I have been wrong, and I wish that I had never come here. It sounds ungrateful, but I do. It is so dreadful to feel that I have incurred the displeasure of people that I love so dearly!"

"There is no displeasure, Mary: the word is a good deal too strong. I wonder what you'll think of all this when the parson and his wife come up on future Sundays to dine with the squire and his lady. I have long since made up my mind that when afternoon service is over we ought to go up and be made much of at the Privets; and you're putting all this off till I'm an old woman—for a chimera. It's about our Sunday dinners that I'm angry. Flo, my darling, what a face you have got! Do come and sit still for a few minutes, or you'll be in a fever." While Mrs. Fenwick was wiping her girl's brow and smoothing her ringlets, Mary walked off to the orchard by herself. There was a broad green path which made the circuit of it, and she took the round twice, pausing at the bottom to look at the spot from which she had tumbled into the river. What a trouble she had been to them all! She was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself; especially so because she had fallen into those very difficulties which from early years she had resolved that she would avoid. She had made up her mind that she would not flirt; that she would never give a

right to any man—or to any woman—to call her a coquette; that if love and a husband came in her way she would take them thankfully; and that if they did not, she would go on her path quietly, if possible, feeling no uneasiness, and certainly showing none, because the joys of a married life did not belong to her. But now she had gotten herself into a mess, and she could not tell herself that it was not her own fault. Then she resolved again that in future she would go right. It could not but be that a woman could keep herself from floundering in these messes of half-courtship—of courtship on one side and doubt on the other—if she would persistently adhere to some safe rule. Her rejection of Mr. Gilmore ought to have been unhesitating and certain from the first. She was sure of that now. She had been guilty of an absurdity in supposing that because the man had been in earnest, therefore she had been justified in keeping him in suspense for his own sake. She had been guilty of an absurdity and also of great self-conceit. She could do nothing now but wait till she should hear from him, and then answer him steadily. After what had passed she could not go to him and declare that it was all over. He was coming to-night, and she was nearly sure that he would not say a word to her on the subject. If he did, if he renewed his offer, then she would speak out. It was hardly possible that he should do so, and therefore the trouble which she had created must remain.

As she thus resolved, she was leaning over the gate looking into the churchyard, not much observing the graves or the monuments or the beautiful old ivy-covered tower, or thinking of the dead that were lying there or of the living who prayed there; but swearing to herself that for the rest of her life she would keep clear of, what she called, girlish messes. Like other young ladies, she had read much poetry and many novels, but her sympathies had never been with young ladies who could not go straight through with their love affairs, from the beginning to the end,

without flirtation of either an inward or an outward nature. Of all her heroines, Rosalind was the one she liked the best, because from the first moment of her passion she knew herself and what she was about, and loved her lover right heartily. Of all girls in prose or poetry she declared that Rosalind was the least of a flirt. She meant to have the man, and never had a doubt about it. But with such a one as Flora MacIvor she had no patience—a girl who did and who didn't, who would and who wouldn't, who could and who couldn't, and who of all flirts was to her the most nauseous! As she was taking herself to task, accusing herself of being a Flora without the poetry and romance to excuse her, Mr. Fenwick came round from Farmer Trumbull's side of the church, and got over the stile into the churchyard.

"What, Mary, is that you, gazing in so intently among your brethren that were?"

"I was not thinking of them," she said, with a smile. "My mind was intent on some of my brethren that are." Then there came a thought across her, and she made a sudden decision. "Mr. Fenwick," she said, "would you mind walking up and down the churchyard with me once or twice? I have something to say to you, and I can say it now so well." He opened the gate for her and she joined him. "I want to beg your pardon, and to get you to forgive me. I know you have been angry with me."

"Hardly angry, but vexed. As you ask me so frankly and prettily, I will forgive you. There is my hand upon it. All evil thoughts against you shall go out of my head. I shall still have my wishes, but I will not be cross with you."

"You are so good and so clearly honest! I declare I think Janet the happiest woman that I ever heard of."

"Come, come! I didn't bargain for this kind of thing when I allowed myself to be brought in here."

"But it is so. I did not stop you for that, however, but to acknowledge that I have been wrong, and to ask you to pardon me."

"I will—I do. If there has been anything amiss, it shall not be looked on again as amiss. But there has been only one thing amiss."

"And, Mr. Fenwick, will you do this for me? Will you tell him that I was foolish to say that he might wait? Why should he wait? Of course he should not wait. When I am gone, tell him so, and beg him to make an end of it. I had not thought of it properly, or I would not have allowed him to be tormented."

There was a pause after this, during which they walked half the length of the path in silence.

"No, Mary," he said, after a while, "I will not tell him that."

"Why not, Mr. Fenwick?"

"Because it will not be for his good, or for mine, or for Janet's, or, as I believe, for yours."

"Indeed, it will—for the good of us all."

"I think, Mary, you do not quite understand. There is not one among us who does not wish that you should come here and be one of us—a real, right-down Bullampton 'ooman, as they say in the village. I want you to be my wife's dearest friend and my own nearest neighbor. There is no man in the world whom I love as I do Harry Gilmore, and I want you to be his wife. I have said to myself and to Janet a score of times that you certainly would be so, sooner or later. My wrath has not come from your bidding him to wait, but from your coldness in not taking him without waiting. You should remember that we grow gray very quickly, Mary."

Here was the old story again—the old story as she had heard it from Harry Gilmore—but told as she had never expected to hear it from the lips of Frank Fenwick. It amounted to this—that even he, Frank Fenwick, bade her wait and try. But she had formed her resolution, and she was not going to be turned aside, even by Frank Fenwick. "I had thought that you would help me," she said, very slowly.

"So I will, with all my heart, toward the keys of the store closets of the Privets, but not a step the other way. It

has to be, Mary. He is too much in earnest, and too good, and too fit for the place to which he aspires, to miss his object. Come, we'll go in. Mind, you and I are one again, let it go how it may. I will own that I have been vexed for the last two days—have been in a humor unbecoming your departure tomorrow. I throw all that behind me. You and I are dear friends, are we not?"

"I do hope so, Mr. Fenwick."

"There shall be no feather moulted between us. But as to operating between you and Harry with the view of keeping you apart, I decline the commission. It is my assured belief that sooner or later he will be your husband. Now we will go up to Janet, who will begin to think herself a Penelope, if we desert her much longer."

Immediately after this Mary went up to dress for dinner. Should she make up her mind to give way and put on the blue ribbons which he loved so well? She thought that she could tell him at once if she made up her mind in that direction. It would not, perhaps, be very maidenly, but anything would be better than suspense, than torment to him. Then she took out her blue ribbons, and tried to go through that ceremony of telling him. It was quite impossible. Were she to do so, she would know no happiness again in this world, or probably in the other. To do the thing it would be necessary that she should lie to him.

She came down in a simple white dress, without any ribbons—in just the dress which she would have worn had Mr. Gilmore not been coming. At dinner they were very merry. The word of command had gone forth from Frank that Mary was to be forgiven, and Janet of course obeyed. The usual courtesies of society demand that there shall be civility, almost flattering civility, from host to guest, and from guest to host; and yet how often does it occur that in the midst of these courtesies there is something that tells of hatred, of ridicule or of scorn! How often does it happen that the guest knows that he is disliked,

or the host knows that he is a bore! In the last two days, Mary had felt that she was not cordially a welcome guest. She had felt also that the reason was one against which she could not contend. Now all that, at least, was over. Frank Fenwick's manner had never been pleasanter to her than it was on this occasion, and Janet followed the suit which her lord led.

They were again on the lawn between eight and nine o'clock when Harry Gilmore came up to them. He was gracious enough in his salutation to Mary Lowther, but no indifferent person would have thought that he was her lover. He talked chiefly to Fenwick, and when they went in to tea did not take a place on the sofa beside Mary. But after a while he said something which told them all of his love.

"What do you think I've been doing to-day, Frank?"

"Getting your wheat down, I should hope."

"We begin that to-morrow. I never like to be quite the earliest at that work, or yet the latest."

"Better be a day too early than a day too late, Harry."

"Never mind about that. I've been down with old Brattle."

"And what have you been doing with him?"

"I'm half ashamed, and yet I fancy I'm right."

As he said this he looked across to Mary Lowther, who no doubt was watching every turn of his face from the corner of her eye. "I've just been and knocked under, and told him that the old place shall be put to rights."

"That's your doing, Mary," said Mrs. Fenwick, injudiciously.

"Oh no; I'm sure it is not. Mr. Gilmore would only do such a thing as that because it is proper."

"I don't know about it's being proper," said he. "I'm not quite sure whether it is or not. I shall never get any interest for my money."

"Interest for one's money is not everything," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"Nevertheless, when one builds houses

for other people to live in, one has to look to it," said the parson.

"People say it's the prettiest spot in the parish," continued Mr. Gilmore, "and as such it shouldn't be let to go to ruin." Janet remarked afterward to her husband that Mary Lowther had certainly declared that it was the prettiest spot in the parish, but that, as far as her knowledge went, nobody else had ever said so. "And then, you see, when I refused to spend money upon it, old Brattle had money of his own, and it was his business to do it."

"He hasn't much now, I fear," said Mr. Fenwick.

"I fear not. His family has been very heavy on him. He paid money to put two of his boys into trade who died afterward, and then for years he had either doctors or undertakers about the place. So I just went down to him and told him I would do it."

"And how did he take it?"

"Like a bear as he is. He would hardly speak to me, but went away into the mill, telling me that I might settle it all with his wife. It's going to be done, however. I shall have the estimate next week, and I suppose it will cost me two or three hundred pounds. The mill is worse than the house, I take it."

"I am so glad it is to be done!" said Mary. After that Mr. Gilmore did not in the least begrudge his two or three hundred pounds. But he said not a word to Mary, just pressed her hand at parting, and left her subject to a possibility of a reversal of her sentence at the end of the stated period.

On the next morning Mr. Fenwick drove her in his little open phaeton to the station at Westbury. "You are to come back to us, you know," said Mrs. Fenwick; "and remember how anxiously I am waiting for my Sunday dinners." Mary said not a word, but as she was driven round in front of the church she looked up at the dear old tower, telling herself that, in all probability, she would never see it again.

"I have just one thing to say, Mary," said the parson, as he walked up and down the platform with her at West-

bury: "you are to remember that, whatever happens, there is always a home for you at Bullhampton when you choose to come to it. I am not speaking of the Privets now, but of the vicarage."

"How very good you are to me!"

"And so are you to us. Dear friends should be good to each other. God bless you, dear!" From thence she made her way home to Loring by herself.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS MARRABLE.

WHATEVER may be the fact as to the rank and proper calling of Bullhampton, there can be no doubt that Loring is a town. There is a market-place, and a High street, and a Board of Health, and a Paragon Crescent, and a town hall, and two different parish churches—one called St. Peter Lowtown, and the other St. Botolph's Uphill—and there are Uphill street, and Lowtown street, and various other streets. I never heard of a mayor of Loring, but, nevertheless, there is no doubt as to its being a town. Nor did it ever return members to Parliament; but there was once, in one of the numerous bills that have been proposed, an idea of grouping it with Cirencester and Lechlade. All the world of course knows that this was never done; but the transient rumor of it gave the Loringites an improved position, and justified that little joke about a live dog being better than a dead lion, with which the parson at Bullhampton regaled Miss Lowther at the time.

All the fashion of Loring dwelt as a matter of course at Uphill. Lowtown was vulgar, dirty, devoted to commercial and manufacturing purposes, and hardly owned a single genteel private house. There was the parsonage, indeed, which stood apart from its neighbors, inside great, tall slate-colored gates, and which had a garden of its own. But except the clergyman, who had no choice in the matter, nobody, who was anybody, lived at Lowtown. There were three or four factories there, in and out of which troops of girls would

be seen passing twice a day, in their ragged, soiled, dirty mill dresses, all of whom would come out on Sunday dressed with a magnificence that would lead one to suppose that trade at Loring was doing very well. Whether trade did well or ill, whether wages were high or low, whether provisions were cheap in price, whether there was peace or war between capital and labor, still there was the Sunday magnificence. What a blessed thing it is for women—and for men too, certainly—that there should be a positive happiness to the female sex in the possession, and in exhibiting the possession, of bright clothing! It is almost as good for the softening of manners, and the not permitting of them to be ferocious, as is the faithful study of the polite arts. At Loring the manners of the mill hands, as they were called, were upon the whole good; which I believe was in a great degree to be attributed to their Sunday magnificence.

The real West End of Loring was understood by all men to lie in Paragon Crescent, at the back of St. Botolph's Church. The whole of this crescent was built, now some twenty years ago, by Mrs. Fenwick's father, who had been clever enough to see that as mills were made to grow in the low town, houses for wealthy people to live in ought to be made to grow in the high town. He therefore built the Paragon, and a certain small row of very pretty houses near the end of the Paragon, called Balfour Place; and had done very well, and had made money; and now lay asleep in the vaults below St. Botolph's Church. No inconsiderable proportion of the comfort of Bullhampton parsonage is due to Mr. Balfour's success in that achievement of Paragon Crescent. There were none of the family left at Loring. The widow had gone away to live at Torquay with a sister, and the only other child, another daughter, was married to that distinguished barrister on the Oxford circuit, Mr. Quickenham. Mr. Quickenham and our friend the parson were very good friends, but they did not see a great deal of each other; Mr. Fenwick not going up very often to

London, and Mr. Quickenham being unable to use the vicarage of Bullhampton when on his own circuit. As for the two sisters, they had very strong ideas about their husbands' professions—Sophia Quickenham never hesitating to declare that one was life, and the other stagnation; and Janet Fenwick protesting that the difference to her seemed to be almost that between good and evil. They wrote to each other perhaps once a quarter. But the Balfour family was in truth broken up.

Miss Marrable, Mary Lowther's aunt, lived, of course, at Uphill, but not in the Crescent, nor yet in Balfour Place. She was an old lady with very modest means, whose brother had been rector down at St. Peter's, and she had passed the greater part of her life within those slate-colored gates. When he died, and when she, almost exactly at the same time, found that it would be expedient that she should take charge of her niece Mary, she removed herself up to a small house in Botolph lane, in which she could live decently on her three hundred pounds a year. It must not be surmised that Botolph lane was a squalid place, vile, or dirty, or even unfashionable. It was narrow and old, having been inhabited by decent people long before the Crescent, or even Mr. Balfour himself, had been in existence; but it was narrow and old, and the rents were cheap, and here Miss Marrable was able to live, and occasionally to give tea-parties, and to provide a comfortable home for her niece within the limits of her income. Miss Marrable was herself a lady of very good family, the late Sir Gregory Marrable having been her uncle; but her only sister had married a Captain Lowther, whose mother had been first cousin to the Earl of Periwinkle; and therefore on her own account, as well as on that of her niece, Miss Marrable thought a good deal about blood. She was one of those ladies—now few in number—who within their heart of hearts conceive that money gives no title to social distinction, let the amount of money be ever so great and its source ever so stainless. Rank to

her was a thing quite assured and ascertained, and she had no more doubt as to her own right to pass out of a room before the wife of a millionaire than she had of the right of a millionaire to spend his own guineas. She always addressed an attorney by letter as Mister, raising up her eyebrows when appealed to on the matter, and explaining that an attorney is not an esquire. She had an idea that the son of a gentleman, if he intended to maintain his rank as a gentleman, should earn his income as a clergyman, or as a barrister, or as a soldier, or as a sailor. Those were the professions intended for gentlemen. She would not absolutely say that a physician was not a gentleman, or even a surgeon; but she would never allow to Physic the same absolute privileges which, in her eyes, belonged to the Law and the Church. There might also possibly be a doubt about the Civil Service and Civil Engineering; but she had no doubt whatever that when a man touched Trade or Commerce in any way he was doing that which was not the work of a gentleman. He might be very respectable, and it might be very necessary that he should do it; but brewers, bankers and merchants were not gentlemen, and the world, according to Miss Marrable's theory, was going astray because people were forgetting their landmarks.

As to Miss Marrable herself, nobody could doubt that she was a lady: she looked it in every inch. There were not, indeed, many inches of her, for she was one of the smallest, daintiest little old women that ever were seen. But now, at seventy, she was very pretty—quite a woman to look at with pleasure. Her feet and hands were exquisitely made, and she was very proud of them. She wore her own gray hair, of which she showed very little, but that little was always exquisitely nice. Her caps were the perfection of caps. Her green eyes were bright and sharp, and seemed to say that she knew very well how to take care of herself. Her mouth and nose and chin were all well formed, small, shapely and concise—not straggling about her face as do the mouths, noses

and chins of some old ladies ; ay, and of some young ladies also. Had it not been that she had lost her teeth, she would hardly have looked to be an old woman. Her health was perfect. She herself would say that she had never yet known a day's illness. She dressed with the greatest care, always wearing silk at and after luncheon. She dressed three times a day, and in the morning would come down in what she called a merino gown. But then, with her, clothes never seemed to wear out. Her motions were so slight and delicate that the gloss of her dresses would remain on them when the gowns of other women would almost have been worn to rags. She was never seen of an afternoon or evening without gloves, and her gloves were always clean and apparently new. She went to church once on Sundays in winter, and twice in summer, and she had a certain very short period of each day devoted to Bible reading ; but at Loring she was not reckoned to be among the religious people. Indeed, there were those who said that she was very worldly-minded, and that at her time of life she ought to devote herself to other books than those which were daily in her hands. Pope, Dryden, Swift, Cowley, Fielding, Richardson and Goldsmith were her authors. She read the new novels as they came out, but always with critical comparisons that were hostile to them. Fielding, she said, described life as it was, whereas Dickens had manufactured a kind of life that never had existed, and never could exist. The pathos of *Esmond* was very well, but Lady Castlemaine was nothing to *Clarissa Harlowe*. As for poetry, Tennyson, she said, was all sugar candy : he had neither the common sense, nor the wit, nor, as she declared, to her ear, the melody of Pope. All the poets of the present century, she declared, if put together, could not have written the *Rape of the Lock*. Pretty as she was, and small and nice and lady-like, I think she liked her literature rather strong. It is certain that she had Smollett's novels in a cupboard up stairs, and it was said that she had been found reading one of Wycherley's plays.

The strongest point in her character was her contempt of money. Not that she had any objection to it, or would at all have turned up her nose at another hundred a year had anybody left to her such an accession of income, but that in real truth she never measured herself by what she possessed, or others by what they possessed. She was as grand a lady to herself, eating her little bit of cold mutton or dining off a tiny sole, as though she sat at the finest banquet that could be spread. She had no fear of economies, either before her two handmaids or anybody else in the world. She was fond of her tea, and in summer could have cream for twopence ; but when cream became dear, she saved money and had a penn'orth of milk. She drank two glasses of Marsala every day, and let it be clearly understood that she couldn't afford sherry. But when she gave a tea-party, as she did perhaps six or seven times a year, sherry was always handed round with cake before the people went away. There were matters in which she was extravagant. When she went out herself she never took one of the common street flies, but paid eighteenpence extra to get a brougham from the Dragon. And when Mary Lowther—who had only fifty pounds a year of her own, with which she clothed herself and provided herself with pocket-money—was going to Bullhampton, Miss Marrable actually proposed to her to take one of the maids with her. Mary of course would not hear of it—said that she should just as soon think of taking the house ; but Miss Marrable had thought that it would perhaps not be well for a girl so well born as Miss Lowther to go out visiting without a maid. She herself very rarely left Loring, because she could not afford it ; but when, two summers back, she did go to Weston-super-Mare for a fortnight, she took one of the girls with her.

Miss Marrable had heard a great deal about Mr. Gilmore. Mary, indeed, was not inclined to keep secrets from her aunt, and her very long absence—so much longer than had at first been intended—could hardly have been sanc-

tioned unless some reason had been given. There had been many letters on the subject, not only between Mary and her aunt, but between Mrs. Fenwick and her very old friend Miss Marrable. Of course these latter letters had spoken loudly the praises of Mr. Gilmore, and Miss Marrable had become quite one of the Gilmore faction. She desired that her niece should marry, but that she should marry a gentleman. She would infinitely have preferred to see Mary an old maid than to hear that she was going to give herself to any suitor contaminated by trade. Now Mr. Gilmore's position was exactly that which Miss Marrable regarded as being the best in England. He was a country gentleman, living on his own acres, a justice of the peace, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather had occupied exactly the same position. Such a marriage for Mary would be quite safe; and in these days one did hear so often of girls making, she would not say improper marriages, but marriages which in her eyes were not fitting! Mr. Gilmore, she thought, exactly filled that position which entitled a gentleman to propose marriage to such a lady as Mary Lowther.

"Yes, my dear, I am glad to have you back again. Of course I have been a little lonely, but I bear that kind of thing better than most people. Thank God, my eyes are good!"

"You are looking so well, Aunt Sarah!"

"I am well. I don't know how other women get so much amiss, but God has been very good to me."

"And so pretty!" said Mary, kissing her.

"My dear, it's a pity you're not a young gentleman."

"You are so fresh and nice, aunt. I wish I could always look as you do."

"What would Mr. Gilmore say?"

"Oh!—Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Gilmore! I am so weary of Mr. Gilmore!"

"Weary of him, Mary?"

"Weary of myself because of him: that is what I mean. He has behaved always well, and I am not at all sure that I have. And he is a perfect gentleman. But I shall never be Mrs. Gilmore, Aunt Sarah."

"Janet says that she thinks you will."

"Janet is mistaken. But, dear aunt, don't let us talk about it at once. Of course you shall hear everything in time, but I have had so much of it. Let us see what new books there are. *Cast Iron*! You don't mean to say you have come to that?"

"I sha'n't read it."

"But I will, aunt. So it must not go back for a day or two. I do love the Fenwicks, dearly, dearly—both of them. They are almost, if not quite, perfect. And yet I am glad to be at home."

THORWALD'S LAMENT: A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE EDWARD EVERETT.

ACCORDING to the ancient Icelandic Sagas, preserved in the Danish libraries and recently published by the Royal Society of Antiquarians at Copenhagen, Greenland was settled by a company of emigrants from Iceland, under Eric the Red, who established himself at a place called Ericsfiord.

Shortly afterward, a son of one of the adventurers who accompanied Eric was driven by a storm to the south-west, and discovered land in that direction. The intelligence of this extraordinary event on his return excited the curiosity of his countrymen. Other adventurers followed in his steps, and among them Leif

and Thorwald, who made the first landing and settlement on the coast of America, which they called Vineland.

It is supposed by the Danish antiquaries that the coast of Massachusetts Bay, the sound of Martha's Vineyard and the waters and shores of Rhode Island were the scene of the principal discoveries and establishments of Leif and Thorwald and the other early adventurers.

Thorwald, on his second voyage, was mortally wounded with an arrow in a conflict with the natives. This disaster is supposed to have occurred near Point Alderton, in Boston Harbor, not far from the village of Hull.

The ancient Saga represents Thorwald as having been charmed with the beauty of this spot, and as having expressed a wish to make it his home.

After receiving his wound, he believed that wish had proceeded from a prophetic impulse: he gave his followers directions to bury him with the cross at the head and foot of his grave, and to call the promontory Krossaness, from this circumstance.

From this gallant adventurer, according to the genealogical tables contained in the publications of the learned society above mentioned, the celebrated Thorwaldsen is descended. The following Lament is supposed to be uttered by Thorwald after receiving his death-wound. It embodies, with the sentiments ascribed to him by the Saga, an obscure vision of the future settlement and growth of the country, and of the glory to be reflected on his own family and name by his illustrious descendant:

Brothers, the fatal dart,
With aim too just, has flown:
It sinks in Thorwald's heart—
My course is done.

By Eric's roar
Where sweeter could I rest,
The turf of Greenland's shore
Upon my breast?

But never more my boat
Shall cut the northern seas,
Nor Thorwald's pennon float
On Iceland breeze.

Eric, my sire, will pine
In vain for my return:
Sister, no tear of thine
Will wet my urn.

Beyond the mighty wave,
Beneath a stranger sky,
With none to soothe or save,
Thorwald must die.

In my prophetic mind
A vision went before:
I said, A home I'll find
On this fair shore.

A last long home I've met—
A rest that cannot wake—
A house no storm shalt threat,
Nor earthquake shake.

Wrapt in yon fluttering sheet,
Be this fair slope my bed :
The cross be at my feet
And at my head.

Thor, at thy gloomy shrine
In childhood did I bow :
Thy reign is past—*that* sign
Must cheer me now.

The blood that from His veins
Bedewed Judea's ground—
'Tis that must heal the pains
Of this sharp wound.

But ye, my brothers, fly
Back to your own loved shore—
That happy home which I
Shall see no more.

But to my swimming eyes
They glance in doubtful haze :
Dim trains in visions rise,
Of distant days.

On happier keels embarked—
Not bolder—o'er the main
They plough the path I marked—
Alas ! in vain.

And ages farther still
My fading eye explores,
When swarming nations fill
These smiling shores.

The cottage decks the vale,
With life the city rings ;
And trade to every gale
Spreads her white wings.

I die before the sight ;
But when their hour is come,
Let one kind blessing light
On Thorwald's tomb.

Though earth my flesh consume,
My name not all shall die :
Reviving, it shall bloom
Eternally !

At some far distant day,
An offspring of my name
Shall give to lifeless clay
Immortal fame.

Heroes and Sagas gone
 Shall start and breathe for thee,
 Giver of life to stone—
 Perhaps to me.

Here though my dust must lie,
 Never to live again,
 Thorwald shall live for aye
 In Thorwaldsen.

THE ANNEXATION OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BY A NOVA SCOTIAN.

MONTHS ago it was announced that a new naturalization treaty had been entered into between Great Britain and the United States. On the signing of that treaty it was felt that a new doctrine of the rights and duties of subjects had been promulgated; that the old order had changed, giving place to new; that the ancient doctrine of "once a subject always a subject" had become obsolete, the soul being out of it; and that thenceforth a man would have the whole world before him where to choose his allegiance. The measure was a necessity called for by the enlarged requirements of the age, and by the cosmopolitan spirit which had begun to creep into all peoples within the pale of European and American civilization. The tendency of the age was to draw into closer union all civilized people. The extension of commercial enterprise, and the increased facilities of travel, had brought into more intimate relations many millions of people who had long been strangers to each other. Many had crossed the seas to dwell and labor in strange lands; the surplus capital of one country had found its way into the works of another, and many houses of various countries had branches in each.

In such a state of affairs the old doctrine of allegiance for ever, if pushed to its logical conclusions, would, in time of trouble, have been productive of untold and incalculable loss and damage; and

it was therefore well that, the soul being out of it, it should have got speedy burial. But, if the old doctrine of allegiance, pushed to its logical end, would have been baneful, the new doctrine, pushed in like manner, seems to be productive of results in no wise calculated upon by its promulgators. If a man has a right to choose his own allegiance, why should not many men have the same right, whether you call them a society, an emigrant train or a colony? To colonies, and to countries owning colonies, this question is of moment, and well worthy of consideration. If a man, finding that he does not thrive in his birthland, may tear up the fixed feet of his household gods and transfer himself and his allegiance to another country, why should not a colony, morally and materially oppressed by the overweening wealth and power of a great country which claims to own it, with the hope or in the certainty of bettering its condition also be allowed to transfer its allegiance? When, especially, a colony has obtained the right of self-government, has founded a constitution, and acquired rights and privileges which no authority could limit or cut off, then the right to transfer its allegiance is a right which ought to be at least claimed, if not asserted.

The question of a transfer of allegiance is at present agitating the province of Nova Scotia in a manner unknown to

those who have not had large experience of the country, or reliable information as to the state of feeling among the people. A few years ago, Nova Scotia was one of the most loyal colonies within the protection of Great Britain. In all the years of her history there had been recorded against her no disloyal act; and though on occasions, under the velvet glove with which England pretended to handle her colonies, the pressure of the iron hand had been severely felt, yet she had sent no remonstrance, no petition for redress or for justice to the foot of the throne. A loyal passion for the throne and institutions of Great Britain distinguished her among loyal colonies. Her people felt themselves to be Britons, coheirs with Britons of the historic memories of a thousand years, equal with them in admiration for the wise heads and strong hands of the statesmen

"Who knew the season when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet;"

and equal with them, also, in all love and reverence for the noble lady who "bears the white flower of a blameless life" on the throne which has come down to her from Alfred. But the days came when the wisdom of England and the loyalty of Nova Scotia were to be put to too severe a test — were to be tried and found wanting. Loyalty, like love, to be perfect and fruitful, must be mutual. As there is a reverence which is due from parents to children, so there is a loyalty which is due from kingdoms to their colonies. If the kingdom pay not its due share of loyalty to the colony, it cannot expect the colony to pay its share without reluctance. The loyalty of the old Spanish adventurers to the flag of Spain, which no circumstances could alter and no persecution destroy, has no place among modern peoples, and had not many places among the ancients. It has become in our day more a matter of calculation than of feeling. If our feelings and our interests turn in the same direction, loyalty is a pleasant thing enough; but the moment our feelings and our interests diverge, our loy-

alty follows in the path of our interests. It has been just so with Nova Scotia. While her interests were bound up with her loyalty to Great Britain she thought herself a most loyal colony. No circumstances could alter, no force shatter, the unchanging attachment which bound her to Britain. But in an evil hour Great Britain tampered with the constitution of the province and the rights of the people in this wise.

Little more than five years ago was prepared in Canada, and passed in the Parliament of England, an Act which the framers of it would willingly recall if they could, and which the Parliament of England that passed it may yet have reason to regret with bitter and lasting sorrow. I refer to the Act of Union of the colonies. Under that Act as prepared, and still more under it when passed, the right and privileges of the maritime provinces, according to the views of a vast majority of the people, were subject to the will of Canada, whose power in the common legislature was overwhelming. Under that scheme, Nova Scotia in particular was made subject to such actual and potential loss as made her continuance in the confederation a daily progress to ruin. I need not trouble the readers of this Magazine with the oft-told catalogue of the grievances of Nova Scotia. The list was, and still is, a formidable one; and as one proof of the truth of it, Canada has deemed it to be prudent to give Nova Scotia, in the hope of keeping her in the confederation, an additional subsidy of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars per year for ten years. For two years we have been striving to escape from the union, to obtain a repeal of the Act. Before the Act was finally passed, a delegation from the people of Nova Scotia was sent to England, and did all that men could do, as we thought till lately, to prevent the passage of the Act. But the framers of it had been before them. They had filled the ears of the Colonial Secretary with tales of the factitious nature of the opposition in Nova Scotia; and they trusted to the proverbial ignorance of English politicians on the sub-

ject of these colonies for the passing of the Act. They were not deceived. The House, which could hear and believe an Indian Secretary who had "got up" India in forty-eight hours, readily gave credence to a Colonial Secretary who had been months in office. The Act of Union was passed, and the liberties of Nova Scotia vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. Yet once again the voice of the people was heard in the halls of Westminster—not whining for a boon, but demanding justice. And again justice was refused. A petition to the Commons from the assassins of Sheffield or the turbulent reformers of the capital would have been respectfully heard and patiently considered. But the petition of three hundred thousand good subjects was treated with indifference, and even an inquiry into their grievances was refused. Then it was, in the bitter sorrow and indignation that filled us at that time, that we turned our eyes to the great nation beside us for assistance. But even here no help was to be had. The Reciprocity Treaty had been abrogated in return for the sympathy and assistance which Canada had given to the South; and the only thing which could support our commerce and encourage our industries under the heavier duties of Canada was thus denied us, and continues to be denied us. At the present moment we are in evil case. The duties and taxes of the Canadian administration bear heavily upon us—our commerce is languishing, our industries are all but paralyzed. The markets which Nature intended for us, and which Commerce had marked out for her own, are closed to us, and in consequence we fish less, mine less, manufacture less, export less. Our political position is as bad and as perplexing. We will not continue in our present union with Canada if we can help it. We have laid our grievances before England: England refers us to Canada, Canada refers us to England. England trusts to our loyalty, Canada to our cupidity or our fear, to keep us in the union. If even we succeed in getting repeal, we cannot stand alone without a treaty with the United

States. If that is denied us—and who can doubt it?—we must even seek our own good in transferring our allegiance. But we are told every day that England will not part with us.

As might have been expected under these circumstances, our political position has been fully considered by every thinking man in the province; and I am prepared to prove to any one having a knowledge of this province that the most intelligent minds in it have long ago decided in favor of annexation to the United States. By the "most intelligent minds," I do not mean merely the author and his private friends: I mean the professional men, the merchants, the members of the Dominion and local legislatures, and the large class of men who have had dealings of some sort with the United States during the past ten years. The medical profession, most of its members having studied in the American colleges, is very deeply tinged with annexation sentiment. The legal profession contains many annexationists in its front ranks. The merchants of Halifax—all of them who have a thought above sugar and rum—are almost unanimous in their wish for annexation. The members of the local legislature are in many cases very outspoken in their wish to annex the province to the United States; and if a motion, such as that made lately in the New Brunswick legislature, were made in our local House, it would not call up even the censure of the Speaker, if it was not received with favor. The counties of Pictou and Richmond in the east, and Digby and Yarmouth in the west, are notorious in their desire for annexation: the counties bordering on these have all partaken of the feeling in some degree: in fine, all the counties which have ever had any dealings with the United States are fast becoming converts to the new doctrine. The county of Halifax even, in whose chief city the pride, pomp and circumstance of military parade are always before our eyes, with the legislative halls and the residence of the governor in our midst, with frowning battlements on all sides—

and, most important of all, with about three hundred thousand pounds a year spent on the troops—is fast becoming as passively disloyal as the county of Pictou or Yarmouth. When Halifax looks toward the United States, the province will follow soon. At present we are of no country, of no allegiance. We are often told that if we were an independent province we would be isolated. But as an unwilling part of this heterogeneous Dominion we are isolated indeed. Disgusted with her experience of the working of the new administration, in ill temper with Great Britain and desirous of changing her allegiance—restrained on the one side by England and Canada, and in some measure repulsed on the other by the United States—Nova Scotia looks vainly round her for a ruler to reverence, a constitution to live by, a flag to fight under, as a child who is born at sea might gaze round upon the wide waste of waters, seeking in vain for a land to call his own—for the green fields and shady trees of that haven of rest, his home.

It may be said, When the desire for annexation in Nova Scotia is so strong and so general, why is it not more loudly and generally expressed? The answer is an easy one to give: Many years' experience of the working of British institutions, of British ways and customs, the continual presence in our midst of the red-coated soldiery of Britain, and the continual occurrence of loyal celebrations in Queen's fêtes, etc., have given to that word Loyalty a dim, mysterious sacredness which makes men afraid to whisper a word that might endanger its prestige. It is not easy to change the thought of a people. But even the reverence for that dim, mysterious thing, Loyalty, is fast dying out. Before the time of our trouble we were content to go on in the old English fashion, thinking the thought and speaking the speech of our grandfathers, and conducting our business in the slow old way of the shopkeeper of the last century, whom Mr. Cobden has so well described in one of his pamphlets. But with trouble came thought. We looked before and after, and if we

sighed for what was not, I am convinced it was not for the fast-dying spirit of loyalty, but for the coming of the quickening spirit which is to be born when the flag of Britain is furled for ever in Nova Scotia, and one star more glitters in the banner of the Union. We began seriously to consider concerning that same loyalty, and began to see that the gorgeous thing we had revered was, after all, but an "enchanted wiggery." We began to see that, as Mr. Carlyle says, "our Juggernaut was no Juggernaut, but a dead mechanical idol." We bethought ourselves of the rise and fall of kingdoms and kings, of the dismemberment of an empire of Charles V., of the beheading of a Charles I., of the beheading of a Louis XVI., of the revolution and riot, the grasping and slipping of territory, that had taken place at no remote date, and saw that "Loyalty," as we had revered it, and as we had been called upon to practice it, had no abiding place among the people. We saw a gigantic nation alongside of us that had begun its life historically as a rebel colony, and which was now the most important customer and source of revenue to the mother country which had lost it. We saw the many colonies of old Spain and of France doing for themselves—some of them indeed doing badly enough, but still doing *for themselves*—working out their own destiny in their own manner, unoppressed by the sense of dependence on any other country. We had thus sacred sanctions of historical precedents to encourage us. We had more too. We had our own necessities, and we had the implied consent of Great Britain. Our own necessities press us sorely. Our production of coal has almost ceased, and mines that could feed all the furnaces of the world have stopped working for want of capital, and for want of a good market to sell what is produced. Our agricultural laborers are leaving the country; our fishermen are fishing in American bottoms; our mechanics go forth from us weekly in squads, finding no sufficient wages in their own country. They go forth from Nova Scotia like the doves

out of the ark, and do not return—the surest sign that they have found a safe and dry resting-place. A reciprocity treaty would in some measure cure all this, but our leaders in the Canadian administration have refrained from opening negotiations, because if our prosperity depends on our connection with the United States, the dullest mind must see that the closer we make the connection the better for us.

I have said that Great Britain impliedly consents to our change of allegiance. I can but attempt to prove it in this way. Since Cobden and Bright became powers in the politics of England, they have been gathering about them a band of resolute men who have turned their backs on old things and set about the accomplishment of a new order. They have made it the object of their political lives to reduce the weight upon the shoulders of the people of England by every means consistent with the national safety. One of the objects of their most determined assaults has been the expense of the colonial dependencies. Against these colonies they have thundered hard and long, and their efforts have begun to have the desired effect. The retrenchment policy of the new administration has begun with the colonies. The armies maintained in these colonies have been greatly reduced within the last few months; and if the result of the future equals the promise of the present, we shall in no long time have bidden a not very tender farewell to the last soldier in Nova Scotia. So determined is the present administration to save money that it has refused to pay the paltry sum due to the governor of Prince Edward Island as his salary. Not alone on the effect of general thoughts like these do I found my belief that the acquiescence of Great Britain in the scheme of annexation can easily be had. All writers in England who have ever given the subject a thought, and all statesmen who have had anything to do with colonial affairs, have always contemplated the separation of the colonies from England as a matter sure to be accomplished in time; and

many of them have gone farther and favored the very scheme which is occupying the minds of all colonists to-day.

Thus, Anthony Trollope, in his book on North America, among other things, says of Canada: "A wish that British North America should ever be severed from England, or that the Australian colonies should ever be so severed, will by many Englishmen be deemed unpatriotic. But I think that such severance is to be wished if it be the case that the colonies standing alone would become more prosperous than they are under British rule. We have before us an example in the United States of the prosperity which has attended such a rupture of old ties. I will not now contest the point with those who say that the present moment of an American civil war" (Mr. Trollope's book was published in 1862) "is ill chosen for vaunting that prosperity. There stand the cities which the people have built, and their power is attested by the world-wide importance of their present contest. And if the States have so risen since they left the parent's apron-string, why should not British America rise as high? That the time has as yet come for such rising I do not think, but that it will soon come I do most heartily hope. The making of the railway of which I have spoken" (the Intercolonial) "and the amalgamation of the provinces would greatly tend to such an event. If, therefore, England desires to keep these colonies in a state of dependency; if it be more essential to her to maintain her own power with regard to them than to increase their influence; if her main object be to keep the colonies, and not to improve the colonies,—then I should say that an amalgamation of the Canadas with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick should not be regarded with favor by statesmen in Downing street. But if, as I would fain hope and do partly believe, such ideas of national power as these are now out of vogue with British statesmen, then I think that such an amalgamation should receive all the support which Downing Street can give it."

Mr. Trollope, it will be perceived,

favored a union of the provinces, because he saw that they must one day become separate from England, and because he wished to build up on this continent a power which in time would be a help to England in all disputes with the United States. But Mr. Trollope in his hasty run through the States and Canada, though he took note of all things noteworthy, took note also of some things not so, and made some very silly blunders. That the North should be beaten and the South become an independent power, was one. That confederation would increase the Transatlantic power of Great Britain, was another. The comments of the *London Times* on this same subject give one an idea of the present feeling of English statesmen. I find it saying: "It is more than idle to represent this country as having established the Dominion of Canada to serve as a bulwark against the United States;" and, further, that "if the mass of the people should hereafter desire to enter the American Union, of which there is no proof or symptom, England will assuredly not lift a finger to prevent it." The "proof or symptom" might easily be shown by the prominence which the annexation question has taken, by the revolution in the New Brunswick legislature, by the innumerable leading articles that have been written on the subject, by the disclaimers which have been deemed necessary, and by the universal—and now, since the last election, outspoken—desire for the scheme in Nova Scotia. Again: the Marquis of Normanby said in the House of Lords (and I am not aware that any dissatisfaction was expressed at his lordship's remarks): "Were the British North American colonies in a position to stand alone—were they anxious or willing for separation from this country—were their feelings or inclinations such as to lead them to seek amalgamation with the United States, he did not think it would be wise for us to use coercive measures to prevent them." And almost at the same time, in the Commons, Mr. Bright said: "For my share, I want the population of these provinces to do that which they believe

to be the best for their own interests—remain with this country if they like in the most friendly manner, or become independent States if they like. If they should prefer to unite themselves with the United States, I should not even complain of that." I might go on quoting from other writers and speakers, but I refrain, giving but one more quotation—from Mr. Dilke, a gentleman who is a member of the present Parliament of England: "Those who ask why a connection (that between Canada and England) so one-sided, so opposed to the best interests of our race, should be suffered to continue, are answered, now that the argument of 'prestige' is given up, that the Canadians are loyal, and that they hate the Americans, to whom, were it not for us, they must inevitably fall. That the Canadians hate the Americans can be no reason why we should spend blood and treasure in protecting them against the consequences of their hate. The world should have passed the time when local dislikes can be suffered to affect our policy toward the other sections of our race; but even were it otherwise, it is hard to see how twelve thousand British troops, or a royal standard hoisted at Ottawa, can protect a frontier of two thousand miles in length from a nation of five-and-thirty millions. Canada can perhaps defend herself, but we most certainly cannot defend her: we provoke much more than we assist." He says, further, "that as for Canadian 'loyalty,' it appears to be merely hatred of America." And again: "At bottom, no one seems to gain by the retention of our hold on Canada. Were she independent, her borders would never again be wasted by Fenian hordes, and she would escape the terrible danger of being the battle-field on which European quarrels are fought out. Canada once republican, the 'Monroe Doctrine' would be satisfied, and its most violent partisans would cease to advocate the adoption of other than moral means to merge her territories in the Union."

I am further convinced of the acquiescence of Great Britain in annexation when I consider what small value we

are to her in any way. Commercially, we are not of the slightest benefit to her, for most of her commerce has been with the United States; and in return for the millions of dollars spent yearly in the Dominion, we clap on her goods an import duty of fifteen per cent. In time of war we are a source of weakness rather than of strength. We would divide a naval force that is not too large for home defence; and in case the war was with the United States, she would have to defend these colonies with a limited number of men and ships against the vast army of the United States, and a navy that, owing to the nearness of the battle-ground, could act with deadly effect. In such a war we in Nova Scotia would be great sufferers, for it is not the weakest place that always draws the enemy. The frowning battlements and batteries of Halifax Citadel would draw on an enemy to an attack with fatal certainty.

Now the case is simply this: We desire to go over to the United States. Canada cannot restrain us—England will not. We are of some value to the United States—we are of none to England. "Unwilling subjects," says Mr. Fox, "are all but enemies;" and with these facts before us, we cannot but think that if we raise up our voices for annexation, our demand will be conceded—by England. Will our petition for admission to the Union be heard in the United States? That is the next most important question. That it would be refused I cannot bring myself to think. We could bring into the Union coal and gold fields of unknown and untold extent and value; fisheries of which the fishermen of Maine and Massachusetts know the richness; a country well wooded and watered, and of good fertility, no part of which is more than twenty miles from the sea. That we would bring with us the value of a place in the Union cannot be denied.

What would we obtain in return? That is the next question. What could the United States give us to compensate us for British connection, for the three hundred thousand pounds sterling spent

in our chief city, for the guarantee of a long line of railway, which, it is well known, will not for many years pay for the "grease on the wheels?" Under what terms as to our own debt and the debt of the United States would we be expected to enter the Union? It is proverbially easy to ask questions and proverbially difficult to answer them, but perhaps an American might not find the answering of the above questions so difficult a matter. He might ask, What good has British connection done you in the past two years? Has Great Britain shown any deep interest in your welfare and respect for your feelings? Has she not rather snubbed and insulted you, rejected your petitions and refused you all redress for grievances which within the last two months have been admitted to exist? Such a connection might well seem to Mr. Dilke as undesirable for both parties, for the allegiance of unwilling subjects is reluctantly given and coldly received. As to the money spent by Great Britain in Halifax, the answer might be as easily given. We are about to lose the troops altogether, and, annexation or no annexation, we shall have to do without them and their money. And, after all, the loss may not be so great. They contribute nothing to the revenue of the province, as all their imported stores are free of duty. The loss of their custom would not injure or permanently lessen the production of the country. The rumshops and brothels, which are now entirely supported by them, would lose their customers, and the men and women engaged in such pursuits would have a better chance of getting into a decent way of living, and a healthier moral tone would soon become noticeable among our people. As for the line of the railway, I confess that under the United States we should not have perhaps an even chance of getting that line, because many able men in civil and military circles have long ago decided that as a commercial speculation it will be an utter failure, and as a means of military defence or offence it is perfectly useless. But if it can be shown that the line will

be advantageous to these provinces, then the country which has built and subsidized so many lines of railway would not hesitate about adding to the value of its newly-acquired possession by largely increasing the facilities of travel and communication. The matters of debt and taxation are much more serious questions and deserve much more consideration.

But if the reports of the United States Secretary of the Treasury be in any degree true, in no very long time the debt of the United States must be so far reduced as to make the taxation less than that of the Dominion. Indeed, even if the taxation of the United States should decrease but slowly, it would be preferable in the long run to the ascending scale of taxation in the Dominion, for the country shows a deficit yearly which threatens to become chronic. But is it not possible that we might be exempted for some years from direct taxation beyond our strength for a war in which we had no part and no direct interest? We might be told, in conclusion, that the American capital which would flow into the safe investments in Nova Scotia, and develop the resources of our mines and encourage our industries and manufactures; the share we would have in the American coasting trade; the greater chance we would have of receiving a portion of the vast emigration; and the increased probability of Halifax, with its magnificent harbor and geographical position, becoming indeed the "wharf of North America,"—would amply pay us for any sacrifices we might make.

The preliminary matters having thus been discussed, the question next arises, How is annexation to be accomplished? I have shown, I think, that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia desire it, and that England would not oppose it. I am certain that there remains no more attachment to Great Britain in Nova Scotia than would be obliterated by a newspaper, soon to be issued, in six months. Now, it is to the United States, as the champion of freedom all over the world, that we look for assistance. During the past two years the bearing of Great

Britain toward the United States has been conciliatory and humble in the extreme. There exists in England a large party which began its existence with the political lives of Cobden and Bright, and though the first is dead and the second in office, the party grows apace and now numbers within it the first names in Britain. Its object was, and is, to keep the peace and reduce the taxes. Peace at any price has been its motto. To that one end the dignity and prestige of the country will, if such need should be, be sacrificed. So strong has this party grown that the present administration fears to test its power even in a contest with Fenians in Ireland. Now, you have a *casus belli*, the Alabama claims, against England. The debt is admitted, and there remains to be settled only the time and the manner of payment. In this matter the people of the States have an opportunity of acquiring at once a valuable portion of territory, of obtaining for themselves satisfaction for wrong done, and for us a repeal of the Act of Union. The next move to be made in the matter of the Alabama must be made by you. Great Britain has done all that she could be expected to do, in preparing a treaty and acknowledging the obligation. Great Britain has made a proposition, and it has been refused. It now remains for the United States to propose a means of settlement. What better gift or price could one country ask or receive from another, either in return for past kindness or in satisfaction for past wrong, than these colonies? The demand once made by America, England would consider it well. The matter would probably be referred to the people for their decision. Canada might refuse, indeed, by a small majority, but Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would gladly embrace the opportunity to join the Union.

I have now detailed, in as clear and comprehensive manner as I am capable of doing, the causes which have led to the present state of political feeling in Nova Scotia. I have stated shortly the nature of that feeling and its intensity in the country. I have shown that annex-

ation is wished for in Nova Scotia, and would not be opposed in England if consent could be given with honor. I have endeavored to consider the question of annexation in some of its practical details, though such details cannot be thoroughly discussed till some negotiation has been opened. If I have thrown any new light on the political aspect of Nova Scotia, and if that aspect finds favor more than before in the eyes of Americans, then my task is well sped, my labor has not been in vain.

I tremble to think of the consequences which must ensue for England and for us from the continuance of the Dominion side by side with the wealthy and warlike republic. If this confederation holds together, the object of its rulers will be to build up a nation powerful and wealthy enough to cope on equal terms with its mighty neighbors. It must endeavor to compete with them in agriculture, in manufactures, in commerce, in building railroads and steamships, in drawing to its shores the strong and skilled hands that come over seas to build up the cities of a land not their own; and, alas! it must also compete with them in military preparation. There must be, on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the borders of Maine a "double row of cannon and a double row of custom-houses." There must be, between American territory on the North and American territory on the South and West, a separate power in all respects antagonistic to the United States. Looking before and after, at the past history, present position and future prospects of that country, can any man feel that such a state of things is without danger of war? The United

States is the home of a whole people which cherishes the deepest hatred to England. The Irish element is getting stronger yearly in the United States, and while England is bound to protect her colonies, she is never certain of peace with the United States while a Fenian organization exists or a raid over the frontiers is possible. Further: the "Monroe Doctrine" may not be proclaimed daily from the housetops, but it is still a living, active spirit in American politics. The "Latin Empire" in Mexico at the frown of the republican giant "toppled over with a shriek"—the shriek of a murdered king. The Dominion of Canada must sooner or later meet with the same fate. I pray it may not be a more bloody one. While the Dominion exists there is ever the cloud of war on the horizon. To those living in England it may seem but of little moment, but to us who live under the shadow of it, it is portentous. I may be told that it does not become England, who rejoices in eight hundred years of battle and conquest, to fear any nation. But I submit that England has defeats and losses to remember, and has had before her eyes, lately, proofs of the prowess of the United States. I can pardon the pride which remembers with joy old glories and successes, but there is no excuse for the blindness which ignores old defeat and disaster. I can pardon the inexperience which trusts to a bright sun and an almost unclouded sky for a continuance of fine weather, but there is no excuse for the stupidity which neglects the little cloud on the horizon, and rests in fancied security till the full force of the tempest bursts on unprotected heads.

MY SUMMER PETS.

THE most remarkable of my pets consisted of a family of great, horned caterpillars, when fully grown measuring about six inches in length and an inch or more in diameter. About the head they were armed with ten frightful horns, making them very formidable in appearance; and when disturbed their menacing motions were not calculated to make them desirable or lovable objects. Still, they were perfectly harmless, their dreadful horns and awful actions to the contrary notwithstanding. No accounting for tastes, gentle reader, but these horrid creatures, with all their drawbacks, were really beautiful. They were neat, dainty and fond of dress, one would infer from the numerous changes they made in their apparel. Contrary to all usual customs, when they were infants they were clothed in black; in youth, in sober brown; still later, in dark green with black trimmings; and now, in mature age, when we should look for better things, they appear in their most gorgeous costume. The horns, which heretofore have been black and straight, now gracefully curve backward, of a light-orange color, simply tipped with black. The main dress is a brilliant green, variously mottled with other bright colors.

My series of experiments with this and many other families was conducted in a large room of an unoccupied house, bolted and barred to keep out brother "worms of the dust." For this family I had placed in the room a large tub partly filled with earth, and every night and morning fresh branches of persimmon—their favorite food—were placed in the tub. They refused both hickory and walnut, which entomologists tell us they feed upon, but I suppose this is where the persimmon does not grow.

This interesting family numbered ten individuals, and they were as unlike in disposition as so many specimens of the *genus homo*. Two, in particular, were mild and amiable, seeming to comprehend

the situation, never throwing themselves about while the fresh branches were being arranged; but I am sorry to say their brothers manifested this disposition to throw themselves from side to side and menace with their horns at a very early age, while still clothed in black, showing the total depravity of the insect race.

It was interesting to watch them at their toilet. They seemed to make as serious a matter of it as the most approved belle of the present day. They deliberated long, and even refused to eat for several hours together; and I have heard it said it is so serious a matter with them that it often costs them their lives. But mine all lived through this critical period: perhaps it was on account of their being nearly of the same age, and donning the same kind of dresses, so there were no jealousies nor rivalries among them.

They were generally a very quiet family, except when disturbed, and not voracious eaters; when fully grown, one leaf sufficing for a meal, eating all, both midrib and footstalk. After they had finished a meal they rested, hanging head downward.

I had supposed, from their healthy appearance, great size and freedom from parasites, that they would easily complete their transformations, and that I should have several chrysalids for friends. But, alas! I only secured three: the rest of the family died in the attempt at a higher life.

I have said the family were orderly and well behaved; and so they were until they ceased eating and began to look about (or feel about: entomologists tell us caterpillars are blind) for a place to transform. They would not all go into the earth prepared for them. Some were bent upon an exploring expedition outside of the tub, and they were very irritable. If they came in contact with one another, a terrible struggle would

ensue. A pair of these amiable creatures met upon the edge of the tub: for a long time they tried to pass each other or walk over one another, horns and all; but as soon as one attempted it, the other would throw himself from side to side, and so they worked until one seemed tired out; and as its head was bent on one side, like some affected miss, the other walked over. After it once secured a foothold, all the fearful demonstrations from the conquered one had not power to shake off his adversary; and in this way they passed only to meet again; but rather than submit to the like indignity the second time, the conquered one threw himself to the floor.

No amount of coaxing or gentle treatment could prevail upon part of the family to remain in the tub, but round and round the room they would go, looking larger and fiercer than ever. After a while six of the family disappeared in the tub of earth, which was a great relief to me, as I should have no more trouble with them for the next nine months at least; and one completed its transformation, throwing off its gaudy dress and horns on top of the earth, for which I was very thankful, having the opportunity to watch the whole proceeding. But the remaining three were bound to have their own way. A heap of earth was placed upon the floor, but they rambled over it without a care or thought for all the trouble they were causing me. After they had explored every nook and corner without any satisfactory result, a change came over their *wormships*: they began rapidly to diminish in size, shrivel up—as a little girl whom I sometimes admitted to the room very forcibly expressed it, “See! they are all puckered up!”—and in this way they died. But I was quite elated with my supposed success, thinking surely I should have seven chrysalids; so, after a time, I carefully removed the earth, when lo! my “great expectations” were far from being realized. I found two large, beautiful chrysalids, two had died like their fellows on the floor, and the remaining two had partly trans-

formed and then died, and were in a state of decay.

It is a singular fact that the five caterpillars which did not attempt a transformation, further than to hunt around and diminish in size, did not decay, but *dried up*; and when broken, their interiors looked as much like the pith of elder as anything to which I can compare them. And thus came to an end my care and trouble with these pets. But my chrysalids I prize very highly. One is promised to a well-known professor in botany: the other two I trust I shall see unfold into beautiful moths of the *Ceratocampa regalis*.

My experiments with the genus *Attacus* (American silkworm) convince me that it might be made a source of profit far exceeding the common silkworm (*Bombyx mori*), which is a foreigner, and of course could not be expected to do as well as our native silkworms, of which there are four species, all producing fine, beautiful silk. Could we rear them in the open air, we should incur scarcely any expense or trouble, but their numerous parasitic enemies prevent the possibility of this. The greatest mortality seems to be with the *Attacus luna*: not more than one in thirty cocoons of this species, reared in the open air, escaped the enemy, and very many of the caterpillars were too much enfeebled to spin cocoons at all.

As this was my first attempt to rear these caterpillars, and I had no assistance or others' experience to guide me, I was not disheartened by my failure; for, in the first place, it was more to study their habits than any thought of profit which entered my head, but finding them so numerous I did intend to experiment with the silk; and so, dear reader, you shall have my failures, and should you wish to embark in the same enterprise, you can avoid the shoals on which I foundered.

The *Attacus luna* is the most beautiful of all our moths. The body is pure white, the wings pea-green, with a bright, variegated, eye-like spot on each. It expands from five to six inches, and is

justly termed "fair empress of the night." In June I procured a fine female of this species: she deposited a great number of eggs, leaving from three to five in a place, and from twenty to thirty in a night. She remained very quiet during the day, but commenced fluttering and flying about at twilight; and as she deposited her eggs she gave a succession of sharp little shrieks, perhaps calling her mate, but he did not appear. After keeping her several days, I opened the window and let her depart in search of him. She flew high and rested on the top of a tall pine, where I soon lost sight of her in the gathering darkness. And now my attention must be directed to her numerous progeny, which she had so heartlessly forsaken. The eggs commenced hatching in about eleven days from the time they were deposited. When first hatched, they were about an eighth of an inch in length, very wide-awake and lively. I followed the directions of Harris, giving them hickory and walnut, but they did not seem to like either, were uneasy, crawling everywhere but where they should, and constantly dying off, until I became discouraged, and had the remaining few carried to a hickory tree and left there.

I soon learned the cause of my failure. On examining a persimmon tree, I found great numbers of these young caterpillars feeding upon its leaves: they, like the *Ceratocampa regalis*, prefer these to hickory or walnut. Had I known this, I probably should have had better success with my little family, whose ancestors, no doubt, fed upon this tree, entailing upon their offspring like tastes and habits. I collected quite a number of these young caterpillars, putting them on trees where I could have a supervision over them, and rearing a few in the house. Like the *Ceratocampa*, they changed their dress some four times, each dress being more beautiful than the one preceding. After acquiring the length of about four inches (when some two months old), they were ready for transformation, ceased eating for a day or so, rapidly diminished in size, drew some leaves about them, com-

menced spinning their cocoons and were soon lost to sight.

The *Attacus polyphemus* resembles the *Luna*, but feeds upon the oak (I saw no preference for any particular species of it), and can be reared in confinement, and appears as healthy as in the open air. For some reason these worms escape the spoliation of the parasites more than the *Luna*. And the caterpillars are more beautiful than those of the latter, having gold or pearl-like spots, which glisten in the sun like diamond dust on a fashionable lady's hair; and when at rest, like the *Luna*, they *hunch up*, giving them the true "Grecian bend." With this species there is more of a gluey substance mixed with the silk than with either of the others; and like the *Luna* they enfold their cocoons in leaves, but are not always satisfied with this: when the leaves which they selected for their cocoons came in contact with the floor or ceiling, they secured them so firmly to this with the glue that it was necessary to take a thin-bladed knife to pry them loose.

The neat little *Promethea* was my favorite with this genus, and I secured quite a quantity of the cocoons, which are smaller than those of the other species, but contain quite as much silk as those of the *Luna* and *Polyphemus*. When fully grown the caterpillars are about three inches in length, of a light-green color, and near the head are decorated with four bright, coral-red (entomologists call them *warts*, but I consider they have just cause to rebel against such slander as this: they are not warts then, but) *ornaments*; and the body is dotted all over with beautifully blue (not warts) *ornaments*, and near the extremity is a bright yellow *ornament*. With all this blending of color they did not look gaudy, but neat and modest; and, unlike their cousins the *Luna* and *Polyphemus*, they did not affect the Grecian bend, but while resting were straight and trim. Their diet, like that of the *Luna*, was persimmon leaves. I found none upon the sassafras or button-bush (*Cephalanthus occidentalis*), their supposed favorite food.

It was interesting to watch one of them secure itself to the twig after it had chosen the leaf in which to build its winter quarters. It first firmly secured the petiole of the leaf to the twig by a great number of silk threads, sometimes extending these threads two or three inches along the twig. After it was satisfied with the fastenings (and I think it would take all of Winship's strength to tear them asunder), it brought the single leaf together which partly enfolds the cocoon, and was soon out of sight under cover of its rapidly-constructed silken canopy.

Speaking of the fastenings of the *Promethea*, reminds me of an incident in the life of a *Polyphemus* which I must relate. You will recollect that great numbers of the oaks were infested with the oak-worm (*Dryocampa senatoria*), and in such numbers that they swept all before them. Toward the close of the season I noticed a small tree almost entirely denuded of its leaves by these caterpillars. Near the end of one of the branches was a fine, large *Polyphemus*, which the voracious *Dryocampus* had not yet reached. This branch was out of my reach, and—I am not a coward; oh no! but numbers always overpower me, and then, too, I had some curiosity to see what the *Polyphemus* would do—reasons enough surely, for leaving one of my favorites to his fate! He seemed to survey the advancing foe with some dismay, but as escape was entirely out of the question, there was nothing to do but face the enemy; so he retreated as near the end of the branch as possible, selected two good leaves, and commenced securing them firmly to the twig after the manner of the *Promethea*. On came the devastating horde, leaving not a leaf behind, and devouring as much as they could of the leaves that enclosed the hastily-constructed cocoon of my favorite. The cocoon was secured as a trophy of his superior wisdom in this great emergency, and it is the only instance where I have ever found a cocoon

of the *Polyphemus* made fast to the twig in this manner.

The *Attacus cecropia*, the largest species of this genus, I did not attempt to rear in the house, as it is said not to bear confinement well. But it is a more indiscriminate feeder, liking a greater variety of diet than either of its relatives. I have found it upon the hickory (*Carya glabra*), the apple (*Pyrus malus* and *P. coronaria*), wild cherry (*Cerasus serotina*) and cedar (*Juniperus virginiana*), thriving as well, and feeding evidently with as much gusto and relish, upon one as the other. And I have taken a fine large cocoon from a species of sumac (*Rhus glabra*), but I could not determine whether the caterpillar had fed upon this last: a wild cherry was in close proximity, from which it might have wandered.

The cocoons of this species are much larger than either of the others, and contain much more silk, of a bright, glossy lustre, and free from that gluey substance which characterizes the *Polyphemus*.

As I said above, could these caterpillars be protected from the parasites, great profit might be realized from their silk.

The little ichneumons that emerge from the poor caterpillar, spinning their tiny cocoons all over its back, are the least of the enemies of this genus, although I have heard it stated that they are its greatest. The greatest enemy I found to the *Luna* was a large, four-winged ichneumon, measuring about two inches across and nearly the same length of body. I have seen three of these large insects emerge from one chrysalis, eating their way through the tough cocoon—rendering it worthless; and I have seen a smaller species, of a different genus, escape from the same cocoon: this last was a two-winged insect striped off after the manner of a zebra. These attack the *Promethea* and *Polyphemus* also, sometimes a dozen or more escaping from the same cocoon.

MARY TREAT.

INSIDE A CHINESE GAMBLING-HELL.

A MONG the most striking sights to a foreigner in a Chinese city is the gambling-hell. Although few travelers in the Flowery Kingdom omit to mention gambling and opium-smoking as among the prevailing practices of the people, the former "institution" has been seldom visited, and still less often described.

Rambling one evening, as was our wont when not too tired with the day's work, through the Chinese quarter of Hong Kong, my attention was attracted by a light through a partially-opened doorway, and an unusual display of paper slips which dangled from the sign over the door. My first impression was that it was a small joss-house or pawnbroking establishment—an impression which the appearance of a crowd of pig-tailed natives, standing grouped around what seemed to be a large altar or oval-shaped table inside, served to strengthen. But extremes meet in this wonderful country and people so marvelously that I early began to doubt appearances. Churches, pawnbrokers' shops and gambling-hells are so much alike outside that the foreigner is constantly in danger of mistaking one for the other—in slang verbiage, of "putting his foot in it."

Seeing my curiosity awakened, one or two of those inside motioned me to come in. I accepted the invitation, and forthwith found I was in a gambling-shop. No sooner was I inside than a way was cleared for me, and I soon stood near the elbow of the banker or croupier, where I had a good chance of witnessing the movements of those around me.

The table or platform on which the game is conducted is between three and four feet high, about six feet long and three broad, and is usually covered with a piece of matting. Owing to the height of this table, stools or raised footboards are not unfrequently placed around, upon which the betters elevate themselves to the desired point. The game is very

simple—so simple indeed as to soon lose all its interest except to those engaged in staking upon its chances. Near the banker is a tray filled with dollars, smaller coins and little packets of broken silver. He also has a supply of bank-notes in a drawer. In front of him lies a square slab, composed usually of pewter. On the sides of this slab are marked, respectively, *one, two, three* and *four*. I am invited to bet, and I take a small chance on No. 3, over a Chinese playing card.

The banker does not know the names of the respective players, and in order to maintain their separate individualities he deals to each one a playing card, and regards him in his own mind during the game not as Hoh-Kee, Roh-Kee, Win-Kee, Wum or Fum, but as such and such a number of such and such a suit.

Before we begin to stake, a confederate seated at the other end of the table takes from a heap of bright clean Chinese *cash* before him a double handful, which he places in a smaller heap upon the table and covers with a pewter cup. When all have staked, he takes off the cup, and this done no more stakes can be made. Now with a long chopstick the croupier draws four of the small copper coins from the heap, then four more, and then four more, and so on until the last four have been drawn out and only three remain, and I have won. The banker takes up all the stakes on the *one, two* and *four* sides of the pewter slab first, and then he pays the winners. I receive back my dollar and three dollars besides, less seven per cent., the banker's commission; so that I win two dollars and seventy-nine cents.

There is a kind of arithmetical phenomenon to be met with at most Chinese gambling-houses, who by some mysterious process of counting can always tell what the winning number will be before the *cash* have been half counted. There stands one of these prodigies now.

The instant the cup is taken off the heap, he glares with the eye of a Gorgon upon the *cash*, and, I suspect, begins to count from the side of the heap farthest from the man who is drawing out the fours, and thus at a certain moment he knows how many *cash* are still in the heap; and by mentally dividing the number by four he can discover what the remainder will be. How he manages to count a huddled heap so correctly I do not profess to know.

Gambling in China is epidemic and all

but universal. The poor beggar who has but one *cash* and an empty stomach will gamble with the rice-cake peddler whether he gets two rice-cakes in place of one, or starves. Some idea of the extent to which gambling is carried on among the natives of Hong Kong may be gleaned from the fact that over twenty thousand dollars a month—a sum equal to a quarter of a million dollars a year—is paid to the British government for gambling licenses.

E. HEPPLE HALL.

THE WATCHER.

WHILE the bleak sea drearily thunders,
While the night-blast wails o'erhead,
I watch in the shadowy chamber,
Alone by the tranquil dead;

And over my spirit has fallen such darkness of vague affright
That here at my vigil I shudder, and yearn for the morrow's light.

I am touched by no ghostly terror
Of the moveless mystery there,
With carven smile and the glory,
Madonna-like, round its hair;

For the miracle of a murmur could chill not from lips so dear,
And the joy in my passionate answer would pause not to dream of fear.

Yet, haunting the death-room's quiet,
While I list to the tumult without,
There steals through the dimness, vague-shapen,
The woeful-eyed phantom of doubt;

And the voice of the clamoring tempest seems merciless in its roar,
As the sounding of infinite waters that break on an infinite shore.

O lingering morrow, hasten
The long, long gloom's release!
Gird softly the brow of the sleeper,
And brighten it into peace!

Come, Day, with your blessed changes, like mists from the vision drawn,
Speed Doubt to the flying darkness, bring Faith with the rising dawn!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A TALK IN THE FOREST.

"L'alternative des succès et des revers a son utilité. Nous nous plaignons de l'inconstance de la fortune. C'est de sa constance que nous devrions nous plaindre; alors, en effet, elle a plus de moyens de nous corrompre."*

DEGERANDO, "*Du Perfectionnement Moral.*"

ONE of the long vistas characteristic of the rude country-paths by which the early settlers threaded their way from cabin to cabin opened before Celia; and the animal she rode, raising its head and pointing its small, taper ears, caused the rider to look round, in expectation of some one's approach.

The road before her was vacant, but off to the right, through the open woods, gay with blossoms of the dogwood and the redbud, she thought she distinguished in the distance a horseman, riding in the same direction as herself.

"It must be Sydenham," she thought, for she knew that the bridle-path from his residence to Tyler's mill led through these woods, and connected, a few hundred yards farther on, with the road she was pursuing. Yes, it was he. But how was she to meet him?—what to say to him? Should she reveal all, and ask his advice?

An hour before she would have shrunk from such a disclosure. But now a quickened pulse gave bolder impulses. She took heart. She felt that the world must soon know her real position; and who so worthy of her confidence, or so capable to counsel her in her present strait, as her mother's trusted friend, to whom she was already beholden for so much encouragement in her former troubles—ah, such petty troubles they seemed now! But if she was to say anything to him at all, it must be at once, ere courage cooled: she felt that.

If she had any remaining hesitation,

* "The alternation of success and reverse is useful. We complain of the inconstancy of fortune, but its constancy would corrupt us more."

PRABODY'S Translation.

it was dispelled by Sydenham's manner—the evident pleasure with which he met her, the cordial earnestness with which he extended his hand and inquired after her welfare.

"And Bess still continues to behave well?" he asked as they rode on together.

"No creature could behave better. So full of spirit and so docile, too, as she is! She knows me, and I do believe loves me, for she will come, at my call, from the farthest corner of our pasture. It is hard to part with a favorite," she added, sadly, stooping over the pony's neck and patting it fondly.

The tone, more than the words, arrested Sydenham's attention.

"I know, Mr. Sydenham," she rejoined, looking up, "that you must have thought me foolish and unreasonable."

"When?"

"Do you remember the day Brunette ran away with Mrs. Hartland and Lela—the day we had that long conversation together?"

"As if it were yesterday."

"You thought me weak and childish then: do not deny it."

"I thought you inexperienced—depressed without sufficient cause. I did miss in you a certain force of mind—a spirit that often lies dormant within us till circumstances call it forth."

"I am ashamed of myself when I look back upon it. I know now exactly what you must have thought of me. I hope you are right when you say that there is often within us more than appears during prosperity. I had everything to make me happy in those days—everything: kind friends, a respected name, an easy competency. I had nothing, absolutely nothing, as an excuse for low spirits. The delay of my marriage with Mowbray, how little, in reality, did that signify! I once heard you say that girls marry too young in this country.

So they do: they marry in haste, to repent at leisure."

Sydenham was thoroughly alarmed. "What is the matter?" he said. "Tell me at once."

"Why do you imagine that something terrible has happened?"

"What is it, Celia? It is useless to attempt to deceive me. Some influence is changing your character. It is not the old Celia I used to know."

"Do I look as downcast now as when I came to complain to you that day of my hard fate?"

"No: you are a different creature. You are agitated, and I am sure something is amiss. But there is a light in your eye and a determination in your tone that seem anything but downcast."

"I am glad of it. At least you will not feel contempt for me."

"Celia, do I deserve this? Did I not promise your mother that I would watch over her daughter's happiness? Why will you keep me in suspense? What is it?"

"My father deceived that mother you knew so well. He was already married. I am an illegitimate child. Not a dollar of my father's property belongs to me. I am a penniless orphan, who must work for her bread and make her own way in the world."

"Good God!"

And Sydenham involuntarily checked his horse so sharply that the spirited animal started and reared against the bit.

For a moment the girl and her auditor seemed suddenly to have exchanged characters. She sat erect and quiet, her graceful form drawn up to its full height: her young face, shaded by the wide-rimmed riding-hat, very sad indeed, but quite calm; and though her voice trembled somewhat, she spoke so deliberately, and met Sydenham's first agitated glance of alarm, astonishment, incredulity with a look so steady and collected, that it took him almost as much by surprise as the astounding tidings she had just imparted.

But this was for the first moment of excitement only, and then nature and habit reasserted their power. Syden-

ham's evident dismay was communicating itself to Celia. He saw it, and it recalled his self-possession at once. Putting his horse again in motion, he came close to her side and spoke in his usual tone:

"So! You *have* surprised me. Ah, this comes from Cranstoun."

"Yes."

"The man is capable of any duplicity. Did he give you proof?"

"Papa's own letters, written about seventeen years ago, admitting the fact of his previous marriage, and adjuring Cranstoun to silence."

"You are sure of the handwriting?"

"Perfectly sure. Mamma preserved many of papa's letters: I have read them often, and I cannot be deceived in this."

"It may be," said Sydenham, after a pause, for the strange influence Cranstoun had maintained for years over one so dissimilar to him in character and station occurred forcibly to his mind. "It may be — probably it is. At all events, the facts can be positively ascertained, and they shall be."

"Oh they are true: do not doubt it, Mr. Sydenham. They explain so much in papa's conduct that was unaccountable till now."

"I have admitted that they are probable. Well, Celia?"

"It is very terrible, is it not?"

"No. I fear I have forfeited all claim to be believed when I say so. You did startle me, Celia — that is the truth — coming out with that sudden, solemn announcement, but there is nothing terrible in what you told me."

"Have I not just cause for unhappiness?"

"For unhappiness, no: for regret, certainly. It is a very painful thing to hear of a parent's misconduct."

"Oh so very painful!"

"And it would not be one's duty, as it is, to watch over the preservation of one's property if its loss were not an evil."

"I remember well your once explaining to me how much independence there is in forty thousand dollars."

"You have a good memory, and I

will not gainsay that opinion. Independence is the power to act, within lawful limits, as we please; and money adds greatly to that power. I am very sorry for your loss; yet, after all, it may prove a gain to you."

"I have often read," said Celia with a sigh, "of the chastening and purifying effects of adversity."

"That sentiment is to be taken with some grains of allowance. Many, doubtless, have been able to say from the heart, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' But there *is* a grinding adversity that crushes oftener than it reforms. I have seen terrible things in the course of my life, Celia—not here, but in the Old World—terrible things that make one shudder to recall them: entire masses of human beings dying for lack of food; selling their youth and their health, and at last their very lives, for a pittance too small to keep body and soul together. I was in Ireland during that dreadful famine of 1847. It haunted my dreams for years! Ah, Celia, if you could but imagine the utter destitution that is the lot of millions, how small would seem your present loss!—how numberless the comforts that are still within your reach!"

Sydenham's kindling eyes and stirring words touched Celia to the soul. How faithfully the heart feels for others when it begins to learn sorrow by experience of its own!

"It is true," she said, submissively. "I should be most unthankful if I forgot that I have far more to rejoice at than to deplore. If I may but retain the affection and esteem of my friends! But some of them of course I shall lose—"

"Is that your idea of friends? I esteem you much more than I did before. To me there was always something pleasant and attractive about you, Celia. But I confess you have sometimes seemed to me, like many other girls one meets with in the world, very good and amiable doubtless—"

"Love-sick damsels, in short."

"I never thought you that. But one felt the lack of something vigorous, racy, self-relying. You are gaining that. You

bear this trial admirably well. I see that it will be of real service to your character. Why, it has strengthened it already. You are coming out grandly, Celia."

How grateful sometimes—more genial than sunshine, more welcome than the first fresh air of spring—comes the breath of praise from those we love! It brings on its wings healing to the wounds of sorrow, healthy invigoration to the spirit sick and depressed. Wholly unwonted as it was from Sydenham, it proved to Celia, at this juncture, inexpressibly soothing. Her heart felt braver at each word.

"Ah, Mr. Sydenham," she said, "if others did but feel as you do, how easily I could bear the loss of fortune, and even of name! But you, who never deceive any one, even in kindness, will not tell me that of those who flattered the heiress none will desert the penniless girl with a stain on her birth."

"You are right. I shall certainly not try to persuade you that you will lose no flatterers. I do not even say that you will have the same chance which the heiress might have had of enlarging your circle of acquaintances."

"I know it well. Ah! that true line of the ballad—'The poor make no new friends.'"

"Now you are running away with the idea. That line *is* touchingly true, and it came from the experience of the heart, whoever wrote it. But there is little chance that it should ever apply to you. You do not know—I hope you never will—what poverty means."

"I must work for a living now."

"But that is not poverty in this country, especially in a village like Chiskauga. It is not even hardship, if one has an education to fit for useful and profitable employment, with good friends to interest themselves in procuring it; and you have both, Celia. No new friends! Look round you, and see how many maintain themselves happily, reputably, increasing both in money and in friends, with far less resources. Your education has been no common one. You have a good knowledge of two foreign languages:

Ethan speaks highly of your progress in German. Your talent for music, rare by nature and carefully cultivated, is, in itself, a competence. I admit that you no longer possess the independence which a surplus of money bestows; but you have a surer one, of which no man can deprive you—the independence which lies in labor—less honored than the other, but more honorable. And if, in seeking it, you find those whom you call friends dropping away, let them go! You are better without them.”

“You think, then, that this reverse of fortune is a gain instead of a loss to me.”

“The future must determine that. Many pleasant things, of course, you will lose by it—the opportunity of traveling, for instance. I know you have had dreams of Switzerland and Italy, and I’m afraid I had something to do in nursing them. The very butterfly acquaintances that come round us when the sun shines, though they may not be friends, are often agreeable, well-informed people, whom we may like to meet and be sorry to lose. But then you gain one of the essentials to happiness.”

“What is that?”

“A regular, settled object in life — a steady pursuit (I see you have determined on that), requiring daily exertion of body and mind. I’d like to give you—for it touches your case—a recollection of my childhood?”

“If it is not encroaching on your time, Mr. Sydenham, I should be delighted. But you came out on business, did you not?”

“Chiefly for exercise this fine spring weather, with a message from Leoline to Nelson Tyler about flour.” They were then within a few rods of the mill. “Let me deliver it, and my time is entirely at your service for the rest of the morning.”

They rode up, and the miller, his gray clothes well sprinkled with dust, came out to greet them, and to ask Mr. Sydenham what he could do for him. After he had taken an order for two barrels of flour, Celia, whose thoughts had reverted to the anonymous letter, inquired after Ellen’s welfare. A slight shade came over the miller’s hearty manner and open

face, but after a moment’s hesitation he called to his daughter, his deep, base tones reaching their dwelling, which stood a little way off. Thence Ellen came forward, fresh and neat indeed, but with a look of depression over her pretty features. When she recognized Celia, a sudden blush overspread face and bosom.

“Ellen,” said her father, himself somewhat embarrassed, “Miss Celia has been asking after you.”

Celia extended her hand and shook Ellen’s cordially.

“We seldom see you in town now, Ellen,” she said: “are you no longer taking French lessons from Mrs. Mowbray?”

The blush, which had been passing away, deepened again. But the girl struggled for composure: “No, Miss Celia. Mrs. Mowbray’s French class is broken up, and—and it’s expensive to take private lessons.”

“Do you wish to join another class?”

Ellen looked at her father.

“The reason I ask,” added Celia, “is, because I may have a French class myself one of these days.”

“You!” said the girl, her blue eyes dilating with astonishment. “I thought rich folks—”

“I am not rich; and, besides, it is a good thing for young people to do something for a living.”

“I should be very glad, Miss Celia—that is—if father—” She stopped, reading dissent in his face.

“It’s very kind of you,” he said—“very kind, Miss Celia: I shall not forget it. If Ellen takes any more French lessons, I’ll send her to nobody but you. But I think she’s had as many as will do her any good for the present. That was a true word you said, miss, that young folks should do something for a living; and this lass of mine”—he patted her head—“she’s a good girl, if she does dress out now and then, and even herself to them that cares little for her—she does what she can to take her dead mother’s place. I want to do the best for her, if I only knew what *is* best. If anything were to happen to me—”

"Oh don't, father, don't!" said the girl, her eyes full of tears; and then, ashamed of her emotion, she made a sudden retreat to the house.

"You must excuse her, miss," said Tyler to Celia: "she don't mean to be uncivil, and it's done her good that you spoke so kind to her; but she can't stand it to think the old man must go one of these days. Mr. Sydenham, you may count on having that flour this evening."

They bade the miller good-morning, and turning homeward rode on for some time in silence. Then Sydenham said:

"I am glad that we called there this morning, and very glad that you spoke to Ellen as you did. As the father said, it did the poor child good."

"I like Ellen. But I was afraid you might think me premature in beginning to electioneer, as politicians say, for pupils already."

"Far from it. Promptitude is one of the elements of success."

"But that anecdote, Mr. Sydenham—or was it an anecdote you were about to tell me?"

"Yes. My good father—a man who, even to extreme old age, maintained habits of active employment—was speaking, one day, of an English friend of his, Mr. Walsingham—one of those whom the world considers eminently fortunate. A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment and the inheritor of a princely fortune, he had been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. He had married, in early life, an amiable wife, and had seen his children (though he never personally concerned himself with their education) grow up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town-house in a fashionable square in London, and a country-seat ten or twelve miles off, in the midst of one of those magnificent English parks—the ideal of stately rural elegance, with its trimly-kept lawn and its widespread chase, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noonday heat and a lair at nightfall."

"I have so often heard of these beau-

tiful English parks, and dreamed that some day I might see one."

"The dream may come true, for all that is past, Celia. Mr. Walsingham had traveled over Europe, and brought back, as mementoes of his journey, paintings and statuary by some of the best masters, ancient and modern, with which to adorn his favorite retreat. The house itself (I have seen it since), with its rich marble columns and balustrades, was a fine specimen of the purest Palladian manner, where all that luxurious refinement could devise had been unsparingly lavished. There my father found his friend with no occupation more pressing than to pore over the treasures of his library, and no graver care than to superintend the riches of a conservatory where wealth had brought together, from half the world, its choicest plants and flowers."

"What a charming life!" exclaimed Celia. "How happy he must have been!"

"That was my father's thought. They spent some days in undisturbed quiet: not an incident, beyond the conversation of a sedate and intellectual family circle and the arrival and departure of a friend or two, to break the complete repose. Delightful it was to my father, no doubt, in contrast with the city bustle and the constant occupation he had left. One morning he said to his host: 'I have been thinking that if I ever met with a man who has nothing left to desire, you are he. Health of body, cultivation of mind, a charming family, wealth and all it procures—whatever Nature and Art present of most beautiful—you have them all. Are you not completely happy?' Never, my father said to me, should he forget the dreary sadness of the unexpected reply: 'Happy! Ah, Mr. Sydenham, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it! I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, "I have all that I see others contending for: why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that

lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.' That was my father's story. I never forgot it, and I trust I have profited by its lessons."

"And so will I, Mr. Sydenham. Indeed, indeed, you shall not have to forego your good opinion of me. I know how much you have been doing to benefit our village and its inhabitants. Perhaps—oh, in a very humble way I know it must be—but yet perhaps I may be able to aid you, just a little, while I provide for my own support."

"You are thinking of a school. That is right. You really possess a gift for teaching, as grateful Ellinor Ethelridge can testify."

"Dear Ellie! I have been able to assist her so far; but then—ah, what a pity! If now I begin a school in opposition to hers—"

"It might be an injury to her, you think? So it might. But yet, if that is really necessary, there is nothing wrong in it. Every merchant who begins a business may take from the profits of those already engaged in the same. We ought to be generous to others, as you have been to Ellinor, while we can afford it; but it may become equally a duty, if circumstances change, to be just to ourselves."

Celia sighed: "I am beginning to find out the pleasant things I have lost."

"The exercise of generosity *is* one of the most pleasant things that money permits."

"But I am resolved never to take any of Ellie's scholars away from her, even if they apply to me."

"Very good. One can be generous, you see, without being rich; and such generosity is worth more, for it costs more, than what we carelessly give from superfluity. But perhaps there need be no competition between you. I know that Miss Ethelridge has almost daily offers of pupils whom she refuses, fearing to take a greater number than she can do justice to. These applications would be more numerous still if she could teach music, as you can. What if you were to join her and carry on the school in partnership? I am sure there will be found enough for both to do."

When they came to talk over the details of the plan, Sydenham asked, "Have you not some money which came to you through your mother?"

"About sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars, I think my uncle once told me. That is legally mine, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly, even if all the rest is gone. Now let me give you one or two business hints that occur to me. Shall you propose to Miss Ethelridge to be equal partner with her in her school?"

"That would not be just. She has worked hard to establish it and build up its reputation."

"You are right. For this you ought to give some equivalent. I happen to know that Miss Ethelridge thinks it an admirable plan to teach children as much as possible through the eye, and that she wishes much to obtain a set of handsome illustrations; some representing objects of natural history, including geology; others, charts exhibiting what has been called the stream of Time, bringing tangibly before children the leading events and revolutions of ancient and modern history. Then she would like to have a large magic lantern, with slides affording other useful illustrations; also to have photographs of the most interesting scenes in our own and in foreign countries. It would be of great advantage to the school. But all that is expensive."

"Would the money I have purchase it?"

"A thousand dollars, she said, would be enough. I offered to advance that

sum, but she is sensitive about obligations, and declined. "I think she would receive it from you as an equivalent for the privilege of equal partnership; and then the illustrations, when they are bought, should be considered the joint property of both. There would still remain to you six or seven hundred dollars, which you ought to keep, in case of accidents."

The discussion of this and other matters connected with the proposed partnership brought them to the point where the road to Rosebank diverged, and there they parted.

How things were smoothing themselves in Celia's path! How "way," to use the Quaker phrase, "was opening before her!" Sydenham's proposal saved her from even the appearance of doing a hard thing—that severest trial of straitened circumstances.

CHAPTER XXV. BREAKING THE ICE.

A FRIEND once said to me: "Do you know I think those old martyrs must have been very uncomfortable people to live with?" At first the idea struck me as very odd—afterward as very true. I should not have relished a life among the Puritans in the days when Hester Prynne walked about with that scarlet letter on her breast. Yet they were a grand old race, those Plymouth-rock pilgrims—the stuff that heroes and founders of empires are made of. What they thought right they did, and seldom asked whether it was pleasant to do it. They were hard on themselves: it is not surprising that they were hard also on others. If they were not amiable, they were estimable. If they were not pleasant people to deal with in daily life, they were men and women to trust to in the day of need or in the hour of trial.

Thomas Hartland, born in Connecticut, had a considerable touch of Puritan severity about him. He was, indeed, an improvement on his father, a stern old Englishman, who took credit to himself for admitting that a man must not

chastise the wife of his bosom with a rod any thicker than his thumb. He meant to be kind to the gentle Alice, and he thought he was because he abstained from all physical coercion. But he inherited so much of his father's spirit as devoutly to believe that domestic discipline was wholesome just in proportion as it was strict and exacting. If he acted the tyrant to his wife and son, it was on principle, not from wickedness: it was because his ideas of marital and paternal authority were none of the clearest, and because the heart was not warm enough to correct the errors of the head.

Sydenham and he frequently came into conflict. One day, for example, on a school committee of which they were both members, the question of corporal punishment coming up, Sydenham had taken ground against it, and Mr. Harper had added a few words on the same side. This aroused Hartland.

"These new-fangled, sentimental notions," he said, "may suit squeamish people, but the old-fashioned scriptural morality is good enough for me. A rod is for the back of him who is void of understanding! If that text is not plain enough, there are others plainer yet—direct injunctions: 'Thou shalt beat the child with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.' Gentlemen will not, I think, deny the authority."

"The texts are correctly quoted," said Sydenham, quietly: "we know that this has been said by them of old time, but we know also that the word *rod* does not occur even once in all the recorded teachings of Christ."

A bitter reply rose to Hartland's lips, but he restrained himself. "What is the use?" he thought. "A man who will encourage a son to rebel against his father's will!"

In this spirit it was that Hartland had hitherto treated his niece—with judicious firmness he called it; acting a father's part, he thought, when he thwarted her inclinations and pressed Cranstoun's suit. She was now afraid to encounter him. She found Mr. and Mrs. Hartland both out when she returned from

her ride, and it was with fear and trembling she resolved, that same evening, to disclose all to her formidable uncle, not having had an opportunity previously to converse with her aunt alone. She expected her Cousin Ethan to go out, as he often did, after tea, but he remained. "He is good and kind," she thought: "they may as well all hear it at once: then it will be over." Yet she shivered, like some faint-hearted swimmer about to take the first plunge. Even in her distress she had a droll sense that she was going to break the ice about as willingly as a poor wretch might who had risen before sunrise in a fireless bed-room, some morning when the thermometer was below zero, and found the water in his pitcher frozen hard.

Hartland's first surprise almost equaled Sydenham's, but the two men took the disclosure differently. The uncle felt keenly the social disgrace that had overtaken his niece, and thought bitterly and resentfully of his dead brother-in-law's offence. Yet toward the poor girl herself the better part of his nature came out now.

Celia began her relation with hesitation and in an unsteady voice, but she gathered confidence as she proceeded. We often lament that the first keen relish of a new pleasure fades in proportion as it is repeated: we forget that, by the same law of our nature, the sting of a fresh misfortune abates as, by recurrence, the idea of it becomes familiar. Even the lapse of a single day had dulled the edge of Celia's sorrow; and the fortitude with which she met her fate, and the composure with which she declared to Mr. Hartland her resolve to earn her own living in the future by teaching, won his esteem. He had been far from giving her credit for so much spirit and independence, and he did not guess the share Sydenham had had in sustaining and encouraging her.

Celia's newly-acquired equanimity gave way for a time, however, before the burst of grief and the tender endearments of her aunt. Alice, who had drilled herself to repress all manifestations of deep emotion or outbursts of affection in the

presence of her husband, sat at first with fixed eyes and clasped hands and in breathless silence, scarcely taking in the full import of Celia's appalling communication, but when the latter came to the expression of her resolution to be a burden to no one, it seemed all to burst upon her at once. Unable longer to restrain herself, she fell on her niece's neck, her tears and sobs attesting her grief and sympathy; called her her dear child and her darling daughter; and then, forgetting the presence of the master of the house, protested against the idea of her working for a livelihood, asking her if she did not know that she would always have a home with them, whatever might betide.

This unwonted encroachment on his domestic authority, which nothing but his wife's ungovernable excitement would have tempted her to commit, almost upset Hartland's favorable disposition to his niece, but he tried to restrain himself.

"Alice," he said, "Celia shows more sense than you do. You spoil the child when you ought to encourage her." Then to Celia, who had released herself from her aunt's embraces, and was drying her own eyes: "I never had much sympathy with your father, but he is gone to his account, and it is wrong to speak ill of the dead. At all events, your mother was not to blame, and neither are you. I have thought you obstinate sometimes, disposed to take your own way more than a young person should; but you deserve credit for the manner in which you have stood this blow: it is more than I expected of you. If you see fit to teach so as to procure pocket-money for your little expenses, I see no objection; I suppose it would be pleasanter for you than to take the money from me. But I hope you knew, before your aunt thought it necessary to tell you, that the orphan of my sister-in-law will always find a home and a welcome in her uncle's house."

Celia's acknowledgments would have been more cordial but for the tone Hartland had assumed toward her aunt. Yet she was grateful, and did thank him, adding:

"If my health should fail, or if by teaching I cannot earn enough to pay all my expenses, then, dear uncle, I shall accept your kindness without scruple. But while I am well and able to work, it is my duty to pay my own way, if I can. And you have always told me that I ought to act up to my highest ideas of duty."

"Well, Celia, you are a good girl, and I shall stand by you through this matter. The first thing to be done is to ascertain its exact legal bearings. Did Cranstoun give you Mr. Dunmore's address?"

"I asked for it, and this is his answer," handing him the letter she had received the day before.

Hartland read it twice, his face darkening the while. "The impertinent scoundrel!" was all the comment he made; then to his son: "Ethan, step down to Mr. Creighton's and tell him I wish to see him, on important business, as early after breakfast to-morrow as he can spare me an hour or two. Lucky that he settled here!"

There was a school-committee meeting that evening, which Hartland had to attend. Thus, as Ethan had gone on his father's errand to Creighton, the aunt and niece were left alone.

Both had restrained themselves, by a strong effort, in Hartland's presence; and the first thing after he went was to have a hearty cry together, which did them good. Then Alice said: "It was very wrong in your father, no doubt, Celia dear; but then his first wife may have been a high, haughty dame, who made no true home for him; and it's so hard to live with a famished heart! Then your mother was a woman that any man might risk his soul for; and they did love one another so dearly! Don't think I excuse him, my darling: it was a great sin, and see what it has brought upon his child! But you know that I stayed at your house for five years before I was married—five years!—and there was not a day in all that time but he made me feel that it was a pleasure, as well to him as to your mother, to have me there. He was a sinner, but he was very, very kind to me!" Then

she looked at her niece, and with a passionate burst of tears she added: "And oh, Celia, Celia, you mustn't be hard on us now!"

"Hard upon you, mother?"

"Hard upon me. After others had made me feel that I was a burden to them, I sat for years an honored guest at your father's table, and half an hour ago his daughter told us—you never thought how cruel that was, Celia!—you told us that you must pay us if you sat any longer at mine."

"But you know, auntie, what a comfort, and what a help too, you always were to mamma. You know what care you took of me: you were always doing something for me. And what have I been? A useless idler that has never done anything for anybody. But that's over, now."

"Never done anything for anybody! God forgive me the thought, but I've felt—I'm glad you don't know how often, Celia—that life would not be worth having if it were not for you—and for Ethan, maybe. You've been the best joy in my life—the greatest comfort I've had—always, always, cruel child, until now!"

When the fountains of the great Deep of feeling are broken up and the windows of the soul are opened, hidden things come to light upon which the heart has set jealous guard through half a lifetime. Celia was so amazed at the glimpse which her aunt unwittingly gave her beneath the placid flow of a quiet, regulated life that, for a moment, she had not a word in reply: then her aunt added:

"But there's one comfort still: your uncle will never take money from you—never! He's hard, Celia—I won't deny it—but he's just."

The girl, quite overcome, was about to throw her arms around her aunt's neck, and tell her she would do anything in the world she wished if she would not cry so, when Ethan entered.

He saw that both the women were deeply moved, and stopped as if, uncertain whether he was an intruder or not, he was about to leave the room. Celia broke the pause that ensued.

"Sit down, Cousin Ethan," she said. "Let us refer the matter to him, mother: he is kind and wise."

Ethan smiled: "Pray don't make a Nestor of me, Celia. Tell me if I can help you: that's better."

"Yes, you can help us to decide—can't he, mother?—what is right to be done." And, taking her aunt's silence for consent, she stated the case.

Ethan reflected for a little; then he asked:

"You are anxious not to be a burden on your uncle?"

"Yes."

"Celia, Celia!" said her aunt, imploringly.

"It is best so, dear mother," said Ethan—"best for her."

"Best that my own sister's child should go on paying us board and lodging as if she were a stranger?"

"No, that is not my opinion."

Both Celia and Mrs. Hartland looked up surprised.

"Do you happen to know," Ethan asked Celia, "how much your uncle has been charging you for board and lodging? You need not blush if you have been looking: it was right you should."

"I *have* been looking—a hundred and ninety-five dollars a-year."

What Ethan said next must, in maintenance of historical truth, be set down just as he said it, even though he lose caste in consequence. Deal not too hardly with a villager's ignorance, O fair young aristocrat, reading these pages, perhaps, in the boudoir of a Fifth Avenue palace! You know better than to mistake a poor forty thousand dollars for riches; but plain people, with country ways, who find that one can obtain all one needs or desires in this world for that paltry pittance, should be forgiven if they rise not to the level of your enlightened views, and forget to add on the right hand of the sorry sum that additional cipher which would make it worth talking about. When Celia stated the rate at which her uncle had charged her for maintenance, Ethan, simple fellow! not at all in jest, said:

"By a guardian who has a rich heiress

for ward the charge is moderate enough. Good board and lodging can scarcely be had in Chiskauga under four dollars a week."

"But the dear child," interrupted Alice, "does not cost Mr. Hartland half that sum. Her chamber would stand empty if she did not occupy it. We should not have one servant the less. We have our own washing done in the house: what matters it whether her's is thrown in or not? Does the butcher, even, send us one pound of meat the more on her account?"

"Perhaps not," said Ethan. "Yet an additional person in a family must, necessarily, add to the expense, were it but in the consumption of tea, coffee, sugar, flour and the like; lamplight also, and many trifling incidentals."

"While you're about it, Ethan," said Alice, half amused, half indignant, "I think you'd better take out your pencil and make a nice calculation how much ought to be charged against the poor child for wear and tear of our carpets and door-mat."

"I have the fear of Walter Scott before my eyes," replied Ethan, laughing. "Who has a right to say that Celia is heavier-footed than Ellen Douglas? But you know

'E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.'

I'm a poor hand at calculating infinitesimals."

"I'm glad you've so much conscience."

"But, seriously, I don't think father pays out a hundred additional dollars because of Celia being one of the family."

"Surely you don't want Mr. Hartland to make money out of the poor child, now that all her fortune is gone."

"No, nor would he consent to that; but if Celia gets a good situation as teacher, and finds that she can afford it, I think a hundred dollars a year for her maintenance would be a fair compromise between uncle and niece. You are not so savagely independent, I hope, Celia, as to refuse from father and mother such kindness as they can offer you without actual cost to themselves."

Celia smiled: "Since I endorsed your character for wisdom, Cousin Ethan, I suppose I must accept your decision."

"You are as bad as she is, Ethan," said Alice: "you encourage one another in foolish notions."

But they coaxed her, at last, to use her influence with her husband to allow Celia, besides furnishing her own pocket-money, to pay him a hundred dollars a year as her contribution to the expenses of the household. And so, at last, it was settled, with some grumbling from the uncle about the niece's stiff-necked unwillingness to accept his hospitality, and a condition attached that the hundred dollars was to be received only if Celia found that, after clothing herself and paying other incidentals, she could spare the amount without any inconvenience whatever.

This was a great satisfaction to Celia, both because it relieved her, on the one hand, from a painful consciousness of dependence, and—truth to say—because, on the other hand, it unexpectedly lightened the burden which her new and untied task of self-maintenance imposed.

Next morning Mr. Hartland, Sr., was closeted for two hours with Eliot Creighton.

Lawyers learn to look with a quiet eye on the calamities of life. Surprised, deeply concerned at the unexpected tidings Creighton undoubtedly was, but he did not take them to heart, as the uncle and guardian expected.

"My first impression is," he said, "that it will not be proper or even safe to give up your ward's property until compelled by law."

"You doubt the previous marriage? Celia says her father's letters which she inspected were conclusive on that point."

"That may be: Cranstoun can readily prove it to us if it is so. But there are questions back of that. There may have been a will."

"Mrs. Pembroke knew of none. None, of course, was offered for probate, either in this county or in Philadelphia, where part of Celia's property lies."

"Still, there may have been a will: possibly left in Cranstoun's hands, and—I beg his pardon if I suspect him unjustly—suppressed."

"But why not shown by Pembroke to his wife during his lifetime?"

"He may have been living under an assumed name. Those who risk the punishment of bigamy generally take that precaution against detection. He would, of course, be unwilling to show Mrs. Pembroke a will executed under his real name; and Cranstoun, for his own purposes, may have persuaded him that a will signed by him as Frederick Pembroke would be valueless."

"If your conjecture is right, such a document would be worthless, would it not?"

"No. One not versed in law, like Mr. Pembroke, would be likely to suppose so. But a will is valid if the identity of the signer with the person entitled to dispose of the property be established."

"Yet if such a will has been suppressed or destroyed, of what avail that it was executed?"

"It must have been witnessed, and we may discover by whom?"

"By Cranstoun himself, perhaps?"

"Likely enough; but in this State two witnesses are required."

"If there was a prior marriage, and if no will can be found, then, I suppose, the English heir-at-law takes the property."

"The statute law of Ohio, unfortunately for Miss Pembroke, permits an alien to inherit real estate as well as personal property; but there are law-points involved in your question which I must study before I can reply to it. The cruel rule of the Common Law is that one born out of wedlock is *filius nullius*—nobody's child—and as such can inherit neither the property of his father nor—strange to say!—of his mother. Our statute law remedies the latter injustice. Under what circumstances—indeed whether at all—it affords relief under the former I cannot yet say, never having had occasion to examine that point. Indeed, I am not as familiar with

the Ohio statutes as I ought to be. I studied law chiefly in Pennsylvania. Did Cranstoun speak positively on the subject?"

"He told Celia that, being illegitimate, she could not inherit a farthing of her father's property."

Creighton looked grave. "Cranstoun is too shrewd," he said after a pause, "to make such an assertion except on plausible authority; and he is doubtless far better acquainted with the law of this State, and the decisions under it, than I am. With so much depending on it under his rascally calculation of profit to himself as informer, he has, in all probability, sifted the matter to the bottom. To be frank with you, I don't like the look of it; yet I am not entirely convinced even of Miss Pembroke's illegitimacy."

"It surely must be, if her father was a bigamist."

"Not necessarily. Under the old Spanish law, once prevalent in Florida and Texas, as I happen to know, she would have been legitimate."

"But our laws are not so lax. With a former wife alive, the marriage of Mrs. Pembroke must have been null and void."

"Yes; at all events at the time it was solemnized, and probably as long as it lasted. The rest seems a natural deduction. The case is probably against us; and I beg of you not to mention to Miss Celia the doubts I have expressed, which may be entirely without foundation. It would be cruel to raise hopes only to be disappointed. How does she stand this?"

"The disgrace of her birth affects her seriously. Otherwise, I must say, she bears it well. She is gone this morning to talk to Miss Ethelridge about a partnership in her school. And the gypsy is too proud to stay in her uncle's house without paying for it."

Creighton's face brightened. "I was not deceived in thinking there was character beneath that soft exterior."

"She is obstinate enough, certainly."

"She will come out all right, even if we are beaten, Mr. Hartland: you will

see. But if you think fit to entrust the case to me—"

"That is what I have been thinking about."

"You do me honor. It is a great responsibility for one so young in the profession as myself. Yet it will go hard but I shall deserve your confidence. If industry and painstaking may avail, we shall not be defeated. And this at least I may promise you—that I will work up the case as faithfully as if the young lady were my own sister, as faithfully as if life and death were on the issue."

Self-confidence breeds confidence in others, as young and small and slender General Bonaparte, taking command of the army of Italy, shiningly proved. Hartland agreed with Creighton on politics, and found in him a patient and interested listener when speaking on natural history and expatiating on his (Hartland's) favorite pursuits. On the other hand, the young man often startled him, and sometimes shocked his conservative proclivities, by coming out with some daring radicalism; so that he had hesitated a little about putting his ward's interests in his hands. But Creighton's bold assurance awoke faith in his powers as an advocate, and Hartland hesitated no longer.

"You shall have the management of the case, at all events," he said; "and if you desire to have other counsel associated with you, let me know."

CHAPTER XXVI.

JEAN'S SERVICES NOT NEEDED.

"And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent-eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either."

TENNYSON'S *Enoch Arden*.

"No, Miss Celia—not jist exactly at home. Miss Ellinor went out to Betty Carson's on some business for the madame. A half hour she said she'd be gone, and it's mor'n that already. Won't ye step into the parlor?"

"Yes, Nelly, I'll wait for her; but don't tell Madame Meyrac I'm here, I know she's always busy at this hour."

Beyond the parlor was a small extension-room, used by the doctor as office and library. The door that communicated with it standing open, so that Celia saw it was vacant, she sauntered thither in an absent mood and sat down by an eastern window, looking out on the lake; for Dr. Meyrac's dwelling was on the eastern edge of the village, not far from the Elm Walk. At another time Celia would have rejoiced in that sunny spring morning and admired the graceful little sail-boat that was just leaving the wharf. But her mind was preoccupied, and the bright scene was lost upon her. Business was in her thoughts. She was congratulating herself that this was Saturday, and that she would probably find her friend at leisure for a long talk. Mechanically she picked up and opened a book from a small table that stood near. It was that wonderful story of *Jane Eyre*, instinct with pathos drawn from the very depths of sorrow; and she had opened it at the incident of the wedding in the dim village church, so nearly solemnized, by such startling disclosure interrupted. "And she married him, after all," the girl thought. "And I remember I was so much afraid she would marry that handsome, pious St. John; and so glad when she found Rochester, blind and lame, in that gloomy parlor. Ought she to have kept away from him? Ought she to have married the missionary?" Her thoughts were in a maze, and she dipped into the absorbing volume, reading page after page, till she was interrupted by voices in the adjoining room. It was Madame Meyrac and some one who had entered with her, unnoticed by Celia in her abstraction. A voice said:

"It would be a great accommodation, madame, if you could give me up Betty for Monday. I have friends coming from Mount Sharon on Wednesday, and I must absolutely get through house-cleaning before they come."

How that harsh, sharp voice grated on Celia's ear! Well she knew who was the speaker! She could not make up her mind to encounter her just then; and so, unwilling to become privy to

a conversation not intended for her ear, she stepped lightly across the library, intending to go up to Ellinor's room. But the door that opened on the passage was locked outside; so that she was fain to remain a prisoner. "It can only be for a few moments," she thought as she reseated herself; "and it is a mere matter of every-day business."

"I much grieve, Madame Wolfgang," was what she heard next. "Ah, if the woman Carson might aid me Tuesday, or, vell, Vendesday, very good. But no, she has said me she is retained for these days there by Madame Hartland."

"I don't think sister Hartland cares about having her house cleaned this week. I could speak to her about it. She has something else to think of—something not very pleasant."

"Is monsieur ill? He has not sent to seek my husband."

"My brother is not ill, but in great trouble."

"I am much afflicted to hear it."

"Mrs. Hartland's sister made a pretty mess of it when she married Frederick Pembroke."

"A praty mase! Vat is happen? He is dead, there are ten, eleven years—is he not?"

"When Eliza married him he had another wife living in England."

"My God! vat you tell me?"

"It was no marriage at all. She was no more his wife than you or I."

"Ah, vat unhappy ting! And that charmante Célie! Poor litel mignonne! She is not—she is one—"

"A bastard, of course, and not entitled to a cent of her father's property."

"Is it that the first vife lives still?"

"No: she died three years before her husband; but that's of no consequence."

"Your law says it so? Ve have much better in our Code Civile. If de second vife know noting and marry all of good faith, then if de first vife come to die, de children of de oder can have de goods—vat you call proprietary."

"It's just as likely as not that Mrs. Pembroke knew it all the time. Of course she kept the secret. She was

dying to have him before he married her. Everybody could see that."

"But if de poor soul did truly not know anything?"

"Whose fault was that? It was her business to find out whether he was married or not before she took him; but she didn't care if she was his kept mistress. It served her just right."

Celia choked down her sobs, pride coming to her aid. She was terribly afraid now of being detected. The next words she heard were:

"You are one very hard voman."

"Hard! I see no hardship in it. That mawkish fop of a Pembroke was a felon, yet he wasn't sent to hard labor in the penitentiary—the more's the pity: you won't deny that the bigamist deserved it. Well, the daughter will suffer for it, that's one comfort."

"Madame Volfgang—"

"Mr. Cranstoun told me that just such a case as hers had lately been decided—I forget in what county of this State—and not a penny were the bastards allowed to inherit. The saucy minx is a beggar."

"I will not hear—"

"There's no need for my brother to trouble himself about John Mowbray now. The Mowbrays stand on their dignity, and don't marry beggars. Ellen Tyler always was a prettier girl than that whey-face, and now she's a far better match. Her mother was an honest married woman, and the old miller can spare a son-in-law three or four thousand hard dollars if he likes him. The Pembroke girl hasn't a ghost of a chance."

"Madame Volfgang!"

Such a menace was there in the tone that Celia, beaten down as her very soul had been by that malignant outburst of abuse, started to her feet, expecting a blow to follow the words. She need not have feared.

"Madame Volfgang! I have de honor to remind you dat Mademoiselle Célie is my very excellent friend. I did tell you I would not hear, but you speak, speak, ever more. Jean is digging in my garden at dis moment—it is a moch strong young man, is Jean—and what I say to

him, he do it. It vill make talk de world to turn some lady out of my house. But what to do? If you say only one litel vord more, I vill make seek Jean, and he shall have you in his arms, and I vill make him descend the front steps and set you down outside de litel door of de garden, in de street: den I shall say you, 'Good-morning, madame!'"

What a world is this!—tragedy one moment, comedy the next. The hot tears were already dry on Celia's cheeks: she saw, in imagination, the stout young Frenchman picking up, at his mistress' bidding, Mrs. Wolfgang's solid weight of a hundred and sixty or seventy pounds. But his prowess was not called into requisition. The lady shook with rage, but she moved quickly to the door without a word. Celia saw Madame Meyrac sweep out after her with an air that would have graced the stage, and heard her say, as Mrs. Wolfgang stepped out on the gravel walk: "Ah, madame shows herself sage at de last. Dat is much better, for vy should one make talk the world?" Then Celia heard her muttering to herself, as she passed up stairs to her domestic duties: "Dieu mercie, elle s'est en allé à la fin, cette diablesse-là!"*

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GLIMPSE INTO A LIFE.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!"

Hood.

CELIA ascended to her friend's chamber, and ten minutes afterward Ellinor entered. She went up to Celia without a word, kissed her tenderly, and then, the tears rising to her eyes, passed her hand caressingly over the auburn tresses.

"Ah! you know all?" said Celia.

"My darling, yes—from Betty Carson this morning."

"All the world knows my disgrace already!" was the poor girl's bitter thought.

* "Thank God, she's gone at last, that she-devil!"

Ellinor added :

"That odious Mrs. Wolfgang had been trying to poison the poor creature's mind against you : but Betty — brave soul ! — is a champion of yours. She washed for your family, it seems, when you were a mere child, and your father and mother seem to have been objects of her veneration."

"Dear, good Betty !" — her eyes filling with tears.

"She told me what an angel of goodness your father had been to her when her children were sick and her husband raving with delirium tremens."

"Ah, if others could feel so about him !"

"Your father's misconduct is the worst blow. Is it not, little pet ?"

"I can't bear to think of it, Ellie !" shuddering as she said it.

"Do you doubt that he repented of his misdeed !"

"No, indeed, no," eagerly. "As I remember dear papa, sad, depressed, like one bearing a secret grief, his life with mamma must have been one long repentance."

"Yet you mourn as without hope. Do you remember the words of One who needed no forgiveness himself, touching the joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth ? Joy, Celia—joy because of the repentance, not sorrow because of the sin. How often I have thought of that !"

"Papa *was* a good man, Ellie : I wish you had known him."

Ellinor took down a small volume from a book-shelf. "I like 'Vivien,'" she said, as she turned the leaves over, "less than any other of the *Idyls*, yet it has some of the finest lines Tennyson ever wrote. Here, for example :

'The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.'"

"Dear Ellie ! No one like you to come to, when one is miserable and needs to be comforted ! You are merciful."

"Am I ?" — a sudden, solemn look shadowing her face—"am I ? Thank God ! The merciful, we are told, shall obtain mercy."

The two girls sat silent for a minute or two : then Celia took one of Ellinor's hands in both hers, and the expressive features, as she looked up to them, brightened again. "I came to talk to you about business, Ellie dear, but I have almost lost heart. That Mrs. Wolfgang was here this morning, and I heard—I could not help hearing — oh such terrible things ! The full sense of my position never came home to me before. Name, fortune, good repute, all lost ! Everything, everything gone !"

"Everything ? There are these little dimpled hands left—" kissing one of them—"and they have not forgotten their cunning. The eyes are somewhat dimmed, I admit, but they can still read Liszt's music at a glance, and win hearts besides, provided they are worth the winning. I hear the very voice that charmed us all—and Mr. Creighton especially—in Schubert's 'Ave Maria,' the other night. These golden curls are the same I used to admire, and this little brain beneath them has just as much French and German and history and logic and literature, and just as many kind thoughts and generous sentiments, stowed away in its delicate cells, as there were there a week ago." The look from those brilliant eyes spoke deep affection more strongly even than the words as Ellinor proceeded : "Everything gone ! Why every bit of my own precious Celia, who stole my heart in spite of all I could do to keep it, is here still. That money, if *it* be gone, was no part of her. As little any name the law may assign her. Like Juliet's rose, she is just as sweet under one as another. Young girls *will* change their names, you know, and do their dearest friends think the less of them for that ?"

"I am so glad you don't despise me."

"Naughty child ! What sort of love is it you give me credit for ? A weed, that has root among dollars and titles, and withers when these are plucked up ? Do you take me for one of those who mistake money or a name for the chief part of that 'noblest work of God' that Pope talks about ? *You* are unmerciful. Come, Celia, I'm not so bad as that : tell me

what business it was you had almost lost heart to talk to me about."

Celia disclosed her plans. At first Ellinor listened eagerly, well pleased it seemed. Then, as if some painful thought had swept over her, her face saddened and her manner betrayed nervous excitement.

"It does not suit you, dear: never mind," said Celia, struggling bravely to conceal sad disappointment.

Ellinor's quick apprehension detected the feeling instantly. "Dear, good Celia!" she said after a moment's pause, "it is cruel to say a word to you of my misfortunes when you are overtaken by your own. But between the closest friends there should be the most scrupulous good faith in matters of business." Then she hesitated, adding, at last: "Did you ever notice anything peculiar about my eyes?"

"Never—" bewildered by the sudden question—"never, except that I think they are love-eyes, that I should have lost my heart to if I had been a man."

"They told *you* the truth, at all events," faintly smiling, "yet they are not trustworthy eyes, for all that."

"Good Heavens! It can't be, Ellinor—" and Celia turned deadly pale.

"You have guessed it. If I were to accept your offer, you might have a blind partner on your hands one of these days."

When Cranstoun came out with that terrible announcement: "Your father had a wife living in England," it was scarcely a greater blow to Celia than this. She gazed at her friend, unable at first to utter a single word. Then she fell on her neck, sobbing, "Ellie, Ellie!"

Miss Ethelridge had spoken quite calmly, but under this uncontrollable burst of sympathy her equanimity also gave way.

Celia was the first who broke silence: "Don't cry, darling. I'll try to be as brave as you. But your eyes—you see me, Ellie?"

"Yes, little pet, quite well."

"Your eyes are weak, that is all?"

"Come on this sofa, beside me;" and

she put one arm round her and took a hand in hers. "I said you *may* have a blind partner. Till darkness comes there is hope. God may spare me this, but I do not think it is His will."

"Is it only a presentiment, Ellie?"

"No. I must tell you a little bit out of a sad, sad story. I hope I was not bad—though I sometimes think I was—but I never intended to be, or I would not have let you love me, Celia. I was in cruel hands—cruel and powerful hands"—Celia felt her shudder convulsively—"and at times I scarcely knew what I did or what I ought to do. I promised to tell you all about it some day, and I will, but not now. I left my friends—what the world called so, I mean. I dare say they considered me dishonored; and they would probably disown me if I showed my face among them again, which I never will—God be my witness!—never will. I'm afraid I thought of doing a very wrong thing, for when one is forsaken by all the world, there's such a temptation to slip out of it. But when all the world forsook me, God sent—" she hesitated. "I think there are those on this earth who will be angels in the next world; and some of them act an angel's part here. Such an one—God bless him! as He surely will—saved me from myself, and found for me such home as was within his power. I accepted life from him: I could not accept money. To preserve the life he rescued, I had to win my daily bread. I am usually considered a skillful needlewoman, but others had to make profit of my labor. The miserable pittance they left me—well, it is the fate of thousands: I was not worse off than they. You know that fearful 'Song of the Shirt,' Celia: I hardly dare read it now: it terrifies me. I don't think the English language was ever wrought into another such picture: it conjures phantoms that haunt me still, yet it scarcely exaggerates what was my lot. The summer's earliest light often found me bending over my work. Perhaps even such labor as that would not have seriously injured my eyes, for they were strong, had it not been—you mustn't cry, Celia

dear: nothing so weakens the eyes as tears."

"But at last?" was all Celia could say.

"At last, when sight had almost failed, an old gentleman—he was a Quaker and from your country—found me out. He spoke to me of America, of green fields and summer skies in a land where labor was honored and brought fair reward. Even then, though his words were like tidings from Paradise, my pride revolted against pecuniary obligation. Then he spoke to me as one of Christ's apostles might have spoken: 'Pride is sinful and goes before destruction: suicide is a crime. In another month thee will probably be quite blind: then thee will die a miserable death. Thee has no right thus to cast life away, for thee may employ it still to benefit, maybe to bless, our fellow-creatures. Thee may be able to repay them a hundredfold the trifle I offer thee.'"

"Ah, Ellie, how true that was!"

"I dared not reply to it. I accepted money enough to pay for a second-class passage across the Atlantic. In Philadelphia I remained six months in the house of a charming old lady, sister of my benefactor, as governess to her niece. An eminent oculist restored comparative strength to my eyes, but warned me against ever again taxing them severely, especially by artificial light, and strongly recommended country air and exercise. Mr. Williams—that was the good man's name—gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Sydenham; and here too, I think, as in that London garret, I have been ministered to by angels unawares."

"But your eyes, Ellie—they are beautiful as they can be. Surely the danger is past. Do they pain you?"

"Don't grieve, dear, but I have no right to conceal the truth from you. They have been gradually failing—more, I think, this year than ever before. I *must* use them a good deal, sometimes by lamplight. But they do not pain me much."

"What does Dr. Meyrac say?"

"He is a faithful friend and speaks the truth. What a sigh was that! Don't

trouble yourself about me, poor child. You have burden enough. You have your own affairs—your own way to make. You may find some one else as a partner; or perhaps—who knows, Celia, whether it may not be all for the best that I should become blind and give up school? Somebody must take my place."

"Hush, Ellie! I want to talk to you about something else."

"Well, dear?"

"Had you ever a sister?"

"Never."

"Nor a brother?"

"Nor a brother. I was an only child."

"So was I. Would you like to have a sister, Ellie?"

Such a look of love! but not a word in reply; and Celia went on: "I need a sister; and then—you and Dr. Meyrac may both be wrong; God may not intend that you should suffer this. But if He does, Ellie—if He does—you will need a sister, too." And with that she threw her arms round her friend's neck, and after a time all that she felt and all that she meant came home to Ellinor—warm kisses say so much more than words.

After they had become a little more calm, Celia spoke again: "I have complained for such small cause: I have so little fortitude in suffering. I am a poor, weak creature compared with you, Ellie—little worth your love except because I love you so; but then you have no other sister; and besides—there is a secret I must tell you, Ellie."

"Well, darling child?"

"Do you believe in magnetism—human magnetism, I mean?"

Ellinor started with an expression almost of terror, but she controlled herself, answering calmly, "Yes, I do believe in it."

"Because—you will scarcely credit me, Ellie—but when you first came this morning I had been trembling all over: that woman's venomous words had got hold of me, so that I was scarcely myself. I think my nerves were shattered: I could not keep my hands still, and when you opened the door I could hard-

ly restrain a scream. But when you came up to me and kissed me, and passed a hand over my hair, I felt quieter and able to sit still. Then, afterward, when you bid me come and sit beside you on the sofa, and put your arm round me and took my hand in yours, it all gradually passed away—the fear, the nervousness, the restlessness: even that odious vituperation seemed to drop off from me like some soiled garment, and I began to feel stronger, braver, more hopeful, and then, after a time, almost like a soothed child that could go to sleep in your arms. I have often felt something of the kind before when I was near you, but never anything like that dreamy luxury of to-day. I know this must all seem fanciful to you, ridiculous perhaps—”

“Far from it, dear child. It is real.”

“Then see, Ellie! For my sake we ought to be sisters and partners, so that I can be often with you. I am weak, and through you I gain strength; I am nervous and irritable, and near you I find solace and peace. Then after a time, maybe, I may get to be better worth living with, more like you—brave, energetic, self-possessed. You'll never find a sister you can do so much good to, Ellie, nor one that will honor and love you more. Will you have me, darling, just as I am?”

“Just as you are?—God forgive me, if I am selfish in this—yes, Celia, just as you are.”

There are many more estimable and more meritorious people in this world than Celia Pembroke; but toward those she loved there was a witchery about her that few hearts, save very cold ones, could resist. It almost silenced Ellinor's misgivings, and before evening partnership articles between the two orphans were agreed upon.

Before leaving Madame Meyrac's, Celia took an opportunity of apologizing to that lady for having been an unwilling listener to Mrs. Wolfgang's tirade, speaking in French, as she always did to her.

“Ah, poor little one!” replied madame, sympathetically, “you heard it, then? It afflicts me that you should have been so cruelly wounded. But what would you have? That sort of creature has neither sense nor common decency. Without these, one becomes brutal. Dogs will bite and cats scratch. One can guarantee one's self only by selecting for associates bipeds and quadrupeds that are too well bred to do either. For the rest, I owe to you much, my dear: through you I shall obtain relief from ennui and disgust, for I do not think that madame will trouble me again very soon.”

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MILLENNIUM.

THE housekeeper's great want of to-day is servants—not simply good servants, but in many instances servants at all. With a constant tide of immigration that pours its tens of thousands of laborers into our country every week, the cry arises, “Good help is very difficult to get.”

Hired help is difficult to get—good, bad or indifferent. The complaint does not prevail in one portion of the country

alone, but in all—new and old, city and country alike. Wages have increased from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. within the last six years, but that makes the matter no better for the employers. Help is now more difficult to get than when work was paid for at half its present price. Girls in the kitchen now prescribe not only their own work, but also what their mistresses may not, or must, do. One girl in a family of but

six would not wash, her mistress told me, and her wages were three times the amount I paid when first I became a housekeeper. From Iowa, from Michigan, from Canada, from New York, comes the housekeeper's cry, "I don't know what I am going to do for help. I cannot accomplish all the work, and I can get almost nobody."

Reapers and mowers, and rakers and binders, and loaders and milkers perform the services of scores of laborers for the farmer; cheese-factories and butter-factories lessen the labor of his wife; but in the house of the merchant, the mechanic, the banker and the miller no machine bakes and cooks, makes beds, sweeps, washes or irons.

A year or two ago, Mrs. Stowe, in her "Chimney Corner" articles, and the *Evening Post* in a series, canvassed this question. The latter advised the women of to-day to hoist the "*No Drudgery*" flag over their houses; and Mrs. Stowe thought the model American village of the future would possess a laundry, a cook-house and a bake-house; at the first of which clothes would be washed better and cheaper than is now done at home with each family using separate fire, tubs, barrels, boards, boilers, soap, starch and blueing: at the second, soup or a roast could be ordered free from waste and as reasonable as now gotten up at home; and at the latter, good, home-like bread or biscuit of varieties of flour and make could be obtained.

Since that time I have waited impatiently for some wealthy philanthropist to arise who would in some village start the experiment, but so far in vain. Not even the most distant speck, less than the size of a man's hand, yet appears upon the horizon.

Communities originated from this very need of leisure, but they have failed, and reasonably too; for, in my estimation, no house can be built large enough for more than one family.

This lack of servants, this burden of over-care and over-work which now falls upon American housewives, is overthrowing our custom of fixed habitations, and driving us into a species of nomad-

ism. Thousands of families each year break up housekeeping and go to boarding, thus destroying all home feeling, all the sacred quietude and privacy of a family, and making of life mere existence, instead of *living* in the highest sense of the word.

The American housewife of the present day, who does for her family at all according to the demands of the times, works harder than the woman of fifty years ago, who spun and wove all the cloth used in her family, and had no hired help throughout the year, unless during a few weeks' time at childbirth. Let us look through her house. The floors, nicely sanded, had no carpets to be taken up once or twice a year, and swept every day, with severe strain upon the muscles of the chest, back and arms, and the raising of clouds of dust to penetrate the eye, the throat and the delicate structure of the lungs. The windows had no finely-worked lace curtains, the doing up of which was a long and very particular task. No elaborately-upholstered chairs had to be watched for moths, for common Windsor or painted rush-bottomed ones, that a damp cloth would effectually clean, were the only use.

In many families the work of the table was little or nothing. A huge platter in the centre, with the meat ready cut in mouthfuls, or a pan of hasty pudding and milk into which all alike dipped, constituted the food and furniture.

Girls ran about in pressed flannel dresses, neck collarless, hands and feet alike destitute of covering, but one or two under-garments on, and but one of those white. The boys and their fathers alike knew nothing of starched shirt-bosoms, or of wristbands and collars that must be ironed faultlessly or again thrown into the wash.

No gas-fixtures to be cared for, or multitude of lamps each day to be trimmed, added to the work, but in their stead stood a tall iron candlestick to hold the solitary evening light, and which soap and water would quickly cleanse. The family did not require their separate washstands, with ewer, basin, towels and slop-jar complete. An

iron skillet in the wood-house or outside the door, with one homespun towel a week, was deemed good enough for the whole family, from the aged grandsire down to the two-year old baby.

How is it now? Let every man look into his own house and answer. Carpet and curtains, white paint, upholstery, light chamber furniture, with bathing facilities and needed paraphernalia, all complete; servers, ice-pitchers, silver knives and forks, cake-baskets, shining glassware, cups, saucers, soup-plates, dinner-plates, breakfast-plates, tea-plates, a salt-cellar by each plate, a polished castor, fruit and table napkins, and the thousand and one other present *necessities*, will rise to mind unbidden.

Skirts, hose, drawers, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, laces—all flounced and tucked and embroidered—go into the wash each week for the daughters of the house; nor are the husband and sons one whit behind. The old-fashioned bandana handkerchief, which did duty for a week, has been left far behind, and in its place have come fresh white linen ones each day, or those with daintily worked crest or border, that must be so watchfully scalded without boiling. Nicely-ironed shirts, with every plait carefully loosened, are donned from three times a week to every day, with collars, cuffs and night-shirt in addition. Dainty white cravats, starched and folded with due precision, white vests, linen coats and pants, with frequent change of hose, are deemed impossible to be done without.

Then the sewing that brought these garments into being has required tenfold the amount of time spent on clothing at the period above referred to.

Look at the work for the table alone—the dainties, the combinations and the variety demanded by the customs of society and the tastes of the individual.

Not even in the poorest family can now be found the one large pan of pudding and milk, or single plate of pork and potatoes. No matter how humble the fare, each one has his own plate, knife, fork and cup.

All this variety of work is the imme-

diate care of the wife and mother in the family, and much of it is the product of her hands. Do you wonder she sighs for relief? Do you wonder she breaks and grows old and haggard before her time? Do you wonder she boards, and advises her young married daughter to do so too?

American girls of the poorer class years ago left housework, with its multitudinous variety of cares and unending toil, for factories with their one kind of work and limited hours. Then Irish girls, ignorant and untrained as they were, were looked upon as a godsend, and housekeepers willingly taught them to cook and bake and iron, passed lightly over their mistakes, and with unwearied patience pointed out not only the greater but the lesser duties of the polished home.

Irish girls were strong, and no amount of daily toil tried them. But look at the change a few years has wrought! They, too, are leaving housework, as their American predecessors did, and sharply up comes the cry of broken health, overwork, too much to do; and they are going into the trades.

Whence is to come *our* relief? The Western coast cries Chinese—and doubtless the time will come when we shall have relief from that source—but just now they are too far off and too uncertain. Even should they settle in the country permanently, they would soon rise into means above servitude. The constitution, size and customs of our country all ensure the commonest laborer an independence if he but seeks it. Service for another is the means, not the end.

We are not England, with a class trained from father to son, from mother to daughter, to look at service as its highest aim: we cannot in one house find that there the daughters, the mother and the grandmother have all served.

I see but one hope in the future, and that is, to find out the law through which our wills affect inanimate objects, and by which we are in a measure reciprocally affected by them.

Since so-called Spiritualism has arisen,

we have all heard of tables that walk, chairs and doors that mysteriously knock, dishes that raise themselves in the air, and untouched remove to some other point; of musical instruments that play unfingered, of glass over which the laws of attraction and cohesion seem suddenly to lose power, and of many other phenomena as yet unexplained by any known law. They are simply mysterious; and as what is unexplainable and undefinable has always been regarded with awe, and because misunderstood usually misrepresented, many persons have settled themselves upon the belief that these phenomena are caused by the returned spirits of the dead.

It is not in the province of this article to point out the simply human conditions invariably requisite to their production, as well as their positive accord with the belief or conditions of one or more living persons present—their fallacies, puerilities and contradictions, all of which could be accounted for did we give the agency of human beings yet in this world alone credit for their manifestations: these and many other objections to the departed-spirit theory have already been made.

Nearly twenty years have gone by since the modern phase of these phenomena has become common, and now, to crown all, comes Planchette, which like the others, following no known scientific law in its workings, wanders about in answer to the will that charges it.

Good men and great men alike have been obliged to own their ignorance of the power which makes inanimate objects move in obedience to the will of man. The law by which they are governed being unknown, their movements are erratic and accidental; but in them I see a glimmering of the housekeeper's millennium. Let us once learn the law and its regular mode of action, and we need care not a fig for human servants. Our bread shall be baked, our steak cooked, our clothes washed, and our household affairs glide smoothly on by the action of our wills on these inanimate objects, which, by the advancing march of civilization, have become no longer luxuries, but necessities. The sanctity and privacy of home will once more be restored, leisure for social intercourse and education will be found, and our millennium take place.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ABSURDITY.

NOBODY had a better appreciation of the philosophy of absurdity than Charles Lamb. There is nothing more in character than his singular trick of passing off fictitious lives of Munden and Liston on the public as true bits of biography. Some people have never been able to find out the humor of this imposition; and they are equally at a loss to understand what he meant by writing letters to distant friends full of news of how well-known acquaintances, commonly understood to be methodical and settled, had lately come out on the stage in high comedy. But Lamb's was

a rare genius, and his humor the most delicate in the world. It was his way of playing a practical joke. He certainly did not esteem it an exhibition of low wit, any more than he thought punning an eighth capital sin. He would have defended a practical joke or an absurd answer just as he defended his bad puns, by declaring that the worst were the best. Indeed, in his practice he was always upholding such things. "You come very late in the mornings," goes the old story of the officer in the India House to him. "Yes, but then, you know," he answers, "I go away very

early in the afternoons." In this reply the ridiculous is the paramount feature, and is easily to be accounted for on the most philosophical grounds.

Leigh Hunt also could say something in the same tone sometimes. Wordsworth, all pompousness and dignity, came to see him once in prison. After a while he asked, "Will you have something to eat, Mr. Wordsworth?" A cart passes in front of them. "Anything that is going forward," replies the author of the *Excursion*, with a dignified wave of his hand. "Will you take a piece of the cart?"

An absurd rejoinder is nothing more than a practical joke in words. The virtue of both, like that of any other description of wit, lies in their power to create surprise and unexpected laughter. Sheridan was fond of all kinds of practical jokes. Who has not heard of his planting quantities of crockery in a dark corridor, leaving a secret passage for himself, and then inducing his poor friend to make chase until he fell into the trap and was bruised from head to foot? Who has not heard of his contrivance to pay the fare of a cab he had used all day?—how he inveigled a well-known disputant to get in with him, engaged him in a violent argument, declared he would not listen to his monstrous language, got out in an apparent passion, and left the unsuspecting gentleman to settle the account with the cabman? This is no better than a similar performance of Theodore Hook's. Hook, the most careless of mortals, has a cab all the afternoon in the country, but night coming on and having no money, he bethinks himself of a method to pay the hire. His talent, in such business never failing, suggests the most peculiar means imaginable. By his order he is driven to the door of a famous physician. He alights and rings the bell furiously. Upon being let in he hears that the doctor is at dinner, and immediately makes his way, with a horrified look, to the dining-room. He tells the amazed practitioner that there is no time for words—that all will be lost if Lady Blackace is not immediately at-

tended; and without further ado forces the physician, almost in deshabille and positively hatless, to the cab, plunges him violently in, and directs the driver to take him to a certain residence immediately; of course all is found out in fifteen minutes afterward, and the physician pays the bill, vowing vengeance, and saying now and then, with an involuntary laugh, "But it was confoundedly well done!"

Hook spent all his life making songs and concocting practical jokes. Charles Matthews, the actor and mimic, was his assistant in his freaks, and admirably they carried them out together. In the memoirs of the former by Barham, in his own work of *Gilbert Gurney*, and in the memoirs of the latter by Mrs. Matthews, will be found some narratives vastly amusing, and, in many cases, it must be confessed, incredible.

Hook had a French prototype who has not been dead many months. This strange creature had a most singular fancy for the absurd from boyhood to even—as an anecdote of him proves—beyond the grave. He spent all his leisure in his strange and fascinating amusement. He would call at certain houses, manage to be let in, and when the person in charge came to find out his business, he would astonish him by speaking unknown languages and acting in such a whimsical manner that very often he was put out as a madman. He frequently stopped passengers in the streets, and affected to be deaf and dumb and unable to find his way. One night he appeared to be searching for something in front of a large store on one of the boulevards. A crowd collected of course, and the shopman came out and asked what he was looking for. "I am looking for a purse containing a thousand francs, and will give half to the person who finds it for me." This report being spread about, the street became crowded. All was eagerness and excitement. Presently the shopman, with the appearance of a man of forethought and cunning, drew our friend apart and said, "I think I see a way to our mutual gain. In what spot do you

think you lost your purse of a thousand francs?" "Oh!" answered the other, "I did not lose any purse at all. I was only looking for one!" And with this he ran off as fast as he could.

Monsieur was very fond of writing ridiculous letters. Of course he could only imagine their effect, but that was quite enough for him. For instance: he wrote to the Bishop of N——, a very holy and studious man, in the name of a celebrated English prize-fighter, proposing an international match for five thousand francs a side, and stating that several well-known gentlemen (who were mentioned) had been induced to take the matter in hand and were eagerly awaiting his reply. This letter had the London postmark and all the appearances of being in good faith; and its effect upon the very quiet and harmless person to whom it was addressed may be easily conjectured. Other strange epistles were sent about almost every week—one to a distinguished Minister, as coming from a Spanish sailor, offering for sale a fierce and extraordinary species of the ourang-outang; another to a certain grave professor of philosophy and mathematics, under the signature of Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of a London theatre, containing a proposition that the learned recipient should perform a comic part in the original Greek, in Plautus' *Mænecmus*, at a consideration of twenty pounds per night; another to the celebrated Dr. Pusey, stating that the writer was a murderer by profession, but having been driven from Italy by force of circumstances, he had come to Paris in the hope of finding employment; and having understood that Doctor P. was a liberal man, he would plainly and respectfully state that he was ready to do any private business in his line upon easy terms. He begged to mention, however, that he would engage in nothing where any other parties were employed who were unknown to himself. These letters, and hundreds of others of the same ludicrous character, were gotten up in such a manner, and with so many marks of genuineness, that, as has

been discovered, they were nearly always received in good faith. The wonderment and alarm they occasioned must have been thoroughly laughable.

This Parisian Theodore Hook died nearly a year since. One of his last acts was to set free a macaw he had been training for years. It could say only one sentence: "I am very well—how are you?" His theory was, that it would fly to the woods and one day it would be shot. When it had fallen to the ground the sportsman would probably go to pick it up, and it would have just sufficient life to gasp out, all bleeding and wretched, "I am very well—how are you?" The sportsman would be rather amazed, to say the least. Monsieur was the gentleman who is described as having secretly ordered pyrotechnic candles for his funeral, which went off, to the consternation of everybody, at the exact moment when the priest was reciting the burial service. This was a practical joke indeed, and well worthy of a man who had such an excellent idea of the philosophical beauties of absurdity.

Americans are as fond of practical jokes as the French or English. There is an amusing story, never printed, of a gentleman in one of the large cities wagering with a very unsuspecting and guileless person that he would be able to successfully compete with him in a foot-race. The one who made the proposition, being very stout and apparently not active, the other eagerly agreed to the terms; and upon a very warm Sunday afternoon, when the streets were full of people, the event came off. The fat gentleman kept ahead for a moment and then fell back: the other sped past him like the wind: instantly one or two lookers-on, who were in the secret, set up the cry of "Stop thief!" and ran after the fleeting gull with all the signs of men in eager pursuit of stolen property. The alarm was instantly taken in every quarter, and hundreds joined in the chase. The pursued, hearing the shouts and afraid of losing time by turning to see what headway his antagonist was making, kept steadily on. In the

end he was brought up by a vigorous knock on the head from a policeman, and dragged to the station-house. When the joke came out he did not join in the laugh at first, but he soon confessed that it was very cleverly done, and enjoyed it as much as anybody else.

Washington Irving was fond of ludicrous rejoinders. "Do you sing?" said he one evening to a gentleman who had called. "I sometimes join in a chorus," replied the other, in an important way. "Then give us a chorus." Mr. Madison Morton has put this jest into one of his many farces. On another occasion some person asked, "Do you know Hebrew, Mr. Irving?" "Yes," he answered with the utmost gravity, "but I can't speak it a great deal better than I can speak it."

Who will believe this of one of New England's poets? It is related by Ciber of Joe Haines, the famous vagabond and droll in the days of King Charles the Second; but somebody else tells it of Percival, who, it must be admitted, had a nature so foreign to such imposture that, as far as he is concerned, the story is doubtful. One day he was arrested in the street for debt. Espying an acquaintance, in the person of a clergyman, approaching in a carriage, he said to the bailiff, who was named Flaherty, "My friend, here comes my cousin, Dr. S. I will speak to him and be relieved of this disagreeable business."

He signaled Dr. S., and went up to his vehicle. "Doctor," said he, in a tone of confidence and gravity, "I have a poor friend here who thinks of joining church. Of course I could not undertake his conversion, so I was just on my way to your house to place him in your hands. What say you?" Dr. S. was delighted. He insisted that the man should go home with him in his carriage at once. The poet beckoned to the fellow, and in a whisper instructed him to join the clergyman in the coach and the debt would be paid. Flaherty obeyed, and the doctor drove off with him. What the *dénouement* was may be readily conceived. Some will say that Percival could not have been guilty of such a trick, and that his mode of thought was totally foreign to anything fanciful or facetious. But the same might be said of Shelley, who, nevertheless, engaged with the most intense delight in whimsical freaks, as may be seen in *Hogg's Life*, vol. i.

Many profound characters will very probably laugh at the title of this paper, and sneer at the anecdotes which illustrate its signification. But we use to them the language of Thackeray, who, on being told, frankly and candidly, by a certain remarkably intellectual lady that she did not like his book, answered, with the same engaging frankness and candor, "Well, ma'am, I don't care."

WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

PRINCESS AND PAGE.

I.

SPRING in France is sunny and fair,
Spring's sweet odors enchant the air.

Into the Louvre's casement wide
Poureth the sunshine's golden tide.

Princess Marguerite standeth there,
Jeweled daisies amid her hair.

She glances down and whispers low,
"Who is the page that waits below?"

"Yon handsome youth with joyous air,
With broad white brow and shining hair."

The page looks up—his eager glance
Rests on the fairest face in France.

Glance answers glance with meaning sweet:
Fair page—fair Princess Marguerite.

II.

The summer's scented zephyrs glide
Into the Louvre's casement wide.

Summer sunshine in golden sheen
Glimmers around Queen Catharine.

"What handsome page," she mutters low,
"Is he that waiteth now below?"

"The velvet cap that crowns his curls
Is clasped with a daisy wrought of pearls.

"Last night he sang an old song sweet,
'Si douce, si douce, est la Marguerite.'

"I hear and heed; so have a care,
My handsome page—my daughter fair."

III.

The autumn winds chant wild refrain
Above the dark and sullen Seine.

A pallid moon with spectral light
Changes to ghostly day the night.

Over the river's bosom spread,
Widens a stain of fearful red:

Out of the depths there rises now
A pale dead face with cloven brow,

And tangled 'mid the blood-stained curls
There gleams a daisy wrought of pearls.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ONLY NO LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN. BY MRS. A. L. WISTER.

THE LOVERS.

LET us leave Annette to forget in the sound sleep of youth and health all the anxieties of her first day at the parsonage, and raise the curtain upon another scene.

We have before described the family aunt. Now, not only do such excellent creatures exist in many large old families, but in the great national circle there is very apt to be some one province occupying just such a retired position—full, nevertheless, of the consciousness of its own importance, and looking down rather peevishly upon its contemporaries, who outstrip it, in the eyes of the world, in the march of improvement.

Thus the province which is the scene of our story might well be called the family aunt of Germany, for the character of its inhabitants bore the same stamp of respectability and piety, the same obstinacy, the same inclination to preserve its grandmother's brocades and its grandfather's perukes, to collect and venerate the perishable glories of ancient times, the same self-glorifying consciousness of money-bags and title-deeds, and, lastly, the same firm conviction that nothing modern is worth much: in all things, you see, perfectly resembling the family aunt, even to the possession of a quiet nook in the land looking out upon the Gothic church steeple where the clock strikes both the hours and the quarters.

But all these features of family auntship pale before the influence of the nineteenth century, and would fade entirely, were it not that they retain a strong hold in various old fortresses and castles, where they reign supreme. In these the gates can be barred, the drawbridge raised, the portcullis lowered, and a stout rag of our grandmother's brocade flout above the battlements—a glorious ensign for all travelers who long to exchange the world of to-day for the

poetry of ivied turrets, moss-grown walls and all the romance of the past.

Just such a castle we now turn to—built like the solid rock, with battlements and turrets, drawbridge, portcullis and all. From behind a thicket of laurels and hemlocks, towering above their topmost branches, it commands a wide expanse of country—the range of mountains where stands Castle Massenbach, and the rich meadow watered by the stream along whose banks we have seen Annette wandering, and which empties its waters into the river which bounds the horizon. The old fortress was mainly distinguished for this charming view: nor does the gentleman in a green hunting-coat, who is now riding along a bridle-path on his way to the castle, find aught else worthy his attention, either in the narrow, dark gateway or in the confined courtyard, whence a winding staircase leads to the upper story of a round tower—dating, according to tradition, from the time of the Romans—which had been converted into a belvedere. Just as little is he interested to observe, as he enters unannounced, the contrast between the ruinous and somewhat weather-beaten walls without and the exceeding elegance of the appointments within. A multitude of unnecessary luxuries, invented by the fancy and caprice of leisure and taste, meet his eye on every hand in these odd little tapestried rooms, increasing in profusion as he approaches and finally enters the boudoir of the castellane, who lays aside the book she is reading upon the reading-desk in front of her couch, and advances to meet him with a friendly “Ah, Salentin!” He kisses her hand, and takes a seat in an arm-chair at the window, whence he looks forth upon the finest prospect that the castle commands.

“I cannot ascend your Elfenburg, Adrienne,” said he, after a pause, “with-

out being filled with melancholy. Something is wanting in my life. I am full of undefined longing. I have experienced this sensation at times from my earliest youth, and it is always called up by anything, like your castle here, reminding me of the past. This prospect does not cure me: it is too sadly fair."

Adrienne, with an air of suppressed irritation, threw back her head—which, let us remark by the way, was a remarkably pretty one, and well deserved to be carried proudly—and resting it upon her arm, which lay upon the cushions of the couch, replied:

"You are quite right. I, too, often experience the sensation which you describe, without being able to discover whence it arises."

"In your case it is undoubtedly the effect of loneliness, the result of your separation from all your accustomed occupations and enjoyments, which you have so kindly relinquished for my sake, Adrienne."

"That, Salentin," said the lady, "is a most manly, or rather mannish, speech. The same sensation, then, which argues deep feeling in a man, is the result in a woman of ungratified vanity. You know I detest the excitement to which you allude: indeed it is none to me, but insufferably wearisome," she hastily added.

"Don't be angry, my dear Adrienne," rejoined Count Guolfing, smiling; continuing in a tone of rather patronizing superiority as he kissed her brow: "You think you can easily forget all your former life, its interests and employments—that society—its soirées and its gossip? Good Heavens! how you deceive yourself! They are worth everything to you: they are necessary to your happiness, inseparable from it; not indeed for their own sake—not as they are the life of every superficial coquette who must dance and flatter and be flattered. No: that would be too preposterous. And not for the sake of the more cultivated members of those circles—those characters, distinguishable above the level of surrounding insipidity, always to be met with—about whom everything of talent and intellect in the atmosphere of

general society crystallizes, until they form a society within society where one may be really amused and entertained—not, I say, because intellectual friction with these people is necessary for you: no, not for that reason. But because society is the pedestal upon which stands your philosophy of life—that charming theory, always coquetting with itself, which looks just like you, Adrienne—the same mischief-loving eyes and pure profile—the same proud bearing, and full, nevertheless, of such unconscious maidenly naïveté. Oh this philosophy is charming in its negligence!—this youthful sage in long, fair, silken hair! From its heights of mental grandeur it looks down in disdain upon the empty life around it, and hugs its superiority in being able to despise what so few women can despise. This is its pride. But remove it from all this emptiness and folly, place it in solitude, and nothing remains in despising which it may daily be conscious of its own superiority. For example: in order to enjoy a quiet evening, you no longer need to refuse the hundred invitations that seek to draw into society one of the most brilliant of its members, but you will tire of enjoying it without the trouble by which you purchased it, for this very trouble nourished your self-consciousness—you will be miserable in not being obliged to contend with others for your happiness. You are not vain of the homage paid you, of the admiration which you excite: that you are not so feeds your self-satisfaction—you know that therein consists your superiority. But when you are far from all those who do you homage, and above whom you know you stand, upon what can this feeling of superiority, which has become a charming habit with you, exist? Why the foundation is snatched from your excellence—the pedestal from your philosophy."

"Delightful!" cried Adrienne, laughing, by no means irritated by this tirade, however unflattering parts of it might appear. "I can at least always have an opportunity of thinking myself superior to these characteristics, which my sharp-sighted husband will be perpetually de-

tecting. But do you know, Salentin, that parts of what you have just said sounded marvelously like a declaration of love? But have no fear," she continued, as Salentin started and a shade of evident annoyance flitted across his countenance: "I am perfectly well aware, to-day, at least, that I have nothing of the kind to fear from you."

There was a pause for a few minutes. To resume the conversation seemed rather an embarrassing task for both. Adrienne broke the silence by asking, with well-assumed indifference, "Do you know anything of the pastor of Lodorf, the village that looks so picturesque in that blue distance?"

Salentin shot one keen glance at his betrothed before he replied, which he did without a shade of embarrassment, and with an evident desire to display a genuine indifference: "Yes; he is a very old friend of mine—a man of considerable learning, and really remarkable force of character. I see him frequently, and Fräulein von Keppel, who rents part of the parsonage, is a distant connexion of my family. But how did you happen to hear of the pastor of Lodorf?"

"That is my secret."

Again a pause ensued, which Salentin employed in watching Adrienne narrowly, without appearing to do so. She had never seemed to him so lovely as now, when, as she sat looking out upon the charming landscape, the shade of melancholy deepened upon her face until it became almost sorrow. At length he said: "You have had letters to-day, Adrienne—one from the Countess von Trossenheim?"

"Yes: how did you know that?"

"That is *my* secret."

Here a servant announced Baron Hartung.

"Admit him immediately," said Adrienne; adding, as the man left the room, "You know he is with the Duke at Massenbach."

"Your Peter von Alcantara," said Salentin, rising. "I am going." And with a sensation of jealousy which he would not have acknowledged to himself, he thought, "She betrays herself;"

while Adrienne, with all a woman's instinct divining this jealousy, thought, "He betrays himself;" and all sadness vanished from her features for the moment.

He kissed her hand and took his leave, while Adrienne, who was really anxious to see Hartung alone, trusting to him for some enlightenment with regard to Annette, made no effort to detain him.

We cannot affirm that Count Guolfing's thoughts, as he slowly rode down the ascent to Elfenburg, were entirely satisfactory to himself. He was dissatisfied with the interview with his betrothed, which had begun so charmingly. He was annoyed at Adrienne's want of confidence in him. That her suspicions were aroused was beyond a doubt, although whether aroused or confirmed by her friend Christine had not been sufficiently well defined, and he hoped he had taken his revenge by affecting extreme indifference in speaking of the pastor of Lodorf. His evident desire to appear indifferent must have strengthened her suspicions: then, again, he was vexed at the readiness that she had shown to allow their *tête-à-tête* to be interrupted by Hartung; and, worse than all, he feared that he had not possessed sufficient self-control to conceal his vexation.

"She has my note to Hardenstein, that's clear," he soliloquized, "or the Trossenheim has told her of its contents. Hardenstein tells me that she is spreading them far and wide in the city, thorough gossip that she is. And—ma foi!—I respect Adrienne for not reproaching me with regard to Annette. But how the deuce could this exchange of letters have come about?"

He was obliged to confess to himself that he was by no means indifferent to the consequences of this exchange of letters, however unimportant it might at first have seemed. "It must not be allowed to make too deep an impression upon Adrienne," he thought. "In such a case I should have no support but the consciousness of rectitude, and it would not content me."

In the mean time, Hartung was with Adrienne—not indeed for the first time since he had read her letter. A month had elapsed since then, and he had seen her frequently, and yet each time that he was with her he was strangely agitated. He was no longer in love with her: that place in his fancy and his heart which had formerly been hers was now filled by another: he loved Annette; that is, he both loved and hated her. He was every day passing through terrible struggles with himself.

His heart was filled with a passion for her, for which he could have torn it out and cast it from him. He determined, with all the force of his reason and will, not to love her, and yet in her presence his will melted like snow before the sun in the consuming flame of his affection for her.

He compared Adrienne with Annette—Annette as she appeared to him in moments of intoxicating forgetfulness, pure and unsoiled by all by which he believed her degraded. How far below her pure poetic temperament did he rank Adrienne, with all her brilliancy, her highly-cultivated intellect and her talents, all owing their development to the most careful and studied training!

Heaven-high above all this were the indescribable grace, the unconscious magnanimity, the placid simplicity of the child of Nature. What a contrast there was between the two women!—the contrast between brilliant prose and musical, melancholy poetry. Adrienne was the sparkling prose, elaborating and educing from the depths of the human soul many a striking but often bitter truth. Annette was a poem spun of all a poet's finest fancies—like the song of the nightingale, full of soothing, harmonious melancholy. Nay, he went farther: he even accused Adrienne of his own faithlessness toward her: he thought her now heartless, incapable of self-sacrificing devotion, and therefore destitute of true womanliness. The flash of her wit was uncanny: she seemed a witch, an Undine who could become possessed of a soul only through the love and embrace of a mortal. There was some-

thing noisy and imposing about her, and in her most interesting moments he thought of what the ancient sage said to Venus: "*Nil sacri es.*"

Still, he had loved her, and he was faithful to his determination to rescue her from an entanglement into which she had been so shamefully enticed.

To this end he had been a constant visitor at Lodorf, that by acquaintance with Annette he might, if possible, procure certain proof that Count Salentin Guolfing was treacherously deceiving his betrothed, and thus convince the latter of this deceit, if, as he feared, it might chance that Frau von Trossenheim should send Salentin's letter to Hardenstein at the first glance, without reading it.

But this fear was unfounded. Hartung was convinced to-day, after the first few words that he exchanged with Adrienne, that the treacherous note was in her possession. She was not only absent, preoccupied and melancholy; she also began with a studied caution, that could not escape Hartung's penetration, to lead the conversation to the parsonage at Lodorf and its tenants, and finally to Annette in particular. Hartung informed her of his intimacy there, and could not forbear the triumph of portraying Annette in the most attractive colors, so that Adrienne naturally expressed a desire for an opportunity of seeing her.

"Nothing can be easier," he said: "we will ride to the parsonage some afternoon, and inquire of the pastor about the ancient title-deeds of your estate. He is, you know, an enthusiastic antiquarian, and knows by heart every bit of yellow parchment in the dukedom."

"Oh no, not that, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Adrienne. "I have certain reasons for wishing to remain invisible."

Hartung promised to arrange everything as she desired it, and to come soon again to undertake the expedition with her. She pressed his hand gratefully for his discretion in manifesting no surprise or curiosity to discover the reasons for her extraordinary interest in Annette, and he took his leave.

ANTECEDENTS.

COUNT SALENTIN GUOLFING was, apparently, the very man whom sentimental young German authoresses of the present day adopt as their hero. The necessary requirements for this post are, in the first place, a tall, imposing figure, dark curls, a moustache in which no single hair inclining to red can be detected (oh no, not for the world: this hair would be death to his magnificence, as one thrust from Roland's spear annihilated the handsomest and bravest knight), and a noble Grecian profile, such as we are all familiar with from Canova's chisel. His expression is one of melancholy enthusiasm; an oath never escapes his lips, nor has he ever been known to kick his dog; but while exposed to every trial that can beset mankind, from those which shatter the soul down to a stupid dog or obstinate horse, he has always preserved the loftiest magnanimity.

He has fought one duel, in witness whereof the scar on his white forehead is most becoming. In society he always stands lonely in the deep embrasure of a window or leans in a state of pensive abstraction against the mantelpiece, where he is always appealed to at the end of any discussion for his opinion, which in every case discloses an unfathomable depth of intellect.

But neither the unfathomable depth of his intellect, nor the unattainable loftiness of his imagination, hinders him from finally falling as desperately and humiliatingly in love as the most sentimental poetaster with a lady naturally possessed of the rarest and heavenliest attractions. The melancholy and expressive glances of his dark eyes, which continually rest upon her, inform her of his passion; but for the sake of these same glances, that must be introduced some way, he plays the tyrant for a while and does not declare himself. She nibbles at the bait of his incredible excellences for a while, until at last he throws off the lion's skin and soothes the lady like the clown in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Oh Heavens! how touching are these

weak, trite delineations by women of the character of a man!—not indeed as he is or should be, but as the secret wish, the ever-unfulfilled desire of a woman's heart would create him. Does it not shame us with the knowledge of how much in us is and must be concealed from woman?

Salentin Guolfing was well qualified, by a nature possessed of much gentleness and intellectual significance, and by a careful education, to play the principal part in a modern novel by a German woman. But he also possessed characteristics utterly disqualifying him for such a rôle—characteristics wherein lay his strength and his weakness, which, if they made him less a creature of romance, made him far more interesting as a man—part and parcel of the realities around us, pursuing with us the same high road of existence.

He was ambitious—very ambitious: his pride was great, and his intellectual capacity sufficient to enable him to justify to his own judgment whatever measures pride or ambition induced him to adopt—to justify them by a sophistry which would have been dangerous had his character not been founded upon thorough honesty of purpose, with great power of self-control.

Early in life he had entered upon a diplomatic career: now, having withdrawn from it for a while, he was devoting himself to study, traversing in his researches a wide field of observation and knowledge, while he nourished a secret intention of attaining to one of those political eminences in the German principality to which he belonged, which ensure the occupant's omnipotence in state affairs.

He had had a bitter disappointment in love while he was yet very young, and he was still, after many years, an obstinate satirist of womankind. But during the last winter in the capital, in the light of the newly-risen star of Adrienne von Traunstein, he had undergone a metamorphosis, and all the world had wondered, not that Adrienne's charms were not thought worthy of his homage: no, on the contrary, the wonder was

that the proud Guolfing should do homage to what was so universally admired. Adrienne was, whether envied, applauded or hated, the centre and queen of society, besieged by admiration which she received as queens generally receive it. Accustomed to such incense from her cradle, she regarded it almost as a necessity of existence. Perhaps if it had threatened to desert her, she might not have scorned employing any innocent coquetry to make it her own again, although she was of course safe from the evil effects which unaccustomed homage and flattery so often produce. Indeed, she had entered upon her twenty-sixth year without experiencing any impression upon her heart beyond a very fleeting inclination shortly after her entrance into society. Enchanting and enchain- ing all around her, she remained herself cold and impassive. And was Count Salentin enchanted and enchained? So it would seem, and Adrienne herself had not a doubt upon the subject.

She liked to meet him—thought him very amiable: yes, she preferred him above all others, but she had the same nameless dread of a declaration from him that she had of every declaration of love. This dread sometimes caused a constraint in her manner that did not escape Salentin. He found her one morning alone in her boudoir. The conversation turned upon a marriage lately concluded, in which every worldly requisition for happiness was wanting.

"How can a man be so enamored of folly! What madness to ruin all his prospects for the future for the sake of love!" cried Salentin.

There was something in this exclamation that nettled Adrienne: she was decidedly annoyed by it, but she answered immediately: "I agree with you entirely, Count Guolfing: there is no insanity to compare with the folly that makes such a sacrifice to a fleeting sensation—a sensation generally produced by artificial and accidental circumstances—at best of questionable importance, possessing by no means the weight in life which enthusiasts attach to it."

When one begins in a strain like this

of Adrienne's, there is a miserable deal to say: there are the fields of prudence, reason and materialism to be traversed, all plentifully stocked with arguments. One is tempted to go still farther and gird on the weapons of irony and satire, because, after all, with all this reasoning, one is never sure of his cause. The case is argued all the more violently as the speaker is constantly conscious of a point within sadly in need of fortification, and by no means impregnable to the assaults of the very enemy under denunciation.

Thus it happened that in this *tête-à-tête*, Adrienne and Salentin so vied with each other in fierce assaults upon love that they gradually became excited, and at last rather angry.

In fact each was piqued that the other should utter so decided an opinion without making a single exception, and so each stormed away all the more violently at poor Love, the divine child, in hopes of irritating the other.

When both had reached a most lofty point of angry denunciation, Count Salentin Guolfing offered Adrienne von Traunstein his hand.

"Let us have no love," he said, "but a marriage contracted in order that we may accomplish together the loftier and nobler aims of existence—a marriage founded upon mutual esteem and the truest sympathy of aims. I shall never annoy you by a declaration of love, nor desire love from you; but I will do all that lies in my power to make your life brilliant and happy—happy as it can be made only when protected by a husband possessed of your esteem and confidence. I shall entreat of you in return to make my interests your own, and to support me in the path which I see fit to tread in order to attain my aims in life, which, by the way, shall never be mean or unworthy of you. I know that we shall be happy: our dispositions have a certain affinity in their tastes, our minds in their aims. Each will have need of the other, for I do not think that there exists a stronger bond than communion in exertion which shall nobly employ existence. A community of thought and purpose, even although the purpose be, like mine,

egotistical, the fruit of ambition, contains in its essence much more of a guarantee for its continuance than can be found in a community of sentiment, which may vanish to-morrow. Decide, then, upon my future, Adrienne: you can create my happiness, for I know no other human being capable of assisting me as you can. Let us be happy, but not in love, not childish."

After several days for deliberation, Adrienne accepted Count Guolfing's hand. She had, in fact, determined immediately to do so; for, in the first place, she believed him possessed of all those amiable qualities which she required in the man to whom she could entrust her future; in the second place, she felt sure that, in spite of his cold philosophy and even unconsciously to himself, he really loved her; and lastly, she was firmly convinced that he must love her when she belonged to him. Her vanity precluded all possibility of a doubt as to that, even although she had failed as yet to triumph over his heart.

And could there be a more charming and flattering position for egotism and vanity than to be loved by a noble husband, before whom lay a splendid future, and yet never to be conscientiously impelled to give anything in return; for had he not stipulated for no love in the matter? Besides, Salentin's proposal, however strangely cold and indifferent it might sound, was a tribute to her all the more valuable from its novelty. He had not told her—what she knew already—that she was beautiful or charming, but he had given her credit for intellectual capacity to assist him in his ambitious plans for the future. In imagination she saw herself the star of an influential political circle—another De Longueville or De Stael.

She was now, in accordance with Salentin's desire, passing the summer upon her estate of Elfenburg, which was in the vicinity of Castle Guolfing. But, at the end of several months, what was the result of this engagement, entered into with such sublime self-conceit—this pattern arrangement of pru-

dence and sagacity? We have seen the result above. Salentin was desperately in love with Adrienne, and Adrienne with Salentin. Neither would be guilty of the inconsistency of making this confession, but would have given worlds to have extracted it from the other. There was a narrow inspection, a perpetual self-tormenting, a jealous oversight going on, which none but lovers could ever have survived; and now they stood formally opposed to each other, armed to the teeth. When Salentin learned from his friend Hardenstein that his letter to the latter had been opened and read by Frau von Trossenheim, while he himself had received the one from Adrienne to her friend, he knew that the postscript concerning Annette must provoke a crisis, and therefore he rejoiced in the exchange. Adrienne, in the mean time, wounded as a woman, mortified as a lady, had recourse in her need to Hartung to bring on that crisis to which she also now anxiously looked forward.

ANNETTE.

AFTER a few days' residence at the parsonage, Annette became quite accustomed to her new home. 'Tis true, the inmates were still strangers to her, in especial the pastor, of whom she saw least. From old Fräulein von Keppel she now and then received a few words of kindness and sympathy, which inspired her with a certain degree of confidence, but it was very difficult to please or even satisfy her, as she expected to have her advice asked upon every possible occasion, and yet, when asked, the usual reply was, "Lord, child! how can you ask such a silly question?" or something of the kind to show how weary she grew of always advising and assisting. Then, too, she continually betrayed her consciousness of Annette's dependent condition, and this consciousness is never graceful, even in the best of us.

Therefore, Annette was forced to make friends of her inanimate surroundings—house, fields and garden, which last she took under her special protection. She tended the young flowers, and trained

the growing peas and beans as if she had planted them herself, although she knew well enough, poor child! that the flowers plucked with her own hands from garden and hedge were likely to be the only ones that would adorn her pathway through life. The animals, too, about the place soon recognized her kindly care: the doves would alight on her shoulder, and the house dog, a rather cross old fellow, was her perpetual attendant.

In her labors in the garden she was usually assisted by the former pastor of Steinheim. The old man was (Heaven only knew why) a bitter enemy of *Fräulein von Keppel*; and in proportion as Annette suffered from her old relative's caprice, she rose in the strange old man's good graces, for she was a living witness to his mind of the fact that everything and everybody in the parsonage suffered under the *Fräulein's* staid, despotic rule. So, whenever he was not inclined to be ill—an inclination that generally took possession of him in wet weather—he went with Annette into the garden—he was an enthusiastic gardener—and would place his ladder against some tree or wall near which Annette was working, and entertain her to the best of his ability while trimming and pruning his favorites. Sometimes, however, she was obliged to check his garrulity, when he began to abuse her old relative or indulge in too free discussions.

"*Fräulein Annette*," said he one afternoon, hobbling up to her upon his thickly-swathed feet to help her lift the watering-pot, and casting a particularly sly glance at her flushed face—"Fräulein Annette, who is your patron saint?"

"I have none," she replied. "Surely I ought to be content with my blessed patroness, *St. Anna*."

"Oh no, silly child! Never be content with only a patroness: a patron you must have; and as I could not sleep last night, I employed my time in selecting one for you. I assure you I had a hard time of it, there is such a host of them, all gifted with peculiar power and beneficence. You see I wanted to find an

unusually mighty and faithful saint for you, a very refuge in time of trouble. Guess whom I have chosen."

"I cannot tell: I should have to look through the whole calendar."

"Why, the blessed Peter of Alcantara," cried the old man, bursting into a chuckling fit of laughter.

Annette's face grew more crimson than it had been with the exertion of drawing the water: she seized the watering-pot and hastened away, without, in her confusion, replying a single word. The secret which she had believed hidden from all the world had been discovered by this mischievous old man, who, notwithstanding his good humor, was so fond of teasing her. It was too mortifying! And was it not humiliating that, although so few weeks had elapsed since her first interview with him to whom the old man had just so coarsely alluded, he was so perpetually in her thoughts, where never before had room been found for any man; and that every day not enriched by his presence and his words was as a lost day to her? And withal she was so young—too simply educated to interest one so greatly her superior as Hartung; and, besides, mourning the loss of a dear mother, whose memory should have entirely filled her mind and heart.

Had she not already taken herself severely to task for her folly, and inwardly vowed always to leave the room during his constant visits at the parsonage? But what had been the result? He had always followed her into garden or lane: it was impossible to avoid him. Not for the world would she have hinted to herself that his visits were made solely upon her account, although a suspicion that such was the fact was forcing itself upon her mind in spite of herself. Certain it was, that no word of love addressed to her had ever passed his lips, but she had often noticed how, when speaking to others, his glance would perpetually seek her out and rest upon her—sometimes fondly, and then again so searchingly and sadly that it terrified and confused her. Then, too, when he spoke to her, his voice would sometimes tremble with

what seemed to be anger—what could it mean?—although his words were always kind, so kind that he had inspired her with a confidence in him never reposed by her before in any one but her dead mother. This it was that attracted her, that made him so noble in her eyes—his bearing so quietly dignified, and his manner so full of grace. He was to her a creature of another sphere, looking down like a king upon all the meanness and uncharitableness that degrade this life.

And, indeed, since the beginning of his sojourn at the court of the Duke of Hetzendorff, Hartung had imagined that he experienced a thorough change in himself. A quiet content had taken possession of him; he was gentle and prudent: no longer, he flattered himself, could there be any foundation for Adrienne's former unfavorable opinion of him. His former life might, he thought, be not unjustly compared to Adrienne herself—founded upon vain superficialities, and fluttering like a butterfly around the frivolities of the world: his present existence was as calm and peacefully content as—Annette.

But let us return to her. She was seriously angry with the old man, who had rudely attempted to drag forth into daylight the secret she had so carefully hidden—who had so coarsely revealed, in the mantling blush upon her cheek and brow, the crimson hue of the mystic rose of passion which had hitherto reposed, a closely-folded bud, in her inmost heart. She bitterly resented his entering her holy of holies with a jest.

Meanwhile, he had mounted a ladder placed against the wall of the house to tie up some straggling wreaths of grapevine, and as she passed the spot she said softly to the great dog always following her, "Lie down, Tiger!" He instantly stretched himself obediently just at the foot of the ladder, and resting his huge head upon his extended fore paws, lay blinking in the sunshine, lazily following with his eyes the mistress of his affections, who betook herself to a distant part of the garden. Now the worst possible relations existed between the dog

at the foot of the ladder and the old man above, who, hating dogs in general, did most especially abhor this one in particular, whose bristling hair and white teeth caused him such continual dread. Thus, when, upon desiring to descend from his perch, he became aware of his enemy below, he roared loudly, "Fräulein Annette! Fräulein Annette!" and when Fräulein Annette maliciously refrained from answering, he shouted all the more vigorously for the servant: "Martin! Martin! where the deuce are you?"

Now, the shouts which entirely failed to bring either Annette or Martin to his aid produced their effect upon Tiger, who raised his head and growled; then stood up and showed his formidable row of glistening teeth; and at last, utterly outraged by the obstinate want of confidence in him displayed by the old pastor, who redoubled his shrieks for help, broke out into most furious barking, and began making frantic leaps toward the upper rounds of the ladder.

Annette, in her concealment, laughed merrily at the success of her childish plot, when suddenly a window just above the head of the terrified gardener was opened, and the face of the old Fräulein appeared flushed with anger, while in tones more terrible than Tiger's she berated the unfortunate man, as if the howling and barking of the accursed brute below were all his fault. He was certainly exposed to the hottest cross-fire: beneath him leaped a savage brute, gnashing his teeth and roaring for his prey, and above the Fräulein scolded shrilly. It was too much: Annette came to his assistance, and pacifying Tiger, helped the disconsolate florist to descend and seek refuge in the house.

A few minutes afterward she heard the quick strokes of a horse's hoofs upon the village highway. Her heart beat loud and fast. Could it be he? Yes. The sound died away before the gate, and Hartung came directly through the house and into the garden where she was. He greeted her with formal courtesy, as if embarrassed by thus finding her alone, asked after the pastor, evi-

dently without any intention of going to seek him, and finally stood still, gazing at her with eyes before which her own sought the ground as he took her hand, kissed it and said,

"Annette, I must see you alone without witnesses, without fear of interruption. My happiness is in your hands. Can you refuse me? No, no, you cannot. Say you will be in the myrtle arbor in the grove to-morrow afternoon at this hour. I pray you do not disappoint me."

Annette was so embarrassed by his manner that she could not speak; and as she looked up at him without a word, he took her silence for consent, kissed her hand once more, and was gone before a sound had passed her lips.

Perhaps you imagine that she passed a sleepless night, wondering whether she ought to receive Hartung in the myrtle arbor on the morrow. I assure you you are mistaken. She slept the happiest sleep that she had known since her arrival at Lodorf. Why should she hesitate to accede to Hartung's request? She knew he would say nothing to wound her—nothing but what was kind and true-hearted—and she might safely trust in him. Was she thus secure in her mind only because such a conviction would permit her to follow the dictates of her heart, and be at the appointed spot when Hartung should await her there? I think this last is hardly likely, for in a pure and placid nature like Annette's, trust must exist before love is born: only with a more impulsive and sensuous temperament does confidence follow love.

When he asked Annette for this *tête-à-tête*, Hartung had a twofold object in view.

In the first place, he wished to afford Adrienne Traunstein the opportunity for observation that he had promised her; and then he was determined to ascertain the true relation in which she (Annette) stood to Count Salentin Guolfing. He should certainly be able to discover, either from her words themselves or from her manner in replying to him, whether he were dishonored or not by his affection for her. The more he saw

of her the more improbable—nay, impossible—did it appear that any stain could rest upon her loveliness. In his case, confidence was born of love; and as he became convinced that he had no cause to dread the truth, he was filled with a burning desire to know it. Was she perhaps the destined prey of the Count, ah, how she should be snatched from destruction! He reproached himself bitterly for not having already warned her, and was sure that he had been selected in the strangest manner by fate to rob Count Salentin at once of a mistress and a wife.

Long before the appointed hour, Annette sat alone in the arbor in the grove, and as the minutes slowly passed she found herself becoming restless and at last painfully excited. To allay this excitement, she sang aloud. Into the tones of her glorious contralto she threw her whole soul: the sound was as clear as the ring of a jewel dropped into a golden goblet. She sang a simple, quaint old song of her mother's, and unconsciously threw into the words more meaning than they had been intended to express:

"In the still, lonely bower I wait, love, for thee:
When twilight falls softly then come, love, to me.
Come when the light fades into night,
With the nightingale's song, with the first star:
Let me be sure that thou lovest me truly;
But if thou love me not, stay then afar.

"That I was lovelier—didst thou not say?—
Than the loveliest flowers that come with the May.
Yet shouldst thou now repent thy vow,
What though I long for thee, come not again—
Though I should weep for thee, come not again."

She thought herself alone as she sung each verse twice, clearly and distinctly. But no: Adrienne was listening from her concealment close at hand. She had not for an instant reflected whether she were wise in undertaking this expedition with Hartung—her desire to see Annette was too intense—but had left the castle with him on horseback at the appointed hour, and leaving her horse with a groom, had entered the grove through a hedge which bounded it at the back. Hartung had then conducted her to a spot whence, unobserved, she could both see and hear Annette.

The sight of that fair, graceful creature giving utterance in such pure tones to a feeling as pure and true, her figure framed by the clustering myrtle branches, while one spray drooping from the bough above her rested upon her innocent brow, produced upon Adrienne an opposite effect to any which Hartung had intended or expected. He had thought she would be filled with jealous scorn and contempt—that she would turn away coldly, resolved as to her future course toward Salentin. He dreaded the next few moments, for he well knew that he could not endure to hear one hard, derogatory word applied to Annette. But his fears were unfounded. Adrienne leaned more and more heavily upon his arm, and pointed to a rustic seat a short distance from where they stood. Thither he conducted her: she sank down upon it, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears, while Annette's song floated on the breeze toward them.

Yes, she was utterly annihilated in her own eyes. She knew herself betrayed by Salentin, but she had no right to reproach him. Had she not expressly stipulated that no love was to be required from him or from her? All this was her work.

And now she understood how monstrous had been this stipulation. She had wickedly trifled with the sacredness of love, and when punishment thus found her out, she had no right to complain.

Ah, how powerful was the might of this love which she had affected to despise! It was sounding loudly in her ears, borne upon the tones of Annette's full voice—the beauty, power and enduring glory of love. All petty jealousies and vanities were forgotten. Of what could she be vain? She, a woman without love—hers was indeed an empty and worthless existence. Her heart seemed to become ice: she wept no more.

In the mean time, another had entered the garden—Count Salentin himself. After a short interview with the *Fräulein* in the parsonage, he had asked for Annette, and, refusing the officious offers of the old pastor of Steinheim,

who had limped away, promising to call her, had set off himself in search of her. Following one of the winding garden paths he at last struck into a narrow, shaded walk which he pursued for a short distance, until, turning a corner, he came suddenly in sight of a most extraordinary group. There, in a lonely spot, upon a grassy mound from which he was separated only by a narrow rivulet and rustic bridge, he beheld his betrothed bride, Adrienne von Traunstein, while her former admirer, Peter von Alcantara Hartung, stood before her offering her his arm, which, rising, she accepted with every appearance of the utmost familiarity. Salentin hastened toward them and stood before her.

Count von Guolfing was too well bred a man not to shrink instinctively from anything like a scene, but for a moment jealous rage entirely mastered all his aristocratic self-possession.

"Adrienne," he faltered with quivering lips, while his face grew white, "I am perfectly aware that I have no claim upon your affection, but I can demand that you should respect my honor, and require you to have some consideration for your own reputation."

"Salentin"—she interrupted him here in a cold and hopeless voice—"what a reproach is this to me! How, how can you address me thus in sight of that young girl?"

She pointed as she spoke to Annette, who at this moment approached, preceded by the old pastor.

"Of that girl!—of my niece! Why not?"

"Your niece!" exclaimed Hartung.

Adrienne looked at her betrothed with an expression in her fine eyes which it would be useless to try to describe. For an instant she was happy, for she clearly perceived that his emotion proceeded from no mortification hiding behind a mask of injured innocence and anger, but that it was a genuine outburst of jealous love.

And what a strife possessed her heart upon this discovery! Love prompted her to relieve his jealousy and tell him everything; but pride, all quick again,

prevented her from what seemed so humiliating—the desertion of the principles and opinions which she had only shortly before so zealously advocated. No: she must first become quite sure that her confession would be received in the same spirit in which it was made.

She begged him to accompany her by a retired path to the midst of the grove, and was obliged to take his arm, for her knees refused their support.

"Is that young girl your niece?" she asked, gently.

"Yes: she is the daughter of my only brother, who when very young married a girl far beneath him in social standing, and so fell into disgrace with my father, who disinherited him. He was obliged to accept an insignificant official appointment in a small town about two miles hence, where he died soon after his marriage. I can hardly remember him, for I was a mere boy when he left home for his university career, but ever since I came of age I have supported his widow and child; and upon the death of the mother, not long since, I judged it best to place the daughter here at the parsonage, in charge of her and my distant relative, the Canoness von Keppel."

"Why did you never tell me all this before?"

"Because the whole matter is so unpleasant to me. I cannot bear to think of my brother's sad fate, when, but for his youthful folly, he might have had as fair a future as my own."

"Salentin," said Adrienne, "it was wrong to conceal this from me; and through this error I have, in thought, been guilty of great injustice toward you. I would entreat your forgiveness—would tell you what brought me here with Hartung this afternoon—but that there is another weight upon my mind from which it must first be relieved. Salentin, I am not what I was: I recognize my former folly. I cannot marry you. Noble, chivalrous as I know you to be, you will not distress me by questions or reproaches. Give me back my freedom; or give me"—she added as she saw Salentin regard her with an ex-

pression of the intensest anguish—"or give me, I pray—"

"What? what? For God's sake speak, Adrienne!"

"—Your whole and undivided heart for ever."

He clasped her in his arms with a joy far beyond any that triumphant vanity could produce. She felt a tear fall upon her brow as her head reclined upon his breast.

"How miserably hollow was our wisdom!" said he: "how lamentably conceited our shallow sophistry!"

In the mean time, Annette and Hartung had been left to mutual explanations. She told him, as she saw Count Guolfing walk away with the stranger lady, that it was her uncle, who had lately told her of his approaching marriage, but what Hartung said, and how she made reply, why should I write it here? It would serve no purpose but to supply the old pastor of Steinheim with new matter for jesting at Annette's expense; and really I love the girl too well to expose her to anything of the kind.

The memory of his late distressing position, which he rightly attributed to Annette, was still fresh, and he was provoked, besides, at being left entirely alone by every one.

"The only part left for me to play, as far as I can see," he said peevishly, "is to tuck the old Fräulein (Heaven bless her!) under my arm and lose myself in a third of these romantic paths."

Three months afterward the marriage of Baron Hartung was solemnized in the castle of the Duke of Massenbach. The Duke had insisted upon doing honor to his private Secretary by undertaking every arrangement for this important event himself. The guests were invited under his own ducal hand and seal—among them the Countess and Count von Guolfing—and His Highness took part in the festivities with every appearance of great interest and the most condescending amiability.

In the evening the roll-call of his body-guard was beaten, and there was a grand display of fireworks. An immense number of people had assembled

before the castle, who, when the rockets had blazed their last, distributed themselves through the park, whistling, singing, dancing and joking, enjoying the delicious summer evening and the music of the band which reached them through the open windows of the illuminated saloons. The Duke suddenly became aware of these crowds as he looked casually from one of the windows, and quickly called Hartung to his side:

"Look, Hartung! what is all this? What does it mean? a revolution, eh?"

Without waiting for an answer, he hurried away and immediately appeared in the ball-room with his sword by his side.

"Gentlemen, follow me!" he shouted; and preceding them, he strode gravely down the castle steps into the park.

The people rushed toward him from every side.

"See to it," he turned and cried to his followers, "that no one hinders me from crushing in the dust with my own hand the hydra of insurrection!"

The instant that the gathering crowd heard the voice of their national father, they tore off their caps and threw them into the air, shouting, "Long live our Duke of Hetzendorff-Massenbach!"

There was shouting and noise without end.

The Duke returned his sword to its scabbard with a sigh. "It can't be done," he said in a tone of melancholy resignation.

"No, your Highness," said Hartung, smiling. "All things have their day: revolutions are out of fashion."

THE DEVIL'S CAVE.

THERE is a peculiar interest attaching to any information regarding our sister republic of Mexico, both on account of the romantic character of her early history, and on account of the apparent partiality with which Nature has favored her by the lavish expenditure of her richest gifts upon her soil—an interest which the more recent developments in her history have tended to intensify. In view of this fact, the writer of the subsequent narrative, who spent the greater part of his life among the descendants of the Aztecs, feels induced to give publicity to an episode of his Mexican experiences, which he thinks may throw some light upon one of the most remarkable phenomena of that country—a phenomenon which thus far has eluded all the attempts of science to explain, and the explanation of which receives an additional interest from the importance which the recent occurrence of some of the most destructive earthquakes on record—both on our own

continent and elsewhere—have taught us anew to attach to these mighty subterranean revolutions. Foregoing, therefore, any further apology, he proceeds with his narrative.

The city of Mexico is surrounded by ditches, which discharge their waters into Lake Tezcoco, north of the city. All the water coming from the mountains north of the capital, as well as that which flows from the numerous artesian wells so common in the city and its environs, is carried to this lake, which covers an area of about one hundred square miles with salt water. None of the many efforts that have been made to obtain a regular outlet for this lake, and for which many millions of dollars have been spent, have proved successful, and thus the city is constantly exposed to inundation, caused by the heavy rains which every year pour down in torrents, and for a time convert the streets into rivers. Early in this century an overflow occurred,

during which the water reached the height of seven feet, in memory of which event porcelain tablets were inserted into the walls of houses to indicate the highest water-mark.

Mexican annals assert that the Spaniards expended over forty millions of dollars in endeavoring to procure an outlet for this lake; and under the viceroyalty of Bucareli three thousand Indians were employed to excavate a tunnel through the mountain of San Andres, by which the water was to be carried to the other side of the ridge; but before its consummation the tunnel caved in and was abandoned. The cause of this trouble is the topographical character of this side of the Valley of Mexico, since—with the exception of the sites upon which the villages of Tacubaya and San Miguel are situated—it is almost perfectly level, having a declivity of scarcely eight feet toward the side of the lake.

For a long time it was a scientific problem by what means the lake discharges the immense quantity of water with which the mountains and artesian wells constantly supply it, and for which apparently there is no outlet. Yet, although the lake lies on a level with the city, and therefore seems to threaten the latter and the entire valley constantly with the danger of an inundation, the actual occurrence of such an event is very rare, and never takes place except in consequence of extraordinarily heavy freshets. Although many have attempted to solve this problem, no satisfactory theory has been proffered thus far in explanation of this singular phenomenon, with the exception perhaps of one. According to this hypothesis, the burning rays of the tropical sun shining over the large extent of the area covered by the lake cause the evaporation of a quantity of water sufficient to counterbalance the amount which is supplied by the various tributaries of the lake, and to keep the latter—at least under ordinary circumstances—within its limits. Plausible, however, as this explanation at the first glance may appear to many, it never has proved conclusive to me; for al-

though it cannot be doubted that the evaporation is very great, yet this evaporation cannot be assumed to be proportionate to the vast quantity of water which is incessantly carried into the lake.

Favored by a peculiar coincidence of circumstances, I was once enabled to satisfy myself beyond doubt that my hesitation in admitting the correctness of this theory was well justified. In the following narrative I will relate how—by accident and without any merit of my own—I became acquainted with some facts which tend to show clearly how far the Mexican savans who had attempted the solution of this interesting problem had come short of the truth, and how often superstition clothes in mystery and romance facts which may easily be traced to the most natural causes.

The distance from the city of Mexico to Tezcoco is six leagues, and can be traversed either by land or water. The ditches which surround the capital lead to a principal one at the garita of San Lazaro, and thence to a canal which empties into the lake. At this garita or toll-gate barges are found (nine feet wide by forty-five feet long) which are employed as conveyances between the city and Tezcoco. The conveniences which they furnish are of a somewhat rustic and primitive style, as they consist of nothing but two rows of hard, uncushioned benches which serve as seats, and are partly sheltered by a dilapidated awning of sailcloth from the burning rays of the sun, to which the passengers are exposed from morning until night. The fare for these by no means very comfortable accommodations is twenty-five cents. Nine Indians constitute the crew, one of whom steers the barge, while the others propel it by means of poles eighteen feet long, which they push to the bottom of the canal, running at the same time by turns the length of the boat. In this manner the barge is moved through the canal, which is about six miles long, but hardly wide enough to allow another boat to pass.

While the scenery on both sides of the canal is in no way interesting, as the

soil is marshy and devoid of vegetation, this part of the journey becomes decidedly disagreeable from the fact that the water of the canal is infected by the drainage of a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, which imparts to it an odor easier to be imagined than endured. This source of annoyance, however, ceases as soon as the barge arrives at the lake, when the eye of the traveler is struck here and there by compact tracts of floating moss, which probably in olden times gave rise to the tales of the floating gardens of the Moctezumas, and some of which can easily be cut by the barge, while others offer greater resistance, and compel the bargemen to take a circuitous route in order to avoid them. These patches of floating vegetation are sometimes half a mile in length and of differing widths, and do by no means contribute to render the journey more pleasant, particularly when a heavy north wind is blowing.

On the occasion of the trip which forms the subject of this narrative I constructed out of my cane and coat a tent to protect myself against the burning rays of the sun, and lying down upon the bottom of the barge tried to make myself as comfortable as possible until we should arrive at the other side of the lake, where there is another canal. There was a perfect calm, and the silence which prevailed, as all the passengers, overcome by the scorching heat, had dropped asleep, was interrupted only by the steady tread of the Indian propellers and the splashing of their poles as they raised them from the water.

Suddenly we were aroused by the hoarse voices of our crew, who burst into a kind of chant in which all those aboard joined, springing at the same time from their hard couches and prostrating themselves, while they repeated three times these words: "*Santa Maria, salva nos!*"—Holy Mary, save us! At the same moment the barge came to a halt, and all on board, with bare heads and prostrate forms, made the sign of the cross. Aroused from my drowsiness, and bewildered by what was going on around me, I glanced with an inquiring

look at my fellow-passengers. Nobody, however, seemed to pay the least attention to me, for, after having risen, the crew resumed their monotonous work, while the passengers again stretched themselves to sleep, and everything relapsed into stillness, leaving me at a loss what to think of this strange scene.

Under these circumstances I ventured to address one of the passengers nearest to me by saying,

"Señor, can you explain to me what this means?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but we are too near yet for me to dare give you any explanation: wait until we are far enough away and there is no longer any risk."

"Risk!" I exclaimed—"of what?"

But in reply he only made the sign of the cross and turned away, leaving me politely to my own conjectures as to this mystery.

Since the passenger whom I had addressed appeared to be the most civilized of all those around me, I gave up any further attempt at inquiry, and resolved to restrain my curiosity until we should arrive in Tezcoco, hoping that there I should be able to obtain the desired information. Yet so completely absorbed had I become in this singular adventure that I actually forgot the principal object of my journey, and kept continually repeating to myself the words, "*Santa Maria, salva nos!*"

As we now were approaching Tezcoco, I prepared myself for the disembarkation, when the captain of the barge politely asked me for my fare. I could not let this opportunity for gratifying my curiosity pass without asking him for an explanation of what I had witnessed during our journey. Taking my arm, he led me to the helm of the barge, and after uncovering his head and making the sign of the cross, he pointed toward the east, where I could distinguish a huge cross in the centre of the lake.

"There," he said, "is the Devil's Cave."

"What about it?" was my quick inquiry, but my informant had already turned away to resume the collection of the fares, and my hope of having my

curiosity gratified was again doomed to disappointment.

Before the conquest of Mexico by Herman Cortes, Tezcoco was the capital of a mighty republic of that name, and was tributary to the empire of Moctezuma. Its population must have been very large, for it is recorded that at one time, when the empire was engaged in war, the republic of Tezcoco furnished three hundred thousand warriors to the army of Moctezuma. However that may be, the people of Tezcoco were among the most enlightened of the Indian nations, and far advanced in art, science and general civilization. At every step the observer meets in Tezcoco with relics which are most interesting as monuments of the civilization of the earliest inhabitants of America.

In the vicinity of Tezcoco there are two celebrated pyramids called, "El Sol y la Luna" (the Sun and the Moon), which, in spite of their remarkable structure, have but little attracted the attention of travelers. In Xumitla, a small village near the city, the high priests of the republic resided, as is proved not only by the celebrated stone of sacrifice, but also by the numerous graves which were discovered here, and the appearance of which bears evidence of their being the burial-places of the high dignitaries of the republic, who were always interred at the place where the high priest resided.

On my arrival at Tezcoco I visited the cacique, an Indian with whom I had some business to transact, upon the conclusion of which I took occasion to ask for information regarding the "Devil's Cave." In reply he furnished me with the following, which I give in his own words:

"At the time of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, their well-known cupidity and avarice induced the Aztecs to take every precaution in order to prevent their highly-revered idols and precious treasures from falling into the hands of the invaders. Thus, during the night before the entrance of the latter into the city of Mexico, the slaves of the reigning emperor were actively

employed in carrying away all these riches and throwing them into Lake Tezcoco, since they preferred to see them destroyed to having them become the plunder of the conquerors. The unfortunate nephew of the conquered ruler of the Aztecs, who assisted at this operation and superintended it, was seized by the enraged Spaniards and subjected to the excruciating torture of having his feet roasted upon a red-hot gridiron, in order to extort from him a confession; but as the victim of their cruelty died under this severe ordeal, the rapacity of his executioners remained unsated.

"This incident gave rise to the popular legend regarding the Devil's Cave; according to which, every evening at sundown a bluish vapor was seen hovering over the spot where these treasures lay buried, which was believed to be the spirit of the ill-fated royal victim, who had perished in his attempt to ensure the preservation of the revered idols from the defiling hands of the invaders.

"At the introduction of Christianity into Mexico by the Spaniards, the first archbishop of the capital proceeded to the place in solemn procession, and amid many benedictions planted a huge cross here to mark the spot, and to drive away the evil spirit haunting it. After this ceremony the vapor was no longer seen, but in its place a whirlpool appeared, which proved most dangerous to the boatmen plying upon these waters, and drew many of them into its treacherous current, where they disappeared for ever. For this reason, even until this day, all boatmen who pass the spot prostrate themselves and fervently repeat the Ave Maria, hoping thus to avert the dreaded danger."

This, then, was the story of the Devil's Cave, as related to me by my Indian friend; and after having heard it, I resolved to further investigate the facts regarding it, since I felt sure that such investigation would result if not in benefiting science, at least in gratifying my own curiosity, which was far from being satisfied by this tale.

Yet time and circumstances were not

favorable to carrying out this resolution—so much the less, as there was no hope for an immediate lucrative gain to be derived from it, and as the mutability and instability of affairs prevailing in Mexico impress the adage, "Time is money," more forcibly than anywhere else upon the foreigner, and compel him to take Time by the forelock in making the most he can of the present moment. The country was just then in a state of feverish excitement, as the allied governments of France, Spain and England had landed their forces on the shores of Vera Cruz; and I therefore abandoned the project of my investigation for a more appropriate season.

A year had elapsed, and I had nearly forgotten what I had heard in regard to the Devil's Cave, when a peculiar incident invested the subject with even a greater interest for me than it had previously possessed. The emperor of the French had sent out with his expedition a corps of scientific men for the purpose of investigating the natural resources of the country, until then almost entirely unknown; among whom were the celebrated Abbé Brasseur and other scientific Frenchmen. The corps was organized in the capital, and to it were added many natives, as well as foreigners who had long resided in Mexico, and who were supposed to be acquainted with its resources. I was myself among these latter, and was honored with an invitation to join this scientific expedition and give to it the benefit of the experience which I had acquired during a long residence in the country, especially in the departments of zoology and botany, to which personal taste had particularly attracted me; and as I possessed very extensive botanical and zoological collections, these departments were especially assigned to me.

Accordingly, in the month of July I started upon a tour of investigation, and remembering from the reports of earlier travelers that in the Tierra Caliente, so called, grew many plants containing remedial properties not yet fully known to the scientific world, I directed my first journey toward that region.

To that corps which was confided to my direction a German engineer was attached, who, however, was more especially interested in chemistry than in anything else, and who had very extensively traveled throughout the country.

At the end of our first day's journey we rested at Mecca-mecca, situated at the foot of the volcano Popocatepetl, where the temperature never rises beyond 50°, but is generally between 20° and 24°. From here it is but a short distance to Cuatla, yet the atmospheric change is so distinct that while at the former place a Siberian temperature prevails, the latter is decidedly tropical. Near Mecca-mecca the Northern pine is the only tree found, while Cuatla abounds in coffee, bananas, pine-apples, and all the fruits characteristic of tropical climes, although the distance between the two places is not greater than six leagues, or eighteen miles.

While we were sitting around a large wood-fire in a so-called hotel at Mecca-mecca and discussing various topics, I incidentally alluded to the story of the Devil's Cave, when my German friend, the engineer, who was of rather an eccentric turn of mind, started up as if touched by magic, and took up the subject with such a vehemence of passion that we all turned to him and listened with more than ordinary interest.

From his remarks we learned that he had made Lake Tezcoco a subject of especial study for many years, and during the time of General Comonfort's presidency had proposed a plan to the government for giving an outlet to the lake, so as to protect the city against any danger of inundation. Yet his plan met with no approbation, since all improvements in Mexico receive at best but little governmental encouragement. He enunciated the theory that there really was a whirlpool in the centre of the lake, which must have some subterranean outlet; but as the currents of the water centre toward the pool, all the rubbish coming from the city through the canal is naturally carried in the same direction, and has, by an accumulation of many years, if not entirely stopped up, at least

obstructed the opening of the whirlpool to such an extent as to considerably lessen the flow of the water through the same. By cleaning out this whirlpool, forming around it a vertical shaft, and covering the same with an iron grating, he expected not only to obtain an outlet sufficiently large to reduce the amount of water contained in the lake, but also to circumscribe the lake within narrower limits, and thus to make the lands which are generally overflowed by it so productive to the city government as to ensure to it a more than sufficient compensation for the expenses that such a vast enterprise would naturally involve.

To this I raised the objection that the sinking of a shaft would be justified only by the firm conviction of the actual existence of a subterranean outlet, while the facts thus far established did not exclude the possibility of a partial absorption of the water of the lake by the ground beneath, without there being an actual outlet. He refuted my objection by most positively asserting his conviction that there was a fissure in the earth beneath the whirlpool sufficiently large, if cleaned out, to absorb all the water of the lake in one day.

Professor Reyes, one of our party, admitted the plausibility of this theory, yet insisted upon the necessity of a practical test of its correctness, and thought that such a test would involve too great an amount of outlay, which would not be justified unless stronger facts were brought to bear upon the evidence for this theory than those thus far adduced.

"I am in possession of such facts!" exclaimed our German friend; "and you all shall see them to-morrow, on our way to the 'Tierra Caliente,' not far from Cuatla. I will show you the proof for my assertion, and I am convinced that it will compel you all to admit the correctness of my theory."

Knowing the eccentricity of my friend and traveling companion, I had not much confidence in his theory; yet it set me thinking. What gave rise within me to the strongest doubts as to the sufficiency of his proof was the fact that he had promised to give it to us the next morn-

ing in the Tierra Caliente, at a distance of from thirty to forty miles from the lake. No objection to his theory, however, was of any avail, for from that time he became completely absorbed in that one thought, and just before we retired for the night he expressed to me his thankfulness for my having broached the subject, since he felt sure that the emperor Maximilian would approve of his plan and assist him in carrying it into execution.

On the next morning, after our cavalcade had been en route for more than two hours, we descended into the valley of Cuatla, and here we realized the most sublime contrast of scenery. With the crossing of the summit of the range of mountains of which Popocatepetl is the culminating point, we left the extreme cold region for its other extreme, entering a part of Mexico which surprised us by the glorious luxuriance of its vegetation. The surprise is so much greater and more agreeable as the change is so sudden. Just now we were climbing over barren rocks, with but a few miserable bushes, and in the very next moment we descend into the valley, which appears a perfect paradise, and in which Nature, unrestrained by the hand of man, has given full vent to her creative capriciousness by calling into life a world of vegetation varied in design and color, and beautiful beyond anything that man can imagine.

The majestic mango, with its bright green and lustrous foliage, beneath which the delicious fruit hangs like the many thousand bells of a Chinese pagoda; the golden fruit of the orange, mingling the whole year round with its white and fragrant blossoms, which spread their delightful perfume far and wide; the red and single blossom of the banana, resembling in shape the heart of an animal, and its bunches of fruit, shaded by those splendid bronze leaves that probably furnished to our primal parents their first garments; the aguacate, the cherimoya, the zapote—all fruits unknown to the North—vie with each other in the luxuriance of their beauty, affording cool shade to the weary traveler,

while serving at the same time to quench his burning thirst and to satisfy his hunger after a fatiguing journey.

Wide and extensive sugar-fields wave their high canes at the slightest breeze, and resemble at a distance a green sea, while millions of coffee trees, with their red beans, form a beautiful contrast to far-stretching plantations of pine-apples overshadowed by the broad leaf of the banana; and here and there comes forth the warbling song of the "ruiseñor" (nightingale) and the "clarin de selva" (bugle of the forest), trying to outvie the chattering of the parrots, guazamayos and a hundred different kinds of birds, highly prized for the dazzling beauty of their richly-variegated plumage; and not unfrequently the traveler may witness the gymnastic exhibitions of the different kinds of monkeys, jumping from tree to tree, especially when disturbed in the quiet enjoyment of their forest home. This is but an imperfect sketch of the impression the traveler receives at the first glance when stepping over the threshold of the Tierra Caliente.

The first place that strikes our attention is the Hacienda de Buena Vista, a stone-wall enclosure of an area of some four hundred square yards surrounding the principal building, the church and the granaries of the plantation. Its origin dates back to the time of the conquest by Cortes, when a tract of land was given to a Spanish captain by the name of Joaquin Gonzalez, who built this stone wall around the hacienda—a feature peculiar to all haciendas in Mexico, and necessitated by the frequent attacks to which they were formerly exposed on the part of the Indians.

Here we halted for breakfast, and, although we were all strangers to the proprietor, we were greeted on entering the large, commodious hall with that kind hospitality for which the Mexican land-owner is so well known. But the unprecedented kindness with which we were here received was attributable not only to the general hospitality of the Mexicans, but to an exceptional reason, inasmuch as our German friend, of whom we had lost sight in some unaccountable

way, had preceded us, and, being an old friend of the family, had prepared them for our coming.

A sumptuous repast was spread before us, of which, as a matter of course, the inevitable pulque* formed a part. After having freely partaken of it, and while preparing, in accordance with our intention, to proceed on our journey, we were interrupted by the engineer, for whom the hour of triumph had now arrived. With the consent of the landlord, which he solicited with a glance that indicated a previous understanding, he absented himself for a moment, and soon returned with a piece of plank in his hand, which he carried like a trophy, exclaiming at the same time, "Here is the proof I promised you for my theory—a fact that cannot be denied. This trophy which you see here, although but a piece of plank, would tell a sad tale if it could speak, but I will try to interpret its silent yet eloquent language."

We all wondered what it might mean, as we could discover nothing of particular interest in this piece of wood which he had laid upon the table, except that it looked like a fossil encrusted with salt. In the mean while our German friend proceeded as follows:

"Some years ago I was invited by the proprietor of this hacienda to make a survey of his estate, and while thus engaged I frequently discovered objects which attracted my attention and curiosity, so as to induce me to pick them up and take them home, until after a while I found myself the possessor of a collection of rare fossils and plants, which incited within me a real thirst for curiosities, for the gratification of which I left nothing unobserved.

"One morning, while taking a survey of the eastern part of these lands, I noticed a spring from which came gush-

* The fermented juice or sap of the *Agave Americana*, obtained by removing the heart of the plant, and allowing the sap to exude from the leaves into the cavity thus formed. Although to the foreigner, at first introduction, the most nauseous of drinks in smell and taste, it becomes, upon further acquaintance, the best friend he can possess, for its tonic and febrifuge qualities. Vast quantities are consumed in all parts of the republic.

ing forth a large and continuous stream of pure salt water. In reply to the inquiries I made in the evening with regard to this spring, Mr. Gonzalez related to me that in the year 1807, at the time of the celebrated earthquake which caused so much damage to this section of the country, this spring appeared and threw many objects to the surface, which, on account of their peculiarity, were collected and preserved by his father, and among which was this piece of plank." At these words he turned it over, and we could plainly distinguish on it the name of "Juanita," but before we could follow up the new train of thought to which this discovery gave rise within us, our friend resumed his narrative as follows: "Two months afterward I had to meet an engagement at Tezcoco, and as, in consequence of some accidental remarks I overheard regarding the whirlpool in the lake, generally known as the 'Devil's Cave,' I made further inquiries, I was informed that many boats which had come too near that whirlpool had been submerged, and that, among others, according to the records of the place, on the seventh day of November, 1806, a barge loaded with grain, and bearing the name of Juanita, had been lost. Linking this piece of information with the story of this piece of wood, I came to the conclusion that the latter formed part of that ill-fated barge. Trying then to solve the mystery involved in the question how it could have been thrown up by the spring here, at such a distance from the place where the vessel was wrecked, I reasoned thus: In former times, as is known, Lake Tezcoco covered an extent of nearly double its present area, and therefore after heavy rains its waters generally entered the city and overflowed its suburbs. All efforts to prevent these occurrences, and to restrain the waters of the lake within their limits, proved unsuccessful, until at the time of the earthquake in the year 1807 the waters of the lake sensibly re-

ceded and began to disappear, so that after three days the lake was reduced to half its size, and ever since has remained within its narrower limits. As now, according to reliable information which I obtained, on the very day of that earthquake a fissure was observed at this place where now the salt spring is, from which originally a heavy stream of water issued, I am led to believe that this fissure, produced by this earthquake, extends through the whole Valley of Mexico, even to Lake Tezcoco; that the water of the lake is absorbed by that fissure, and forces its way through it, until it gushes forth through this spring; and that, as other pieces of wood, known to grow only in the Valley of Mexico, were discovered here to have been thrown up by this spring, and preserved by the father of our host, so likewise this piece of wood, which no doubt formed a part of the barge Juanita, found its way through this fissure until it was thrown up here, furnishing thus an irresistible argument in favor of the actual existence of a fissure in the earth, which—according to my firm conviction—may easily be made available as a natural outlet for the water of Lake Tezcoco, and a protection for the city of Mexico against inundations, by sinking a vertical shaft at the place of the whirlpool and surrounding it with an iron grating, so as to prevent the rubbish accumulating from the drainage of the city from blocking it up again."

His argument appeared indeed so strong to all his hearers that none of us felt able to resist its convincing force; and as I do not know that any one of those who listened to it, or the narrator himself, has ever given it any greater publicity, I hope to be justified in having tried by the foregoing narrative to preserve it from oblivion, and in the interest of science, as well as for utilitarian reasons, to contribute my mite toward solving the mystery of "The Devil's Cave."

FANCY SIGNATURES.

THE question must sometimes occur to a reader of general literature, How did the practice of adopting fictitious names, instead of real ones, become so prevalent? One obstacle at the outset of our inquiry is the difficulty of finding a title for its subject-matter. The proper word is *pseudonym*: writings published without any name attached to them are *anonymous*; those which bear a feigned name are *pseudonymous*. But this, the only proper *English* word, is so caviare to the general that, in deference to the popular weakness, we usually have recourse to a foreign phrase—*nom de plume*—the classicality of which is open to doubt. Whether good or bad French, it is evidently formed by analogy from the older *nom de guerre*. In those times when absence from the service of one's country was a serious offence, there existed a very strong motive for concealing one's identity, besides those which still lead many a scapegrace in California or Australia to sink his family name.

During the Middle Ages, and for some time after the revival of letters, it was rather the rule for an author not to publish under his real name. Some have derided the mock modesty of these ancient worthies, "who little thought," says one writer, "that in a few years their real names would be the best symbols of obscurity." But there were substantial reasons then for *noms de plume* as well as for *noms de guerre*. Such disagreeable little accidents as death at the stake or a dungeon for life sometimes befell the author who displeased a priest or a prince. Where no such peril existed, a different motive often produced what was not exactly an intentional disguise, but had the practical effect of one. While all serious works were written in Latin, Teutonic and even Gallic names had an awkward appearance among Ciceronic adjectives. They were therefore softened by Latinizing or Hellen-

izing them. But there were two ways (at least) of doing this: When the name was obviously significant, it might be literally translated—*e. g.*, *Melanchthon* from *Schwartzertdt*. Or, whether the name had a plain meaning or not, it might be merely Latinized in form. Hence great confusion in the literature of the period, and much unnecessary trouble to subsequent investigators. Thus, one librarian or commentator would turn the name of the French historian Duchesne into *Quercetanus*, translating it literally; another, merely giving it a classical termination, would write *Duchesnius*; and a third, not regarding the article as properly part of the name, would put down *Chesnius*.

Modesty, curiosity, the greater dramatic facility afforded—all sorts of motives, down to the ignoble necessity of dodging one's creditors—have kept up the practice of writing under a feigned name to our day. The French are very fond of the pseudonym: the English make much less use of it, their reserve and absence of vanity leading them to prefer the anonymous. Yet England in another century produced the most successful pseudonymist on record—"old *Nominis Umbra*," as Byron calls him. Our own people, in this as in some other fashions, take more after the Gauls.

Twenty years ago there was a great run upon alliterative signatures. Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Judson, two of the most opposite persons possible, set the fashion as "Frank Forrester" and "Fanny Forrester." This mode has nearly run out, though some of the original specimens are still extant. "Fanny Fern" continues to make one of Bonner's team; "Timothy Titcomb" wears the proud title of the American Tupper, with profit to himself and satisfaction to his multitudinous readers; and "Grace Greenwood," supposed to be buried somewhere in the West, recently gave signs of remaining vitality by

"pitching into" a younger pseudonym, the sparkling and saucy "Gail Hamilton."

Mention of whom brings up the main theme of our somewhat desultory paper—the mistakes, *contretemps* and general inconveniences resulting from this fashion of fancy signatures, and hardly separable from it. When Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, residing at Hamilton, Massachusetts, adopted the *nom de plume* "Gail Hamilton," she made a hit in several respects. But the pseudonym had one defect: it did not indicate the author's sex, which some English reviewers consequently mistook.

"Carl Benson" was a very passable signature for a fugitive contributor, till there arose a real Eugene Benson, writing upon nearly the same subjects. The latter also had *his* fancy signatures for different newspapers, which worse confounded the confusion, and made the two gentlemen a sort of Janus-Proteus, something far beyond Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus. Poor Leutze at one time believed that all the adverse criticisms upon himself and any other prominent artists were inspired by Eugene Benson.

In this connection we are tempted to give a full history of the ingenious mystification by which (*more suo*) a distinguished author persuaded no small part of the British literary public that the "Manhattan" of the London *Standard* during our civil war was the same "Manhattan" who used to write in *Fraser*; but, *Nil de mortuis*, etc.

It is in France that the confusion arising from the use of fancy signatures reaches its height. There are three classes in France of whom it may be said that persons belonging to the first are never known by their real name; those to the second very rarely; those to the third not often. The three classes are lorettes, actors and minor authors. Many of the real names of French *littérateurs* have a foreign origin (usually German), which gives them an outlandish look, while the *noms de plume* are generally made to resemble real names (such signatures as "Nemo," "Timothée Trim," "Sir Francis Troloppe," are rare exceptions): the result

is, for any stranger—that is, to say for any one not thoroughly posted in the current literary gossip of the capital—an utter uncertainty as to the authorship of any *feuilleton* or *brochure* he reads. The pseudonyms of many writers have fairly displaced their real names. Few persons know that "Gerard de Nerval" was only the mask of La Brunie, and "Gabriel Fený" might have passed off in the same manner had not an editor parenthesized the real Louis de Bellemaire on his cover. Beyle (pronounced "Bell"), a writer who holds a very high and probably exaggerated place in the estimation of one school of French criticism, is so much better known to literature by his signature "Stendhal" that a recent contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* assumed it to be the real, and Beyle the fictitious name. Great authors, like great actresses, have rarely disguised themselves. Victor Hugo was always Hugo, as Rachel Felix was always Rachel. Since George Sand's family have adopted the new appellation, she may almost be said to have changed her family name rather than taken a pseudonym.*

Sometimes the newspaper critic uses both his own name and a fancy one. The practice is not unknown in Anglo-Saxondom, but (O triumph of French art!) the Parisian has been known to turn it to account by securing a double share of black-mail from a new actress or singer. Thus did Fiorentino, the ablest of Dumas' many contributors, and probable author of *Monte Christo*.

The real name of M. Flaubert (whom some of our newspaper writers will persist in confounding with "Fanny" Feydeau, the two authors being about as much alike as Hawthorne and Willis) is said to be Flaugrange. But this is merely an euphonic modification, which can hardly be called a *nom de plume*.

Considering the numerous confusions and mistakes to which fictitious signatures give rise, we cannot help thinking that it would be for the better if the

* How about the *Georges*, then? Well, there are plenty of male *Annes* and *Maries*: why not a female *Georges*?

world of fugitive writers could agree to abandon them. Those who have them already can hardly get rid of them: a *nom de plume* sticks to a man like a bad habit; but beginners, if they have good reasons for concealing their names, would do well to write anonymously rather than pseudonymously. Still, if, from fashion or caprice, they *will* use fancy signatures, a choice yet remains open to them. Let them adopt a *nom de plume* in accordance with certain rules of art and taste.

Many of the pseudonyms in vogue seem to have been constructed with a deliberate aim at vulgarity, and their effect on the general tone and reputation of our literature is anything but elevating. Think of a man who bears the agreeable and aristocratic name of Holland deliberately dubbing himself "Timothy Titcomb!" Fancy the feelings of an educated Englishman when he reads that among the prominent humorists of America are "Josh Billings," "Bill Arp," "Doesticks," etc., etc.! Not but that the English once had a style of signature nearly as vulgar as any of these. It consisted in spelling the real name backward, and was probably taken from the costermongers' dialect.

Purists in equine nomenclature will tell you that the best name for a horse is one that recalls his ancestry, and the next best one that refers you to his birthplace. Singularly enough, these rules are also very good ones, though not absolutely the best, in choosing signatures. Take some name or part of a name belonging to the writer or one of his family, due attention being paid to euphony in any changes made from the original. Or if the place of his birth or residence be a village or hamlet, let him adopt that. It is often possible to combine the two, as in the case of "Gail Hamilton," which would be a perfect signature but for the equivoque of sex.

Still better is a punning signature, if the pun is original and somewhat far-

fetched, as in Newall's "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Office-seeker), or Mr. Grant White's "U. Donough Outis" (You don't know who 'tis). In this latter the double joke is so recondite, and at the same time so clever when you have dug it out, as to be worth explaining in detail. The *Donough* pointed by its spelling to one of the many New Yorkers suspected of writing the *New Gospel*; the *Outis* instantly called up in the mind of every classical reader Ulysses and his trick on the Cyclops—poking fun into him after poking his eye out.

A signature analogous to the punning, and made by *spelling the real initials*, was in vogue among our students thirty years ago. We believe the *Yale Literary* started it. This boyish fancy would be scarcely worth mentioning, had it not recently cropped up in England, where a writer whose initials are H. N. B., published last year a novel "by Mr. Aitchenbee."

What may be called the dramatic signature is a favorite, and, *when good*, a very good form. Of this class are "Hosea Bigelow" and "Hans Breitmänn;" also, perhaps, "Miles O'Reilly," though the last had the defect of being also a real name, though not the writer's. "Geoffrey Crayon" was not a dramatic signature, or, if intended to be, it was a failure; the bold execution of the crayon being utterly untypical of Irving's elaborate elegance. "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" is probably the best example of this class. Titmarsh is supposed to be an artist not able to support himself by high art, and obliged to give lessons. Now, an English artist of this grade is very apt to be a snob, and so you have both elements of the character in the name—*Michael Angelo* for the aspirations, and *Titmarsh* for the reality.

Nearly all good signatures may be brought within the limits of these four classes. But, after all, the best pseudonym is—none at all.

CARL BENSON.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

THE prompt and decisive and well-nigh unanimous rejection by the Senate of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's treaty with England, accompanied by Mr. Sumner's speech as a commentary and illustration of that rejection, has undoubtedly made a profound impression upon the English mind. It has, too, awakened renewed attention among our own people to the subject—and a grave subject it is—of our relations with that power. It is vastly important that it should be considered in the light of general principles, and determined on high and statesmanlike grounds. Passion and embittered feelings are uncertain and dangerous guides, even for private individuals, but for nations they point and they lead inevitably to war.

What, then, are the sources of our criminations against England? They are twofold—moral and legal. The American people complain that when a formidable rebellion was organized against their government, the ruling classes of England showed eager sympathy with the rebels, encouraged and supported them with their Godspeed, and in every form and mode of speech vindicated their cause; that they did this after having for more than a quarter of a century stimulated the agitation upon the subject of slavery which brought on the tremendous contest between the North and the South; and that then, false to their professed principles, and only solicitous for the disruption of a friendly power, they rejoiced at and applauded the probable establishment of a great slaveholding confederacy. This complaint of the American people is undoubtedly well founded: it is the source of much of the ill-feeling that exists in this country against England; and should teach us that it is vain to rely on the professed friendship of a kindred people in those great emergencies which, as they come on all nations, are likely, in the future as in the past, to come on us also. But is

it a ground for international action or reclamation? Who ever heard of a nation being legally accountable for the misapplied sympathy of its subjects or citizens? True, a war might be waged on that ground, but how impotent in the forum of conscience and before the tribunal of public opinion would be its justification!

Apart, then, from the moral aspect of the case, What is the foundation of our legal claim? Is it the Queen's proclamation of neutrality "between the government of the United States of America and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America?"

Mr. Sumner terms this a "tremendous concession," "a fatal proclamation, which insulted our national sovereignty and struck at our unity as a nation," and which requires from England "that proper satisfaction which a nation loving justice cannot hesitate to offer."

But can the case be thus assumed? Is there no counter-statement? It is easily averred, but can it be successfully maintained, that the British proclamation was unauthorized by international law? Can it, indeed, be truthfully asserted that no precedent can be found for it in the action of our own government? We think not. And if international law and our own example justify the attitude which England assumed toward the respective parties in our civil war, then, on that ground, we are estopped from making any claim or from demanding any satisfaction.

That the proclamation of neutrality was unexpected, that it was a surprise, a startling event in the progress of our troubles, that it mortified and irritated our pride, and that it inflamed the hopes of the enemy, need not be dwelt upon here, because it is not a question whether the act was agreeable to us, but whether it was justified by law and established precedent? Besides, would it have been less unexpected, less startling at any

later period of the war? Mr. Sumner complains that the proclamation was "launched when the rebellion was still undeveloped;" but would he have preferred it after Bull Run, or after the battles before Richmond, or after Pope's campaign, or after Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville? But in point of fact was the rebellion undeveloped at the date of the proclamation? It had formed a government, commanded the willing support of eight States, had suppressed the authority of the United States within its jurisdiction, had captured their dockyards, forts, troops and munitions of war, and exhibited a spirit, a power and resources which showed to European statesmen more clearly than to our own apprehension that the war was to be desperate and long-continued. What the Supreme Court said of it in their judgment in the prize cases at the December term, 1862, was applicable to it in May, 1861: "It is," said Judge Grier, speaking as the organ of the Court, "no loose, unorganized insurrection, having no defined boundary or possession. It has a boundary marked by lines of hostile bayonets, and which can be crossed only by force: south of this line is enemies' territory, because it is claimed and held in possession by an organized, hostile and belligerent power."

Here, then, was a case of hostilities between a government *de jure* and a government *de facto*. And England was to determine whether the seasonable time had arrived to recognize this condition of things, and to prescribe the rule for the conduct of her subjects in their relations, present and future, with the parties to the strife. To those among us who with sanguine hearts supposed that the so-called Southern Confederacy would be overwhelmed and disappear in sixty or ninety days, her action seemed precipitate, premature and uncalled-for; and that original impression has even survived the close of a gigantic war of more than four years' duration. But the English Cabinet judged more coolly: they perceived the magnitude of the contest and foresaw its long continuance, though not, as the event showed, its certain result. They had to determine a

rule of action with regard to the blockade of the Southern ports, and it was for the interest of their commercial marine that this should be done promptly. Undoubtedly, it would have been more deferential to the American government if they had stayed their action until after the arrival of our Minister, but, apart from this, we are persuaded it would have wounded our sensibilities much more deeply had the proclamation been withheld, and been issued at almost any subsequent period of the war. In the hour of disaster it would have seemed an offensive intervention and a mock at our calamities.

All writers on the subject admit—Mr. Adams in his official correspondence with Earl Russell admits—that after the lapse of a reasonable period a neutral state is justified in recognizing the parties to a civil war as belligerents. Indeed, there is no principle of the law of nations more clearly established than this, that foreign powers are entitled to remain indifferent spectators of the contest, and to allow impartially both belligerents the free exercise of those rights which war gives to public enemies against each other—such as the right of search, the right of blockade, the right of capturing contraband of war, as well as enemies' property laden in neutral vessels. And England, in acting on this principle, avoided an implication in the struggle; relieved us of all responsibility for acts done or omitted to be done in the insurgent territory with respect to the rights or interests of her subjects; acknowledged the validity of our blockade, and by consequence our right of belligerent capture, and thus relieved us of the embarrassing questions that might otherwise have arisen as to our right under existing treaties to close the Southern ports to her commerce. As was said by the Supreme Court in the prize cases, "After such an official recognition by the sovereign, a citizen of a foreign State is estopped from denying the existence of a war, with all its consequences, as regards neutrals. They cannot ask a court to affect a technical ignorance of the existence of a war which all the

world acknowledges, and thus cripple the arm of the government and paralyze its power by subtle definitions and ingenious sophisms."

To Mr. Sumner's demand, therefore, of "proper satisfaction," England can retort the law of nations, and moreover illustrate her position by our own practice.

Let us recur, for example, to the case of Texas. In the year 1835 she was a State of Mexico, with a meagre population, composed in good part of emigrants from the United States. Being dissatisfied with certain organic changes which Santa Anna had effected in the government of Mexico, the Texans took up arms to restore that government to its original condition. In other words, they *pronounced* for the constitution of 1824. On the 3d day of October, 1835, the first collision with the Mexican troops took place in the neighborhood of Gonzales on the Guadalupe. The Texans assembled an army(!) on that occasion of one hundred and sixty-eight men—one hundred and eighteen infantry, fifty cavalry—and one brass six-pounder. The Mexicans claimed a force of one hundred men—all cavalry. The historian of Texas (Yoakum) tells us that "the Texans opened the battle with their artillery, and charged upon the enemy. The latter soon fled in the direction of Bexar, and the Texans returned to Gonzales, where they arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, well satisfied with this first rencontre, and without the loss of a man. The Mexicans had a few killed. The ball of revolution was now fairly put in motion." At this time, it will be observed, Texas had not declared its independence, and had not even organized a provisional government, the different districts merely acting under the direction of Committees of Safety. Her independence was not declared until the 2d of March, 1836, and a provisional government was not established until the 13th of November, 1835. Yet in this very month of November the government of the United States recognized this loose, unorganized State—which had not yet proclaimed

ed its independence, and was only fighting for the restoration of its former privileges under the government of Mexico—as a belligerent power. This "tremendous concession," to use the language of Mr. Sumner, "was general, being applicable to the ocean and the land, so that by (our) fiat they became ocean belligerents as well as land belligerents."

And apparently the first use they made of their ocean belligerency was to capture one of our own vessels. For it appears that in the following April the American brig Pocket was arrested on the high seas by the armed schooner *Invincible* sailing under the flag of Texas, and, on the allegation that she was laden with provisions, stores and munitions of war destined for the use of the Mexican army under the command of Santa Anna, was carried into Galveston, where the cargo was landed and the vessel released. The American owners and insurers looked upon this act of the insurgent State as piracy, and they appealed to Commodore Downs, who commanded our naval forces in the Gulf, to intercept the dangerous career of the *Invincible*. The commodore, not yet awake to the belligerent rights of Texas, yielded to the suggestions that were made to him, and gave orders to Commandant Taylor of the United States ship *Warren* to cruise for the *Invincible*, and, if he fell in with her, to capture her as a pirate and send her to New Orleans for adjudication. Pursuant to these orders, the *Invincible* was captured on the 29th of April, with the principal part of her crew. Both vessel and men were sent to New Orleans, and delivered to the civil authorities to be proceeded against on the charge of piracy. Under these circumstances the case was referred to the government at Washington, and the Attorney-General, in his official letter to the President, thus disposes of it:

"When a civil war breaks out in a foreign nation, and part of such nation erects a distinct and separate government, and the United States, although they do not acknowledge the independ-

ence of the new government, do yet recognize the existence of a civil war, our courts have uniformly regarded each party as a belligerent nation in regard to acts done *jure belli*. . . . The existence of a civil war between the people of Texas and the authorities and people of the other Mexican States was recognized by the President of the United States at an early day in the month of November last. Official notice of this fact, and of the President's intention to preserve the neutrality of the United States, was soon after given to the Mexican government. This recognition has been since repeated by numerous acts of the Executive, several of which had taken place before the capture of the Pocket. On the assumption that the actors were aliens, the case is, therefore, fairly brought within the principle above stated, and the charge of piracy cannot be sustained."

Such was the action of the government of the United States in according belligerent rights to Texas. It may be considered, indeed, an extreme example, but it is undeniable that the United States have always been foremost to promptly assume the attitude of neutrality between the parties to a civil war. They were the first to recognize the belligerent rights of the States of South America when they revolted from Spain and entered upon their war of independence. Their position with respect to the parent State and the insurgents was thus stated by the Supreme Court in the case of the Santissima Trinidad: "The government of the United States has recognized the existence of a civil war between Spain and her colonies, and has avowed her intention to remain neutral between the parties, and to allow to each the same rights of asylum and hospitality and intercourse. Each party is therefore deemed by us a belligerent nation, having, so far as concerns us, the sovereign rights of war, and entitled to be respected in the exercise of those rights. We cannot interfere to the prejudice of either belligerent without making ourselves a party to the contest and departing from the posture of neu-

trality: All captures made by each must be considered as having the same validity, and all the immunities which may be considered by public ships in our ports under the law of nations, must be considered as equally the right of each, and as such must be recognized by our courts of justice until Congress shall prescribe a different rule. This is the doctrine heretofore asserted by this Court, and we see no reason to depart from it."

Such are the principles of law, and such the practice of our own government, with respect to the recognition of the parties to a civil war; and it seems to follow as a necessary and certain deduction from those principles and that practice that we are precluded from calling in question England's neutral position during the progress of our fierce domestic strife.

But she gave welcome and hospitality in her colonial ports to rebel cruisers! It may be so. But by the law of nations belligerent ships of war, with their prizes, enjoy asylum in neutral ports for the purpose of obtaining supplies or undergoing repairs, according to the discretion of the neutral sovereign, who may refuse the asylum or grant it, under such conditions of duration, place and other circumstances as he shall see fit, provided he be strictly impartial in this respect toward all the belligerent powers.

But the blockade-runners! Have we no ground of reclamation here? Mr. Sumner says Yes. "There is one form that this war assumed," he says, "which was incessant, most vexatious and costly, besides being in itself a *positive alliance with the rebellion*. It was that of blockade-runners, openly equipped and supplied by England under the shelter of that baleful proclamation. Constantly leaving English ports, they stole across the ocean and then broke the blockade. These active agents of the rebellion could be counteracted only by a network of vessels stretching along the coast at great cost to the country. Here is another distinct item, the amount of which may be determined at the Navy Department."

As the blockade was instituted before the proclamation was issued, and therefore not in consequence of it, and as in order to be valid it had to be effective, we are unable to perceive on what ground England could be held responsible for the cost of maintaining it. If Mr. Sumner means to suggest that if neutrals had forborne to trade we might have forborne to blockade, the suggestion would be intelligible, but at the same time absurd. For it is well established by the law of nations and by universal usage that neutrals are under no moral obligation to abandon or abridge their trade with the parties to a war. They have a right to trade and the belligerents a right to capture. If captured in an attempt to enter a blockaded port, the only penalty a neutral trader incurs is the judicial condemnation of his ship and cargo. A trade by a neutral, therefore, to a blockaded port, or in articles contraband of war, is a lawful trade, though a trade, from necessity, subject to inconvenience and loss. As was justly observed by that distinguished jurist, Dr. Lushington, in the case of the *Helen*: "A belligerent has not a shadow of right to require more than universal usage has given to him, and has no pretence to say to the neutral, 'You shall help me to enforce my belligerent right by curtailing your own freedom of commerce, and making that illegal by your own law which was not so before.'" The Supreme Court and the executive government of the United States have in repeated instances asserted the same doctrine—namely, the unrestricted right of neutrals to trade with the powers at war.

When, during the civil war between Spain and Buenos Ayres, the Spanish consul at Norfolk intervened in our courts and claimed that certain Spanish property, which had been captured and brought within the jurisdiction of the United States by the *Independencia del Sud*, a public vessel sailing under the flag and commission of Buenos Ayres, should be restored, on the ground that the belligerent cruiser had been originally equipped, armed and manned as a

vessel of war in the port of Baltimore, the Supreme Court, speaking through Judge Story, said: "There is nothing in our laws, or in the law of nations, that forbids our citizens from sending armed vessels, as well as munitions of war, to foreign ports for sale. It is a commercial adventure which no nation is bound to prohibit, and which only exposes the persons engaged in it to the penalty of confiscation."

When Mexico complained of the aid given by our citizens to Texas, Mr. Webster, in his official character of Secretary of State, thus replied: "If it be true that citizens of the United States have been engaged in a commerce by which Texas, an enemy of Mexico, has been supplied with arms and munitions of war, the government of the United States nevertheless was not bound to prevent it, could not have prevented it without a manifest departure from the principles of neutrality, and is in no wise answerable for the consequences."

Subsequently, during the Crimean war, when the trade of the United States with all the belligerents was both active and profitable, it became necessary for the then Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Caleb Cushing, again to define our neutral rights of trade. In an official opinion on that occasion he says: "It is no departure from neutrality for the citizens of a neutral State to sell to belligerents gunpowder, arms, munitions, or any articles of merchandise contraband of war, or for the merchant ships of a neutral State to transport the troops or military munitions of either belligerent; and in the present war supplies of gunpowder or other articles contraband of war, and military transportation, have been furnished of lawful right by citizens of the United States to each of the belligerents, but more especially and in larger proportions to Great Britain and France."

If we are to challenge England to a contest, let it be on grounds that we can maintain, and not on grounds where the law of nations and our own practice would alike condemn us. Her proclamation of neutrality and her contraband

trade, however rank and offensive they may seem in the eye of rhetoric, are in the light of law and usage perfectly defensible. The weak point in her armor is the building, equipment and escape of the *Alabama*. That vessel was not built with a view to be sent to a Southern port as a commercial adventure, but as a warlike agent to be employed forthwith as a belligerent cruiser. This was in violation of the municipal law of England—a violation of her neutrality which she was bound to prevent, and which it would seem she might have prevented, had it not been for the tardy and feeble and ineffectual action of her authorities. On this ground we seek reparation; and although our courts have held that where vessels have been illegally fitted out in our ports by a belligerent, or have illegally augmented their force therein, the United States fulfilled their duty if they restored any prizes such vessels brought within their jurisdiction, yet this is not the whole duty of the neutral State where the neutral government itself is implicated in the escape of vessels fitted and equipped in its ports in violation of its neutrality.

We insist that in the escape of the *Alabama* there was such negligence on the part of the British government as makes that government responsible for the subsequent depredations of that vessel.

England, on the contrary, maintains

that her government acted in good faith and with reasonable diligence in enforcing her laws for the preservation of her neutrality, and that if her subordinate officials failed in capacity or diligence, she cannot be held responsible for acts done by the *Alabama* out of her jurisdiction.

Here is a case involving questions of law and questions of fact, and it seems to us a case eminently proper for arbitration. If, however, we who proposed arbitration now reject it, and advance preposterous pretensions, such as that England is responsible not only for the actual losses sustained by our shipping from the career of the *Alabama*, but for all the indirect, remote and possible consequences which passion may attribute to that career, then we may set our house in order, and, having just emerged from a terrible civil war, prepare again to lay our offerings upon the altar of that tremendous divinity. But we should weigh well the pretext and the consequences of such a momentous act. "War," in the language of Henry Clay, "is such a dreadful scourge, and so shakes the foundations of society, overturns or changes the character of governments, interrupts or destroys the pursuit of private happiness—brings, in short, misery and wretchedness in so many forms—and at last is, in its issue, so doubtful and hazardous, that nothing but dire necessity can justify an appeal to arms."

HENRY FLANDERS.

THE ART OF GETTING TO SLEEP.

I HAVE suffered so much, occasionally, throughout life from inability to go to sleep that I propose to give the results of my experiments to correct this infirmity; which experiments have sometimes been successful.

I heartily concur with Sancho Panza in his ejaculation: "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! It covereth one

all over like a blanket;" yet I would add, "Thrice blessed be he that shall invent a way of getting to sleep!" To the weary and wretched, calm, quiet, profound sleep is the most desirable and indispensable of all Nature's gifts; while to be vexed and tantalized with inability to sleep, when both mind and body require that gentle restorative, is the most

harassing and intolerable of all pains. Almost every great poet of ancient and modern times has eulogized sleep in glowing and beautiful language; and many of them have depicted with great power and admirable felicity the torturing anguish of long-continued, restless wakefulness. No author, however, I believe, has proposed moral remedies for the infirmity of wakefulness where it has become a mere habit, not traceable or referable either to moral or physical causes. One-third of life is, or should be, spent in sleep, and sleeping is quite as indispensable to our health, happiness and very existence as eating. The subject has certainly not received the attention which it merits. 'Tis true, metaphysicians and physiologists have written a great many very ingenious and entertaining essays on sleep and dreams, but none have treated the subject in a practical, common-sense, useful way.

I suffered more in youth from the infirmity of wakefulness than I have in more advanced life, because I am less carried away by elation at good fortune and less depressed by bad fortune, and hence less the slave of either agreeable or painful thought.

I had in early life a friend and neighbor much older than myself, who was remarkable for his naïve simplicity of character, and equally remarkable for the variety and multiplicity of his attainments, or, to speak more accurately, of his pretensions to knowledge. He was ever ready, earnest and sincere in giving advice to everybody on every subject and in every calling, although he signally failed in all his own undertakings, because, having learned a little of everything, he had not had time to bestow sufficient attention on any one thing to acquire a practical mastery of it. Yet he was a man of decided genius, and the least suspicious, most candid and most unsophisticated human being I ever knew. He is no more, and I shall ne'er see his like again! I cannot add, "We could have better spared a better man," for in many respects I never knew a better man.

To proceed with my story. While

yet a boy, being often troubled with wakefulness, I used to resort to this *factotum* friend to prescribe for me a preventive or a remedy. He readily undertook my case, and his first advice was, that when troubled with my infirmity I should count a hundred or more, slowly and deliberately. I tried the prescription, and at first it succeeded admirably in putting me to sleep, but after a while I counted unconsciously and instinctively, without effort of attention or exercise of the will, and was as much troubled with harassing thoughts on other subjects as if I was not engaged at all in counting.

I went back to my friend, and again laid before him the state of my case. He was as ready with advice as on the former occasion: "You must count hundreds backward, descending to the unit, instead of beginning at it." I at once saw the philosophy of the advice, and resolved to follow it. For a long while the effort of attention exercised in counting backward kept off all other thoughts, yet was not in itself of so disturbing a nature as to keep off sleep. Indeed, like the monotonous sound of a mill, of gentle rain or the falls of a river, it invited and allured to sleep. But when I became proficient at counting backward, and could begin at a thousand and count back to the unit without thought, effort or conscious attention, my old trains of disturbing and harassing thought again obtruded themselves, and I was as wakeful as ever.

Again I laid my complaint before my learned friend. He was not at all nonplussed or at a loss on the occasion, although he admitted my case was a hard one. "When disagreeable thoughts harass you and keep you awake, expel them by resolutely determining to think of nothing but your big toes." Well, now I thought I had found out a sure specific, for any man who could think of nothing but his big toes (provided they were not diseased) ought to be able to fall to sleep as easily as Sancho Panza, or a darkey on a sunny hillside in harvest-time. For a while the effort to follow this novel prescription was of some

service in diverting my mind from more disquieting and painful reflections; but the thing was too ridiculous to be practiced long. At this time I had begun to practice at the bar with a distinguished jurist, who could sleep where, when and as long or short a time as he pleased. He slept as sweetly amid the noise of a court-room, when he was not engaged in the business going on, as on his pillow at midnight; and habitually took cat-naps in his buggy as he drove to and from courts. Surely, I thought, he at least can teach me the art of getting to sleep. At almost every court I was engaged in argument on the same side, or on different sides of the same cause. We usually slept at night in the same room, or rather went to bed in the same room—he to fall instantly to sleep, and I to toss and turn all night, tormented with useless trains of argument about causes already decided and disposed of.

Bonaparte himself had not more perfect command of his attention and train of thought than had our learned friend. When done with a subject, he never indulged in useless regrets, but at once concentrated all thought on the next business that claimed his attention, and, like Napoleon, when it was time to go to sleep he seemed to dismiss all thought and go to sleep off-hand, by merely willing to do so. Indeed, he was the Napoleon of the bar; and this facility of going to sleep was only one of the exemplifications of his great self-control and wonderful power of concentrating thought and attention on such subjects only as he pleased. To cite a favorite saying of Napoleon's, "Extremes meet:" great men go to sleep readily because, at pleasure, they can command and banish thought. Weak men go to sleep with equal readiness, because they scarcely think at all. He who sleeps readily, healthfully and soundly is a happier and more fortunate man than the king on his throne who is tortured by continued watchfulness.

"Then, happy low, lie down:
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

I asked my friend how he managed

always to fall asleep so easily. He said: "Nothing is more easy if you but firmly resolve, after going to bed, to remain perfectly quiet, and never turn from side to side or move a limb." I tried to follow his advice, and succeeded sometimes in getting to sleep by the prescribed means, but at other times found it impossible to lie still, although I perceived that the oftener I turned in bed the more restless and wakeful I became, until each limb seemed to have a distinct vitality, and every fibre of my flesh to be harassed and perturbed by restless care and anxiety. How hopeless we become when we hear the cocks crowing and see the day breaking after a sleepless night! We feel that we must spend a day of nervous wretchedness, and that we are equally unfitted for business and for taking our part in cheerful associations. We look, for all the world, as if we were oppressed with a guilty conscience, or had lost a fortune or a friend. And, worst of all, everybody is wondering at us, and whispering suspicions that something dreadful has suddenly befallen us. We thus not only suffer at night from wakefulness, but suffer still more the succeeding day from nervousness and dejection of spirits.

One thing I learned from keeping still in bed and watching my limbs to prevent their moving, which was an advance in the art of getting to sleep. I discovered that my limbs went to sleep first, and my brain and mind last. Soothing and delightful is the sensation when quietude, repose and sleep take the place of restlessness in my limbs. Attention to my sensations will enable me to tell readily when sleep has fallen upon my legs and arms, and one may trace it as it spreads and diffuses over the whole body, until it finally settles upon the brain, when sleep becomes complete and thought and attention cease. It is easy and agreeable to think of nothing but my limbs when I find that they have fallen, or are falling, asleep; and then the absence of all disturbing thought is apt to superinduce perfect sleep and "steep my senses in forgetfulness." On reference to scientific works, I find that

this theory of mine is sustained by learned authority.

Not only do my limbs go to sleep first, but they also awake first. When disengaged from business, and wrapt in thought or reverie, I often unconsciously keep up a quivering, vibratory motion with my right foot. Very commonly, when I awake in the morning, I find that this foot has preceded me, and is assiduously engaged "in cutting the pigeon wing," or, to speak more accurately, "the humming-bird wing," for its rapid vibratory motion much resembles that of the wings of that bird as it rests in mid-air while sipping honey from every flower.

Except under the influence of opiates or intoxicating liquors, or of great fatigue and physical exhaustion, I doubt whether sleep ever wholly suspends the operations of the mind. It is only under such circumstances, in my opinion, that I cease to dream. Sleep then becomes a sort of asphyxia, or suspension at least of intellectual life as well as of animal life. Volition ceasing, nothing remains but man's vegetable life; for respiration, circulation of the blood and other involuntary movements, belong equally to plants and animals. In sleep-walking and sleep-talking the whole body is often awake, and many of the faculties of the mind; for men thus affected will carry on conversations, conduct arguments, and some have been known to write learned and able essays; yet when they awake they never recollect what they did or said in their sleep. Their sleep, in some respects, is of the most perfect and profound character, although all the faculties of their bodies, and most of those of the mind, are wide awake. This brings me to another consideration. Is it not possible, by effort and long practice, to keep some of the faculties of the mind awake and standing sentinel over the rest of the mental faculties and over the body while they sleep, but ready to arouse them at the approach of danger, or when duty requires that they shall awake? I think that savages and servants at hotels, and soldiers and sailors,

can learn to sleep in this partial way. Indeed, any one who predetermines on going to sleep to awake at a certain but unusual hour is almost certain to succeed in doing so. Who ever was asleep when the servant called him to prepare to leave by an early stage? The "art of getting to sleep" should include the art of sleeping lightly and partially when occasion requires.

Power of self-control, more than anything else, distinguishes those who succeed in life from those who fail, and especially distinguishes the truly great man from the mere wayward child of genius, who is the slave of passion and propensity. He who learns to go to sleep by resolutely controlling his thoughts and movements has acquired a mastery over himself that will be of infinite service throughout the whole conduct of life. Wakefulness is often a mere moral or mental infirmity, which any healthy man, by resolute exertion, may mitigate, if not entirely correct. Yet the attempt to cure this weakness or infirmity should not be postponed until manhood. It should begin in youth as a part of education, while mind and body are yet in the plastic state. Children should be taught how to get to sleep, how to regulate the hours of sleep, and how to sleep on a plank as well as on the most downy bed surrounded "with all the means and appliances to boot."

Those who never suffer from want of sleep know not the luxury of sleep. Those who never slept on the cold, wet, hard earth, with a stone for a pillow, cannot enjoy a warm room and feather bed. All such will think that I have chosen a very trivial and uninteresting subject. But those who, from any cause, have been deprived in great measure of the blessing of sleep, will be attracted by the title of my subject, however much they be disappointed in my want of ability in its treatment. As a branch of philosophy and a part of educational training it merits some attention. As yet, so far as I know, it has received none.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE able article in the present Number on the annexation feeling in Nova Scotia will convince the reader that the dissatisfaction felt by our neighbors on the north and east with their present unnatural position is neither slight nor temporary. The extent of the movement is indicated not only by the facts presented in the paper referred to, but also by the number of newspapers which favor the idea of independence and ultimate incorporation with the United States. They are as follows: in Nova Scotia, the *Eastern Chronicle*, *Free Press*, *Unionist* and *Morning Chronicle*; in New Brunswick, the *St. John Globe* and the *St. Croix Courier*; in Prince Edward Island, the *North Star* and *Progress*; and in Canada, all the French papers, without, we believe, a single exception. In Nova Scotia, where the desire for annexation is strongest, a convention was called to meet in Halifax about the middle of June, 1869, the nominal object of which was to consult upon the policy to be pursued by the party which advocates a repeal of the union with Canada. The effect of this meeting will probably be to rouse such a desire for annexation that in the next election in the Province it will be the issue before the people. Suppose that a majority should decide for a repeal of the union with Canada and for the independence of the Province, with a view to applying for admission into the United States—what would happen? Simply, that they would be received here with open arms; and the United States would gain a territory unsurpassed in natural resources by any of equal extent on this continent, and inhabited by three hundred and fifty thousand freemen of the same blood and language as ourselves. England, though she would properly resent the forcible annexation of her colonies, would probably interpose no ob-

jection to their voluntary incorporation into the United States. The question is emphatically one to be settled by the people of Nova Scotia themselves; and should they settle it in the affirmative, the world may make up its mind that the marriage will take place. It is the young folks on this side of the Atlantic, and not the old ones, who decide these questions. In the present case, though the lassie feels a natural reluctance to quit her father's house, Nova Scotia is apparently framing her lips to sing a certain ballad taught her by Auld Scotia:

"Though father and mither and a' should gang mad,
Oh whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!"

In plain words, there is reason to think that only a little encouragement from this side is needful to induce that Province to take the momentous step. Shall the United States give her that encouragement? Yes! a thousand times, yes! Let the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick understand that if they ask admission into the Union they will be heartily welcomed.

. . . We think the inquirer into the causes of American Anglophobia need seek no farther than the immutable law of human nature. Nations, like individuals, are far more prone to resent personal insults than real injuries. A man will be slow to forgive the person who has mocked at his calamity and jeered at him in the hour of trouble, while in the depths of his magnanimity he might yet find pardon for the foe who defrauded him of his wealth or thwarted his plans of ambition. It is not the action of the British government so much as the attitude of the British people that has exasperated the popular mind in America. When we recall the gratuitous gibes leveled at us by most of the leading English newspapers, and some of the

leading English statesmen, the cartoons of *Punch* and *Fun*, the mockery and insults that were heaped upon our country and our cause at every turn, we must indeed be more than mortal did we not now remember and somewhat resent the past. The friendly feeling and warm cordiality that exist in this country toward Russia do not spring from the actual benefits bestowed on us by that power, but are born of a thousand acts of graceful courtesy and kindness to individual travelers, as well as to the representatives of the nation. Now it is a painful fact that during the disastrous years of the war, travelers from the Northern States, whose fortune it was to sojourn in England, were subjected to a myriad petty insults, which from their very minuteness it was equally impossible to resent or to endure with patience. The British government, it is true, refused to recognize the Confederacy, and on that one virtue of omission the London journals greatly plume themselves, and would fain see their many sins of commission forgotten. But who that was in Great Britain during the bitter days of 1864 can doubt that if a popular vote had then been taken on the question of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, the result would have shown a large and enthusiastic majority in favor of such recognition?

If any one wishes to obtain a correct idea of the state of public feeling in Great Britain during our late civil war, let him turn to the contemporaneous pages of *Punch*. The speeches of prominent statesmen and the editorials of the leading newspapers may to-day be disclaimed as the utterances of party prejudice or the effusions of an exasperated and privileged class. But *Punch* is nothing if not the mirror held up to public opinion—on all questions of foreign policy especially. No one can turn the pages over which presides the grinning hunchback of Fleet street without seeing therein displayed the state of popular feeling respecting Poland, Italy, Denmark, Russia, and, above all, the United States. From the first cartoon

of the series relating to the war in America, wherein "Miss Carolina" (depicted as a raw-boned virago) "asserts her right to wallop her nigger," down to the last, wherein the Northern gladiator, equipped as a *retiarius*, throws his net over his adversary and cries "Habet!" there is no real sympathy or kindly feeling for either side expressed therein. The Northerners are fratricides, cowards, liars, braggarts, naughty boys, whom Mother Britannia intends to whip some day—impertinent blusterers whom John Bull will shortly feel called upon to chastise soundly; while the Southerners are negro-whippers and ruffians; and both sides are madmen and fools fighting about the universal nigger. In one picture, the American gladiators stand equipped for combat before a negro emperor and a grinning circle of negro spectators; in another, entitled the "American Juggernaut's Car," the Americans are depicted as flinging themselves to be crushed under the mighty wheels of a monster cannon. Here John Bull calls to the two bad boys, the North and the South, "I don't care twopence for your noise, but if you throw stones at my windows, I must *thrash you both*;" and there Columbia gazes mournfully on a map of the United States rent hopelessly in twain, while Britannia remarks: "You will find it very hard to join *that* neatly." The wish was father, England, to that thought! Occasionally, as the varying fortune of War bids victory incline to one or the other of the combatants, a gentle pat is given to the more successful of the two, but a vicious dig is pretty sure to follow immediately thereafter. Late in the summer of 1864, Lord Palmerston is represented as looking smilingly on Jefferson Davis, while *Punch* jogs his elbow and says, significantly, "Don't you mean to recognize him?" Yet before the spring of 1865 is over *Punch* calls on Britannia to weep with Columbia over the corpse of Lincoln, and becomes highly sympathetic when sympathy is no longer either useful or welcome.

The fact is, that the attitude of John Bull during the late civil war resembled very strongly that of Iago anti-

pating the encounter between Cassio and Roderigo:

"Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain."

Shall we carry the simile farther, and speak of the half-drawn sword held ready to give a mortal thrust to the weaker of the two combatants?

In the long run the truth is always wholesome, and it is only after a full statement of the causes of offence on either side that a basis of permanent reconciliation can be reached. Just now the exasperation is great on both sides of the Atlantic, but there is no danger of war. The English have no desire for hostilities, and, though our claims for payment for the damage done by the Alabama will never be abandoned, we can afford to wait. Time works always in our favor. Our first and most pressing duties are to recuperate our energies after an exhausting civil war, to bring about a more cordial and perfect union among ourselves, and, above all, to restore the national finances to a healthy condition.

... In the latter work gratifying progress is making. The enormous volume of demand liabilities of the government having been safely funded, with the exception of fifty or sixty millions of three per cent. certificates, Secretary Boutwell has very properly commenced the purchase of United States securities, with a view of establishing a sinking fund. This is indeed his duty under the law, the appropriation to this object out of the customs duties of a sum equal to one per cent. per annum of the principal of the debt being a part of the contract with the national creditor. In view of this fact, we were a little surprised to see in *The Nation* a reflection upon the Secretary of the Treasury for selling gold, "simply because the coin accumulation in the Treasury frightens him, or because he thinks an absurd (?) law of Congress relating to an impossible (?) sinking fund, never put in practice, never understood by those who made it, must be more imperative on him than on his predecessors, who disregarded it with

the unanimous (?) consent of the people." The Law is imperative on all; and if it was disregarded by Secretary McCulloch, it was because of the embarrassments of the Treasury, and the overwhelming importance of providing for the seventhirties and the compound-interest notes. These having been funded, and a surplus revenue existing, there is no excuse for not establishing the sinking fund, though in the absence of law it would certainly be more desirable to apply the savings of the nation to the cancellation of the three per cent. certificates. The Secretary of the Treasury will probably attack these next. Indeed it is for the interest of the banks themselves that the amount of the certificates should be gradually reduced. The interest-bearing reserve of the National banks is too large in proportion to their greenback reserve, and it is high time that both they and the government should get into a stronger position. If the nation is to be prepared for foreign complications, such as are always liable to arise, it is indispensable to make some movement, however slow, toward contraction and a return to specie payments.

Art and artists afford generally matter for a little gossip, and there seems to be in the antagonism now existing between the Philadelphia artists and the Academy of Fine Arts a fair field for a few honest words, gossip or otherwise. It is claimed by those most interested in the pecuniary success of the Academy that there are now on exhibition in its galleries "dozens of first-class pictures" by our artists. Notoriously, this is not the case: Philadelphia's best men are hardly represented at all, and there is scarcely a *good* picture now hanging in the Academy halls by a Philadelphia artist. Most of those exhibited are not worth the frames in which they are hung. This may be an unpalatable truth, but truth it is. If the progress of Art in this city be there fully represented, woe betide poor Art! The Directors seem desirous to place the artists in the position of ungrateful children, who, after having been reared and trained in the Academy,

now desert her, the "Alma Mater" of their youthful days. Such does not seem to be (after a careful investigation of the history of our artists) the truth: no artist whose name adds to the lustre of our city, or whose works are known beyond its limits, has ever drawn or studied in the Academy. All have made their studies abroad or in private studios in this city. The efforts of the artists hitherto exhibiting, the result of many years of painful study, have been used by the Directors as a means (given by the artists *gratuitously*) to swell the importance of the annual exhibitions and the amount of the annual receipts. But they are carefully excluded from the management of the affairs of the institution, and have no sufficient voice in its councils. Their pictures are accepted and hung anyhow and where, and the galleries of the Academy, except during the spring exhibition, let to salesmen who profit by the inexperience of our picture-buyers. This is a scandal. *Good* foreign art is ever welcome, and most of all to artists, but *bad* foreign work should never have a place on the walls of an Academy devoted "to the advancement of Art in Pennsylvania." So far Gossip says. He has not a wish but to increase the love of Art among us, and to see an advance in the appreciation of good Art by its patrons and producers.

... The triumphs of the ballet and the Opera Bouffe are at an end, and such many-legged monsters as the *White Fawn* no longer frisk over the stages of our theatres and opera-houses. The realm of dramatic art sees its legitimate sovereign restored to the throne, and the lively usurpers who have swayed the sceptre there so long are folding away their disused robes and laying aside their crowns, preparatory to vacating the scene of their former triumphs. Burlesque maintains a feeble sway in New York, by reason of the army of golden-haired Amazons it has summoned to its aid; but even the grace, the beauty and the vivacity of Lydia Thompson will not long render tolerable the stupid jokes and inane vulgarities of this very silly species of dramatic enter-

tainment; which, lacking the wit, the sparkle, the lively music and inimitable acting of the opera bouffe, and the grace and poetic element of the ballet, has contrived to combine all their objectionable features.

It is a significant fact that, last month, the largest income returned by any of the New York theatres was that given in by Booth's theatre, and this in spite of the rival attractions of British blondes, French can-can and cosmopolitan legs. A few weeks ago a mere handful of people were assembled to witness Tostée's farewell performance of Boulotte in *Barbe Bleue*, while a few blocks away a crowded and enthusiastic audience applauded the Othello of Edwin Adams and the Iago of Edwin Booth.

The production of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Othello* at Booth's theatre has been an era in the history of the drama in America. All that taste, intellect and lavish expenditure could effect has been done to give these gems of Shakespeare's genius as worthy a setting as possible. In the latter play, from the splendid council-chamber, thoroughly Venetian in architecture and decorations, where a royally-robed and majestic Doge together with a grave, imposing-looking Senate listened to Othello's defence, to the last scene of all, the dim, tapestried apartment, with the moonlight streaming through the gilded lattice, and one lamp flinging its faint rays on the couch where slumbered Desdemona, the scenic effects were marvelously artistic and illusory. The acting was beyond all praise. The artist hand of the master had filled in the subordinate figures as carefully and as well as the gorgeous background, and Cassio, Roderigo and Brabantio were each perfect in his way. The Othello of Edwin Adams was superb, and Miss McVickers as Desdemona was charming in her womanly sweetness and tenderness. The Iago of Edwin Booth is the finest on the modern stage. He brings to his personation of the Italian fiend the same physical fitness that lends such a charm to his Hamlet, and the dusky, expressive eyes, graceful form and mobile features adapt themselves as easily to the em-

bodiment of the wily "ancient" as to that of the melancholy Dane. It is a fearful picture, terrible in its perfection, its intensity and its awful reality; and we shrink before the baleful glitter of those flashing eyes, the serpent hiss that lingers in those silken tones, the panther suppleness of that gliding form, as though the evil soul of Iago really inhabited the shape before us. Booth has changed his mode of acting the finale. Formerly, Iago, fainting, dying, but still unconquered, was led from the apartment at the words, "Come, bring him away." Now, more in accordance with the text, the officers lead Iago to the background, where he remains, drooping and motionless and almost unseen, till Othello stabs himself. Then life seems to return to his failing frame in one fierce rush of gratified hate and satiate vengeance. He breaks from his guards, rushes forward, and, as Othello falls dead at his feet, he towers over him erect, awful and exulting, terrible and malignant as a triumphing demon.

"This is better than *Fleur de Thé* and the *Forty Thieves*," said a friend to us as we withdrew. And we agreed with him.

One of Philadelphia's oldest and most respected citizens, Dr. James Rush, son of Dr. Benjamin Rush, signer of the Declaration of Independence, died on the 26th May last, at the age of eighty-four. Dr. Rush was known elsewhere by his original and valuable treatise on the *Philosophy of the Human Voice*. He was also the author of some poems, and in 1865 he published in two volumes his *Analysis of the Human Intellect*. Personally, he was an agreeable companion, fond of speculative reasoning, and a good converser: his habits of late were retired, though during the lifetime of Mrs. Rush, who was well known for her far-reaching and splendid hospitalities, he mingled genially at his own house with the best society which could be brought together from every section of this country and from abroad. The writer remembers Dr. Rush when he was a young practitioner in his full

career as a popular physician, driving his well-appointed yellow gig, with his colored servant in a gay hat and rosette. He married a daughter of Jacob Ridgway, then one of two or three Philadelphia millionaires. Mr. Ridgway had been American consul at Antwerp during a portion of Bonaparte's mad career, and had opportunities of trade which he embraced to the great advantage of his firm, then Smith & Ridgway. His daughters and son thus resided and were educated abroad. On Mr. Ridgway's return to this country he engaged largely in the purchase of real estate and in building; the property thus acquired has vastly increased in value, and at Mrs. Rush's death she devised her estate to her husband.

It is of Dr. Rush's disposal of this splendid estate that we wish more particularly to speak: it is the most munificent donation to a literary institution which we can recall—not equal in amount to Girard's for his college, but one which will always be quoted, among the lovers of books, as evidence of liberality no less than of a scholarly appreciation of the value of literature. It amounts to about a million of dollars, invested mainly in improving real estate. The Doctor purchased, a short time before his death, a square of ground, on Broad street, for the site of a fire-proof building of granite, in the Doric style of architecture, for the use of the *Library Company of Philadelphia*, founded by Franklin and his friends of the Junto. Our city must now take its proper position as the students' home.

We may fairly take it for granted that many of our readers have never even met with the name of RAMIE. We can assure them, however, that it is well worthy their attention. When properly prepared for the loom or the spinner, this new fibre is beautifully white, soft and glossy, closely resembling floss silk; longer and finer in the staple than Sea Island cotton, and as strong, it is said, as the best flax: it receives readily the most brilliant dyes. It has been repeatedly spoken of as an usurper likely

to dethrone King Cotton; but ladies pronounce it rather more apt to intrude itself among the webs of silk and alpaca and the finest wools. It has indeed been used extensively in making the elegant and lustrous goods known as Japanese silk. Within two years past several firms in England, and especially Messrs. Wade & Son, of Bradford, have succeeded in bringing the fibre into a state resembling the best mohair or finest worsted. One of our country editors, who seems to know as much of the matter as we do, says: "We understand the new spring fabric for ladies' wear, leno (what is leno?), is in part of this new fibre." The plant belongs to the hemp and nettle tribe, and ought not to be confounded, as it has been, with the China grass. Its botanical name is *Bahmeria tenacissima*. A native of Java, it was carried to the Garden of Plants in Paris, where it attracted in the hothouse the attention of M. Rozel, who conceived an enthusiastic idea of its capabilities and value. He went to Java, and spent a year in studying its nature and culture. Struggling with great difficulties, he at last succeeded in getting up a thriving plantation of it in Mexico: he makes five crops in a year, and has invented machinery by which the stalks are converted within twenty-four hours after cutting into skeins of pure white and silk-like fibres, ready for spinning—"stronger than hemp, as fine and white and twice as durable as linen, and produced more abundantly than cotton." In 1865, M. Rozel took to England over five thousand pounds, which he sold at double the price of the best cotton. It has been introduced into the United States, and it is said to be suited to the climate of all the South as far as the Potomac. Some experiments in raising it have been made by Mr. Deitz, we are told, of Chambersburg, and a few roots are under the care of a gentleman in Delaware. If it will bear our winter, it will be invaluable. Mr. Bruckner, who cultivates it in Louisiana, and keeps a depot for it in New Orleans, says that "our fibre is even finer than that of Java, and the yield per acre is greater.

It can be harvested three times a year," bids defiance to worms and weather, and is "the most profitable of all crops to the planter." An experiment is making this year with it in Spartanburg, South Carolina, where the climate resembles that of the seaboard of the Middle States. It is cut with an ordinary sugar-cane knife, a little below the ground, when the stem is about six or eight feet high. The planter makes his crop marketable by hackling it with a simple machine similar to the ordinary flax-breaker, does it up in hanks and packs it in bales like cotton. To prepare it for the spinner, some chemical processes and special machinery are required. A manufactory for this purpose is now being erected in New Orleans. We trust that ramie will constitute a profitable addition to our list of American staples.

Unwilling Nature is conquered at last. Within the past month the banners of enterprising civilization have been crowned with a double victory. First, the Pacific Railroad is completed. Second, and greatest triumph, Coffee's wool is to be straightened out. Read, O ye incredulous! the following advertisement from a Washington paper, and tell us, if you can, what niche in her temple of Fame shall the grateful nation reserve for a statue of this capillary Columbus? What alcove, in that mausoleum of human ingenuity, the Patent Office, shall preserve this precious panacea?—

E U T H U N I K A.

COLORED PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

The design of this article is to

RENDER WOOLLY HAIR PLIABLE.

Three applications will so soften and

STRAIGHTEN THE KNOTTIEST HAIR.

That it can be parted and dressed in any desired fashion. A continued use of it will cause the same suit of hair to grow out in beautiful glossy waves and preserve the scalp in a perfectly healthy condition.

There are no injurious ingredients in the compound, and it is composed entirely of Animal and Vegetable Materials.

Retail Price, 50 cents per bottle.

Agents for the Southern States wanted.

Apply to

HOWLETT & CO.,

Old Intelligencer Office,
D street, near Seventh.

What next?

From the numerous pleasant poetical trifles with which we are favored by correspondents, we select this month the following :

ANACREONTIC.

"Give me a cup made of the clay from which I came, and under which I shall lie when dead."—
DIDORUS ZONAS.

Give me a goblet made of clay—
Not silver white, nor ruddy gold :
If good, what matters it, I pray,
What cup the wine may hold?
At silver and at gold I laugh
When I the sparkling liquid quaff.

Give me a goblet made of clay,
For thence first came this flame of mine ;
And when Death shall have drained some day
The soul within, like wine,
Then will the empty cup, my frame,
Return to that from which it came.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

LOVE'S WAY.

The day that my lover bade me adieu
In at my door rose-petals flew,
Lavishing fragrance on the air—
Balmy fragrance on the air.

Faint sighs of the west-wind followed the rose !
Were they my lover's words? who knows?
Sweets, and then sighs? is that Love's way?
And then sighs ; is that Love's way?

Dark clouds, passing swiftly over the sky,
Sent down great tear-drops from on high—
Tears for the fall of roses sweet—
Sweet rose-petals—at my feet.

Now, desolate silence reigns in my home :
Never again my love will come.
Sweets, sighs and tears ; that is Love's way ;
Sighs and tears—through life's long day.

ADELAIDE CILLEY.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck.
By James Grant Wilson. New York : D.
Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 607.

It would be quite useless to attempt a characterization of the poetry of Halleck : by general consent his best productions have received an award which posterity will surely endorse. His life, too, has been so often the subject of encomium by his friends that little is left to the reviewer. The pages of this Magazine have afforded much insight into his inner life and habits. Suffice it, then, now to quote some of the pleasant incidents so well recorded by General Wilson in a volume that will have many readers, and descend to future generations as the portraiture of an American poet and true gentleman.

Some previously unappropriated verses of Halleck are here collected : in the main, they do not add to his fame, nor would Halleck himself now claim them. Be it our pleasing task to pick up some crumbs of pleasant badinage from among the many which present themselves, to show how the poet lived. "Marco Bozzaris" stands among the foremost of the poet's productions : regarding it the following amusing story is told :

"Another incident connected with this

poem, of a grotesque character, any allusion to which never failed to elicit a groan from the poet, occurred several years after its first publication. At Villegrand's, in Church street, near West Broadway, where the poet lived for so many years, they had a dinner-party, at which it was expected that each gentleman present would sing a song or make a speech. Among the persons living there at the time was a Dutch Jew, whose English was execrable, and, for a joke, Villegrand persuaded him, as he could neither sing nor make a speech, to commit to memory 'Marco Bozzaris,' and, when called upon at the dinner, to recite that very popular poem, which would gratify the author's friends no less than the poet himself. He did as advised by the waggish Frenchman ; and, when the day came round and he was called upon, rose and said : 'Shentlemans, I can neither make de speech nor sing de shong, but vill deliver von grand poem ;' whereupon, to the indescribable disgust of the astonished poet, he fairly crucified him by reciting in his damnable Dutch every line of his exquisite composition. For a long time Halleck remained in ignorance as to the real perpetrator of this joke, and when he met, in after years, Edmund Coffin,

a fellow-lodger with himself at Villegrand's at the time, would invariably shake his finger at him in a playful manner, and say, "You did it!"

"In the *Evening Post* of November 16, 1830, appeared an 'Epistle to Robert Hogbin,' being the last 'Croaker' written by the surviving partner of the poetical firm of Croaker & Co. Philip J. Forbes, at that time librarian of the New York Society Library, remembers meeting Mr. Halleck at the office of the *Post* on that day and conversing with him on various topics while they were waiting for the afternoon paper. When Mr. Forbes reached the library and looked over the *Post*, he saw the 'Epistle to Robert Hogbin, Esq.,' and felt assured in his own mind, from words that dropped from the poet during their interview, while speaking of Hogbin, that Halleck was indeed, as Cooper called him, 'The Admirable Croaker.' Two days later, the following paragraph appeared in the *Evening Post*: 'Several inquiries having been made of us respecting the name of the author of an "Epistle to Mr. Hogbin," published a day or two since in our paper, we took measures to acquaint him with the fact, in order that, if there was no objection on his part, we might satisfy the curiosity of those who had applied to us. This morning we received from him the following note in reply: The author of the "Epistle to Mr. Hogbin" has, unfortunately, no name. His father and mother, in that season of life in which children are generally named, took advantage of his youth and inexperience, and declined giving him any. He is therefore compelled to imitate the Minstrel of Yarrow, in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, and like him he

Saves others' names, but leaves his own unsung.'"

Fanny Kemble, with her appreciation of all that is original or remarkable, seems to have been on intimate terms with the subject of the memoir:

"Describing to me his first dinner with Fanny Kemble, Halleck gave me a most ludicrous account of the manner in which she amused herself with a cat upon retiring with the other ladies present from the dining-hall to the drawing-room, and not a word could be extracted from her till the gentlemen, having finished their wine and cigars, made their appearance. Among the poet's stories of 'Fanny,' as he invariably called her, was one of a curious character, arising entirely from a typographical error of a single letter. A distinguished *littérateur* of New York, and a very particular friend and admirer of the

gifted lady, in a notice which he wrote of one of her performances for an evening paper, stated that she had 'a dark flashing eye, when roused in any degree, that streams with fiery rays, and, diamond-like, lights up the tints that show themselves through a brunette *shin*.' If the careless compositor had substituted 'skin' for the italicised word of the quotation, it would, of course, have been what the unlucky and exasperated poet wrote."

With Mrs. Rush, too, the poet corresponded, and we find the following *jeu d'esprit* on page 436:

"ON BEING REQUESTED BY MRS. RUSH TO SEND HER MY AUTOGRAPH FOR A YOUNG LADY.

"There wanted but this drop to fill
The witless poet's cup of fame.
Hurrah! there lives a lady still
Willing to take his name.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

Wit and humor were prominent characteristics of Mr. Halleck's mind. He writes to Miss Day:

"GUILFORD, CONN., March 4, 1863.

"MY DEAR MISS DAY: I take great pleasure in granting the request so courteously conveyed to me in your note of the 27th instant, and am delighted to find that the 'will- ingness to be acquainted with me' of the father and mother of twenty years ago has been inherited by the daughter of to-day, making me trebly proud and grateful.

"I hope the father and mother, in accepting my present remembrance of them, will, on looking at the enclosed, console me by telling you that my style of beauty does not appear to advantage in a photograph. For my own part, I think that the sun, since he commenced taking likenesses for a living, has been more successful in his hats and great-coats than in the 'human face divine.'"

There are so many old favorites commemorated in the book that it is difficult to cull from the many characteristic anecdotes: though a little long, we cannot refrain from quoting the following letter from "Jack Downing." He writes from the house of Burns to Halleck, who had portrayed so admirably the Scotch Shakespeare:

"2d July, 1845.

"MY DEAR HALLECK: Do you see that? Well, though I am now in Glasgow, I was last evening and all this morning *just there*, and in a beautiful little cottage, called 'Doon-

* This index [] refers to the engraved view of Alloway Kirk.

brae Cottage.' Near the kirk on Doon side lives one David Auld, and didn't he and I crack away about Burns and that 'wild rose of Alloway, my thanks!' He was quite charmed at learning that I knew you. I went so far as to tell him that most of the farms and places about New York you and I held equal titles to, and that was no untruth. I write this mainly to say that he has made me the bearer of a tin case, containing a very excellent engraving of an admirable picture of the entire scenery around. I believe the monument has been erected since you were there. I have been now over most of the scenes consecrated by Scott, but none of them touched me so closely as this of Burns, to which your genius seems to come in as a *clincher*, 'a real hug-me-tight' (but that is not 'a merry thought'). The fact is, you are about as well known 'hereabouts' as Burns. I can't tell you how many agreeable things David Auld says of you. He kens all about you, and regards your lay, though on 'a rose,' the best since Burns. I told him you did that with your left hand, and when he came to read other matter, done with t'other hand, he would go into a fit. I could not wait for him to pack the parcel, so he brought it to Ayr after me, and I'll bring it home to you. It is a clumsy companion, but I put it to the debit side of the account, the only chance I have had in return for the pleasure your pen has given me.

"I have been for the last few days amid scenes of magic, and how I shall get driven again to pig iron, etc., in Broad street, it is hard for me to tell. I have not room or time to dilate, but, when I take you by *the hand* (a dangerous thing coming from Scotland), I'll tell you all. I am quite sure I have seen much more than any other 'living critter,' and what I have not seen I can *talk* of quite as well as others.

"Your friend,

"CH. AG. DAVIS."

If not all new, the following, with which our notice of a most readable book must close, will be acceptable. Oh that one could always have Irving and Halleck biographies ready for every-day reading!—

"In June, Mr. Halleck spent a few days in New York, and on one evening we sat until past midnight. Of this meeting he might have said, as he once remarked of a conversation he held with Hawthorne, 'We happened to sit together at a dinner-table, and I assure you that for an hour we talked incessantly, although *Hawthorne said nothing*,'

Halleck could keep up a torrent of conversation for hours, and it may be said of his continuous monologues, as was written by De Quincey of Coleridge's conversation, that it was not *colloquium*, but *alloquium*.

"Having mentioned to Halleck that a certain person had recently applied to Mr. Seward for the Austrian mission, and, being refused this modest request, expressed a desire to go to Mexico, then vacant, or, if he could not have that place, a position as consul somewhere, or a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship in the State Department, and finally concluded by requesting the loan of five dollars! he matched it with the case of a gentleman who applied to the Duke of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept a bishopric, or a regiment of horse, or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 'However,' added Halleck, 'both requests were surpassed in modesty by that of the humane English jailer, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: My good friend, I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your exceedingly obliging disposition, I feel quite sure you will grant. You are ordered to be hanged on Friday week. I have a dinner-engagement on that day: if it makes no difference to you, would you, *would* you say next Friday instead?'"

The same publishers have issued a companion volume, of Halleck's poems, including all the "Croakers;" and very pleasant reading they are. In spite of a well-written critique in *The Nation*, it may not be doubted that Halleck's fame will survive.

Planchette; or, The Despair of Science: Being a Full Account of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena and the Various Theories Regarding it; with a Review of French Spiritism. Boston: Roberts Bros. 18mo. pp. 404.

The outside title of this little volume seems to restrict it to a notice of what most persons regard as an amusing plaything, but the book itself, as its sub-title tells us, treats of a vast subject—namely, the inquiry whether occasional interferences from another world in this be reality or delusion.

A fair—indeed a most important—subject of inquiry, this matter, in our day, has usually fallen into unskilled and incompetent hands. With honorable exceptions, the literature of what, for the last twenty years, has gone by the name of Spiritualism has been so vapid in character as to give point to the witty

Saxe's squib, addressed to some alleged spirit-communicators :

" If in your new estate ye cannot rest,
But must return, oh grant us this request :
Come with a noble and celestial air,
And prove your title to the names you bear ;
Give some clear token of your heavenly birth ;
Speak as good English as you spoke on earth ;
And, what were once superfluous to advise,
Don't tell, I beg you, such egregious lies !"

This is the more to be regretted, because no study brings us into contact with alleged phenomena of so startling and marvelous a character. But the passion of surprise and wonder being an agreeable emotion, there is, as Hume has remarked, a tendency in the human mind toward the belief of those events from which it is derived. The trained mind only is on its guard against this.

The truth or the fallacy of the pretensions set forth in this little work will be determined to the satisfaction of the public only when the best talent of the country thinks it worth patient investigation. When such men as De Gasparin and Charles Beecher, while opposing modern Spiritualism, admit the reality of its phenomena, it is too late to pooh-pooh these as charlatanism. In proportion to the danger of their being falsely interpreted, is the importance of their being thoroughly sifted.

The subject is one deserving clerical study : indeed, it appertains especially to the clergy. The Scriptures undoubtedly teach that, in early ages, there was communication with the Invisible World, and we do not call to mind any text which declares that such manifestations shall cease. If they have ceased, and these alleged influences from another phase of being are a delusion, it is a dangerous and mischievous delusion that ought to be exposed. And if, on the other hand, they still continue, we ought to have some reliable tests by which to separate the genuine from the spurious, for wherever there is sterling coin there will also be counterfeits.

But whoever labors in this field must not overlook either its antiquity or its extent. It would be a fatal mistake to restrict an inquiry into the nature of spiritual manifestations to such phenomena as appear in so-called "circles," public or private, expressly convened to obtain them. The spontaneous phenomena infinitely outnumber the evoked. They are the phenomena not of two decades nor of a few nations, but of all tribes and tongues, and of all time. There are the hypnotic phenomena—the dreams, for example, mentioned in the Bible as of Jacob, of Laban, of

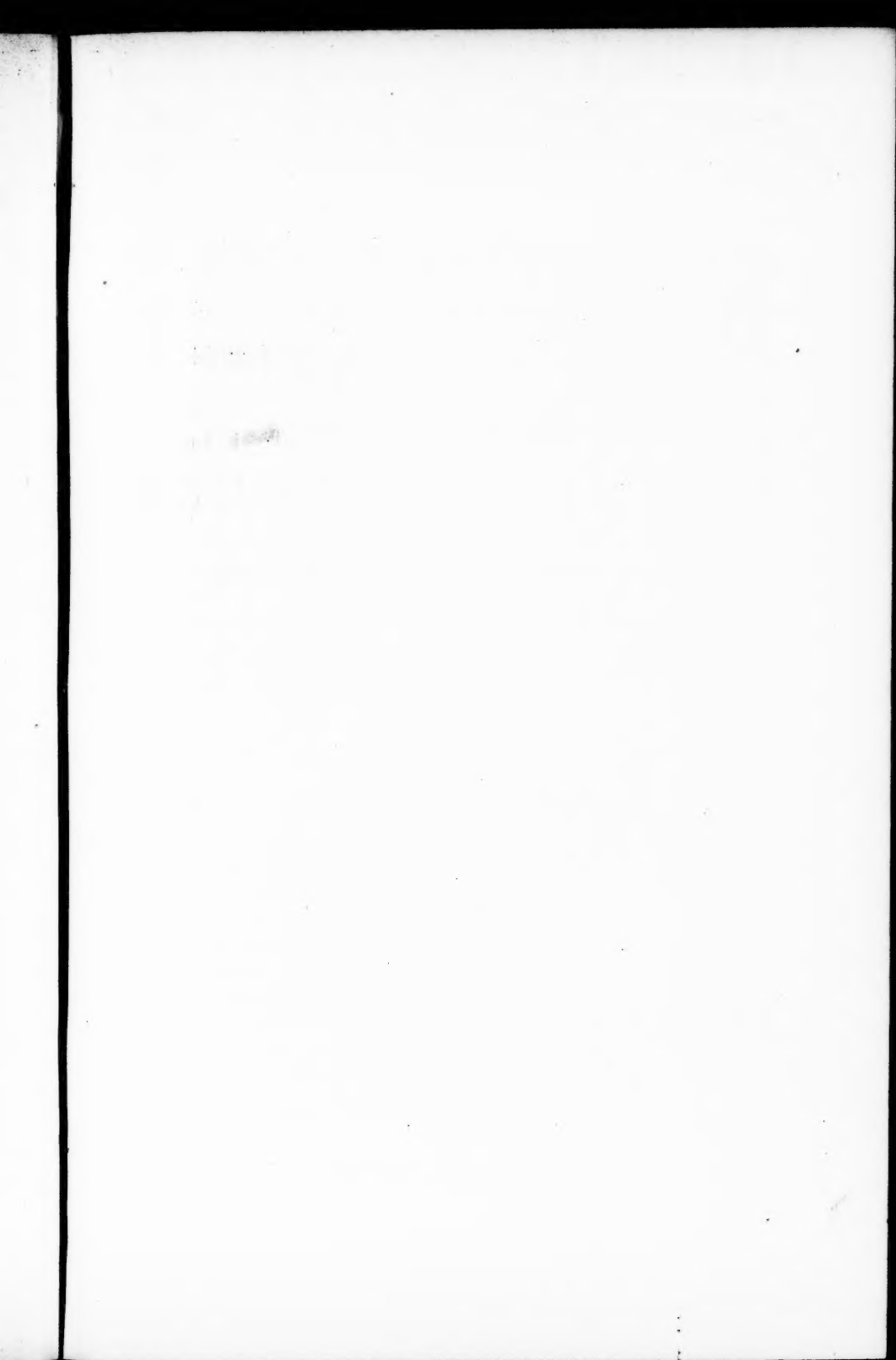
Pharaoh, of Saul, of Solomon, of David ; and, later, of the Wise Men of the East, of Joseph, of the wife of Pilate ; not forgetting the vision of Paul—whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell. Then there are apparitions, as of three men before Abraham's tent ; of Samuel to Saul ; of Moses and Elias to Peter, James and John. Again, in profane history, of his evil genius to Brutus, and to Nero of his murdered mother. There were haunted houses, deserted and shunned, among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Socrates had his tutelary *Daimon* ; and Pliny the Younger and the skeptical Lucian tell us of spectres that appeared to their friends ; the former asserting that it was to the philosopher Athenodorus. There is any amount of chaff, but the question remains whether there are no grains of sound wheat to be sifted therefrom. If we adopt that test of truth in popular beliefs prominently put forward by Herbert Spencer—namely, that whatever opinion has received through a succession of ages the common consent of mankind, has a great verity underlying it—we shall be disposed to grant that the wheat, in some proportion or other, may be there.

Planchette is the production of an educated man—Epes Sargeant, we understand, though his initials only are signed to the preface. It is written in a good spirit and with considerable ability ; and it furnishes much material for thought. Its chief fault, we think, is, that it throws together too many proofs too loosely authenticated. The authorities are often omitted, and specifications of time and place are given in the minority of instances only. Many of the examples furnished are evidently apocryphal, and detract from, instead of adding to, the general weight of testimony. It would, no doubt, have been a work of much greater labor to give us one-tenth the number of incidents, and to fortify each with minute attestations and scrupulous proofs of authenticity, but the result would have been much more satisfactory and convincing.

We add, in conclusion, that a chapter of nearly fifty pages is devoted chiefly to the modern French version of the old doctrine of transmigration of souls. It assumes the shape of a belief that we have all pre-existed, and that the human soul passes through an unlimited series of existences, whether on this earth or in other worlds—a doctrine which the author seems to favor, though he has not, to our thinking, adduced a single satisfactory proof or reliable argument in support of it.

Books Received.

- Farm Implements and Farm Machinery, and the Principles of their Construction and Use ; with Simple and Practical Explanations of the Laws of Motion and Force, as Applied on the Farm.** By John J. Thomas. Illustrated. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 302.
- The Mississippi Valley : Its Physical Geography, including Sketches of its Topography, Botany, Climate, Geology, etc.** By J. W. Foster, LL.D. Illustrated by Maps and Sections. Chicago : S. C. Griggs & Co. 8vo. pp. xvi., 443.
- Black Forest Village Stories.** By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles Goepf. Author's Edition. Illustrated with facsimiles of the original German Woodcuts. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 377.
- Parsons on the Rose : A Treatise on the Propagation, Culture and History of the Rose.** By Samuel B. Parsons. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 215.
- Works of Charles Dickens.** Globe Edition. Illustrated from Designs by Darley and Gilbert. The Uncommercial Traveler, Master Humphrey's Clock, etc. Two volumes in one. 16mo. pp. 604.
- Vanity Fair : A Novel without a Hero.** By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 332.
- Mental Photographs : An Album for the Confession of Tastes, Habits and Convictions.** Edited by Rob. Saxton. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. Square 4to.
- Problematic Characters : A Novel.** By Fred. Spielhagen. From the German, by Professor Schele de Vere. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 507.
- The Malay Archipelago : The Land of the Orang-Utan and Bird of Paradise.** By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 638.
- The Dodge Club ; or, Italy in MDCCCLIX.** By Jas. D. Mille. With one hundred Illustrations. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 183.
- New American Farm-Book.** Originally by R. L. Allen ; revised and enlarged by Lewis F. Allen. New York : Orange Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 526.
- Views of Life. Addresses on the Social and Religious Questions of the Age.** By W. T. Moore. Cincinnati : R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. pp. 351.
- Salt-Water Dick.** By May Mannering. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 230.
- The Old Testament History.** Edited by William Smith, LL.D. With Maps and Woodcuts. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 715.
- Songs of Gladness. For the Sabbath-school, Prayer-meeting and Choir.** By J. E. Gould. Philadelphia : J. E. Gould. 4to., paper, pp. 176.
- Italy : Florence and Venice.** From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 8vo. pp. x., 385.
- The Mystery of Iniquity Unveiled.** By Chandler Curtis. New York : Protestant Publication Society. 12mo. pp. 417.
- The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries.** By Edw. J. Wood. New York : Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 299.
- No Sects in Heaven, and other Poems.** By Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland. New York : Clark & Maynard. 24mo. pp. 95.
- The Gates Wide Open ; or, Scenes in Another World.** By George Wood. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 354.
- Dotty Dimple Stories.** By Sophie May. Dotty Dimple at School. Illustrated. Boston : Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 168.
- That Boy of Norcott's.** By Charles Lever. Illustrated. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 73.
- Minnesota : Then and Now.** By Mrs. Harriet E. Bishop. St. Paul : Merrill, Randall & Co. : 12mo. pp. 100.
- For Her Sake.** By Fred. W. Robinson. Illustrated. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 191.
- Beautiful Snow, and other Poems.** By J. W. Watson. Philadelphia : Turner Brothers & Co. 16mo. pp. 96.
- Kathleen.** By the Author of Raymond's Heroine. New York : Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 183.
- The Curse of Gold.** By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 406.
- Woman in Prison.** By Caroline H. Woods. New York : Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. viii., 193.
- Oldtown Folks.** By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. viii., 608.
- On the Physical Basis of Life.** By T. H. Huxley, *College Courant*, New Haven : 8vo. pp. 24.
- How Lisa Loved the King.** By Geo. Eliot. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 16mo. pp. 48.
- Poems.** By Theophilus H. Hill. New York : Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. vi., 155.





MAGDALENA AND THE "DRAGON-FLY."

[Magdalena.]

